Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

NOVEMBER
1937

ARTICLES
JOHN DOS PASSOS
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LOUIS PAUL
PARKE CUMMINGS
JOSEPH FULLING FISHMAN
EDWARD HORTON

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FRANCIS J. POWERS
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(COVER)

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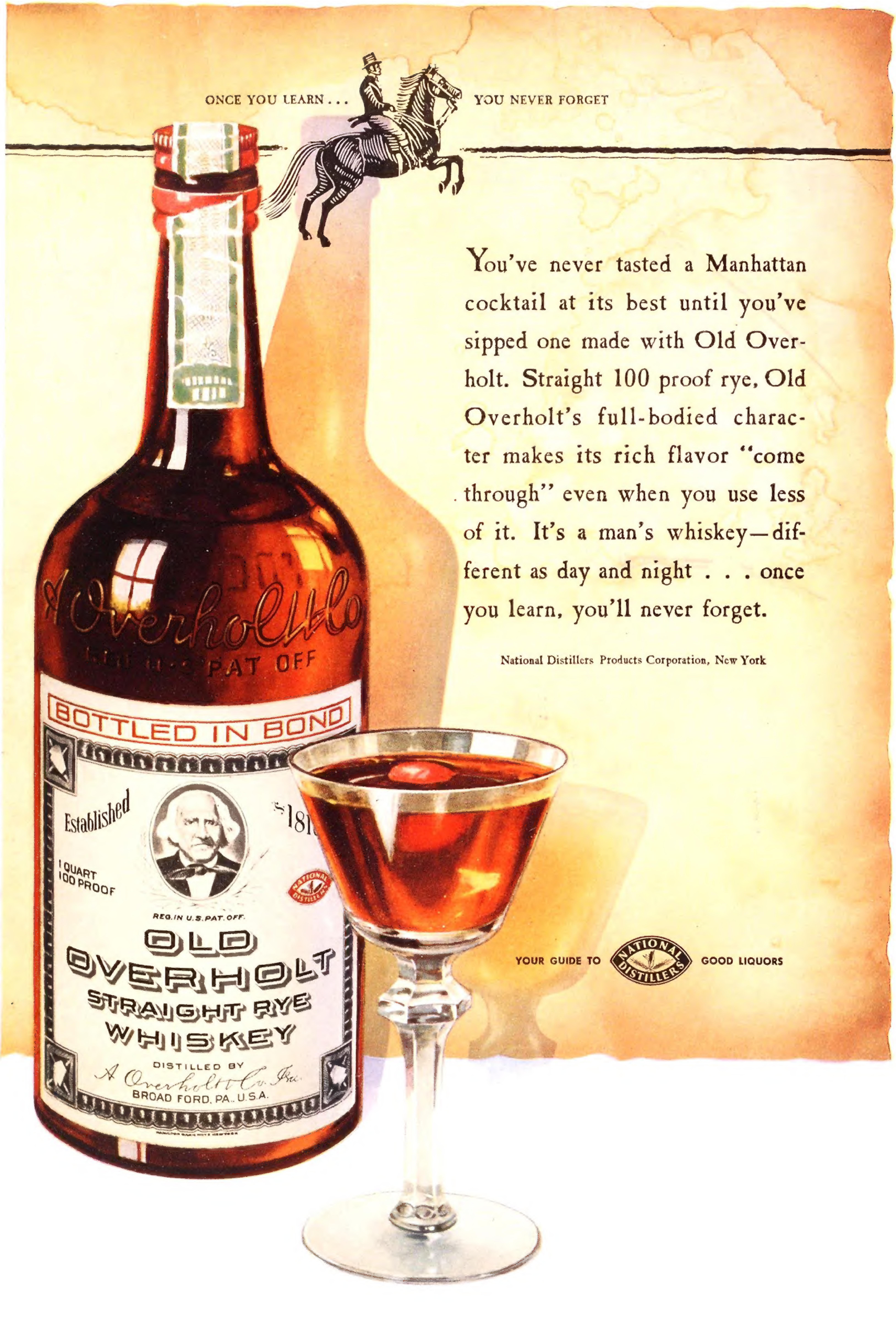
FICTION • SPORTS • HUMOR
CLOTHES • ART • CARTOONS

PRICE FIFTY CENTS
IN GREAT BRITAIN THREE SHILLINGS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STRAIGHT RYE
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DISTILLED BY
A. Overholt & Co. Inc.
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ONCE YOU LEARN . . . YOU NEVER FORGET

You've never tasted a Manhattan cocktail at its best until you've sipped one made with Old Overholt. Straight 100 proof rye, Old Overholt's full-bodied character makes its rich flavor "come through" even when you use less of it. It's a man's whiskey—different as day and night . . . once you learn, you'll never forget.

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York

YOUR GUIDE TO NATIONAL DISTILLERS GOOD LIQUORS

Pityrosporum ovale, which causes dandruff, as it looks under the microscope, magnified many times.

LISTERINE
THE MOST EFFECTIVE TREATMENT FOR DANDRUFF I EVER USED . . . AND SO DELIGHTFUL

Kills Pityrosporum ovale, the germ which causes dandruff, removes unsightly scales, allays itching and brings new life to the scalp. In New Jersey hair clinic 76% of patients got quick relief.

After ten years of research, dandruff has been stripped of its mystery. There is new hope for millions of sufferers.

Laboratories find that a stubborn germ, Pityrosporum ovale, causes dandruff. Clinical tests show that treatment should be antiseptic to kill the germ. Otherwise the chances for permanent recovery are slight.

No Guesswork—Clinical Proof

And now, to countless men and women, Listerine is bringing quick relief from this humiliating condition. Never before, they say, a treatment so positive in results—so beneficial to scalp and hair—so invigorating and delightful—and so easy to carry out. All you need to do is apply Listerine right from the bottle or with a medicine dropper, then follow with a vigorous, persistent massage.

And remember, such personal experience is corroborated by impressive clinical evidence. Such evidence is the guide of medical men. Let it be yours, also. Read carefully the brief outline of this amazing research.

Curing Rabbits of Dandruff

Rabbits given dandruff by inoculation with Pityrosporum ovale were treated on one side only, with Listerine Antiseptic, once a day. The other side was untreated. Within four days improvement was noted, and at the end of fourteen days, on the average, a complete cure was effected. No scales, no crusts.

The sides not treated with Listerine showed evidence of dandruff nearly a month later.

Relief in Two Weeks

In a noted midwestern skin clinic, men and women dandruff patients were chosen for the Listerine treatment. A majority were instructed to massage their scalps *once a day* with Listerine Antiseptic. The rest of the group used a non-antiseptic solution. We ask you to note carefully the convincing results again achieved:

A substantial number of the users of Listerine Antiseptic obtained marked relief in the first two weeks, on the average. In many other cases, scalps were found to be clear and free of dandruff in from three to eight weeks—itching stopped, dandruff scales were eliminated, and in some cases falling hair was terminated. *Virtually none of the persons using non-antiseptic solutions showed improvement.*

76% Got Relief

Meanwhile, in a New Jersey clinic other dermatologists were cross-checking the results of the midwestern clinic. Fifty men and women, all with definitely established cases of dandruff, were undergoing treatment twice a day with Listerine Antiseptic.

At the end of three weeks, 76% showed either complete disappearance of, or marked improvement in, the symptoms of dandruff, i.e., itching, scaling. Only three failed to respond to the Listerine treatment, possibly due, as a research report suggests, to irregularity in applying the treatment.

Try the Proved Method

If you have the slightest evidence of dandruff, start now with Listerine and massage, once a day at least. Twice a day is better. Don't expect over-night miracles. Remember, dandruff is a germ disease, requiring persistent and systematic treatment, which *should be antiseptic*. Do not rely on ointments, salves or solutions, which may relieve symptoms only momentarily. Remember, Listerine's results against dandruff are a matter of laboratory and clinical record. We know no other remedy of which the same may be said.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

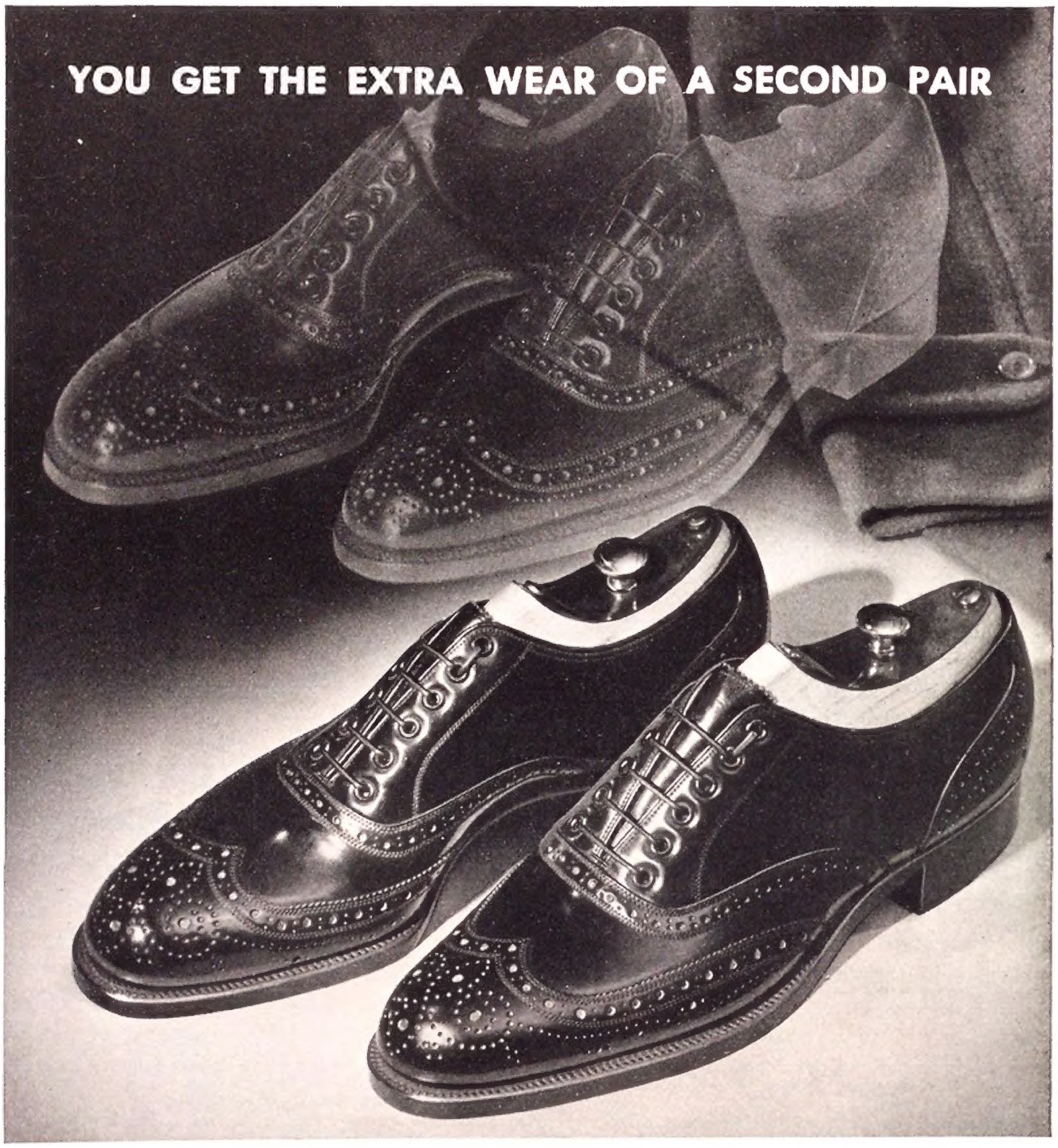
Her story reflects the ringing enthusiasm of thousands of users:

I had a persistent case of dandruff on which I tried several remedies with only temporary success. I wondered how I could get rid of the condition when in popped Florence Casey. She is up on everything.

"If you want to cure dandruff you'd better use an antiseptic," she said. "Don't you know that doctors have found that a germ causes dandruff, and that Listerine is a simply marvelous treatment for it?"

"Here goes for your first treatment," she said. "Exactly the same one that got results for 76% of the dandruff patients in a New Jersey clinic." Applying Listerine, she followed with vigorous massage.

"Listerine gets results," she continued, "because it really kills germs that cause dandruff." So I kept the treatment up for about three weeks, once a day, and found I didn't have a trace of dandruff.



When most shoes wear out...FLORSHEIMS wear on...and on

When the winter of life has come and gone for ordinary shoes, Florsheims still retain their youthfulness. Florsheims are built to turn the calendar on weeks, months and *seasons* of plus service. That's what is meant by "the extra wear of a second pair". Long past the point where most shoes wear out, Florsheims wear on . . . and on. You'll travel better; you and your shoe dollars, *both* will travel farther in Florsheims . . . the largest-selling fine shoes in the world! *Style illustrated above,* The TUDOR, S-685; *a winter-weight brogue in genuine shell Cordovan. Retailing at $11.*

$10
MOST STYLES

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY, *Manufacturers,* CHICAGO

Edited by
Arnold Gingrich

Esquire
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Publishers:
David A. Smart
Wm. H. Weintraub

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TRENDS IN DRESS

Picturing the New Clothes and Accessories in Sketches *by* Brown, Peters, Grafstrom, Stewart-Heidgerd and Saalburg beginning on page 148

Art Directors: Eric Lundgren, Tony Palazzo

Use of any person's name in fiction, semi-fictional articles or humorous features is to be regarded as a coincidence and not as the responsibility of Esquire. It is never done knowingly.

Portrait of an ambassador

"A purser," he always says, "is at best a professional liar." He should know, because he is the best of them all on the North Atlantic where all the best ones are. Without disrespect to the commandant, whose job is just that of getting you over the ocean and back alive, it is obvious that the captain doesn't win (or lose) customers for his liner as directly as the purser, whose job is simply that of keeping you contented, weather permitting, in the process. You are only vaguely aware of the captain who is, to all but a baker's dozen of favored passengers, impersonal as God in guiding your destinies, but you are bound to be more or less constantly aware of the purser. The captain's only adversaries are such combatable things as time and the weather, while the purser's are those infinitely more invidious elements, loneliness and boredom. By how well or ill he does his job he can make or break the crossing for everybody aboard except, maybe, honeymooners.

This one is a small bald man with a black moustache, eloquent dark eyes and positively oratorical hands. He has the knack of appearing exceptionally well dressed in a uniform that is, after all, essentially the same as that worn by all ships' officers. Similarly, with the same phrases of conventional politeness that are available to all, he has the knack of endowing his words with an overtone of convincing sincerity that makes the most crustily unflatterable male feel warmly complacent in his presence, while making the females purr inwardly and glow outwardly. He can play upon the vocabulary of flattery, in a dozen different languages, with the exquisite skill of a virtuoso on a violin. And he does it with such an engaging air of frankness that at the very moment while he is flattering the, as it were, pants off you, he nevertheless makes you feel that while he does admittedly flatter everybody else he doesn't have to resort to flattery in your case, but is merely sharing your own deprecatingly modest evaluation of your obviously superior qualities. It is as if a magician were to hold you spellbound while carefully explaining each stage of his most complicated trick, leaving you more mystified than ever. Thus artfully does he blend the saccharine of flattery with the paprika of candor.

His memory is tantamount to mind-reading. They say he keeps a card-file of the most complicated sort, but nobody has ever caught him in the act of consulting it. Nor could mere mathematics ever explain how he manages to conduct, entirely in longhand, his enormous correspondence and still have time to do all his multitudinous duties, to say nothing of those myriad small acts of thoughtfulness that are classifiable not as duties but as inspirations.

The purser's job on a great express liner is both individual and executive. And the individual function, involving direct personal contact with passengers, is the least of it. For the service staff is the purser's responsibility just as directly as the navigating staff is that of the captain. Thus to the passenger the personality of the whole ship is, whether he realizes it or not, but "the lengthened shadow" of the purser's personality. The ship expresses it, for good or bad, just as much as a great house expresses that of its chatelaine. But there is this important difference. If you are a guest at a country house the impression you get, good or bad, from each least detail of the service, is merely that of your hostess, an individual. But with these big modern liners, the impression you form is that of a nation. Very seldom operated at a profit, their chief value to the governments that subsidize them is in publicity, not to come right out and say propaganda. Thus the purser, with his responsibility for the service, is in a very real sense an ambassador. And France never had a better one.

If his job is ever over, we can think of a few others that he could do. They could make him director of service on the State-owned French railways, not that they're so bad, but they could profit by his service technique. Or better still, we could use him over here. He could teach manners to our New York and Chicago police, with after-school and homework sessions for the members of the traffic divisions. For they, too, are public servants, only nobody so far has found a way to make them realize it. But he could. And he would.

Fourth candle on our cake

With this issue, Esquire completes its fourth year. Grooved as we have allowed ourselves to become in the habit of thinking of it as a new magazine, it is with some sense of shock that we stop to realize that Esquire is sufficiently grown up to be able to remember such things of the far away and the long ago as the Hoover (and the Hindenburg) administrations and, yes actually, Prohibition. To be able to count such bits of history among our souvenirs is to feel the first chills of middle age. Four years isn't much in the lives of nations, nor even of people, but it's a lot in the lives of racehorses, dogs, and magazines. If they haven't found their stride and formed their character by the age of four they never will. Still, four is not too old for either dogs or magazines to acquire new tricks, and Esquire will spring a few next month, with the December issue, to celebrate the first month of its fifth year, and to demonstrate that there's life in this gay dog yet. That's the Christmas number we've been beating our chests about these past few months. If you think this issue warrants Winchell's pet name of "the monthly arm-breaker" wait'll you get a load of that one. It'll put you on crutches.

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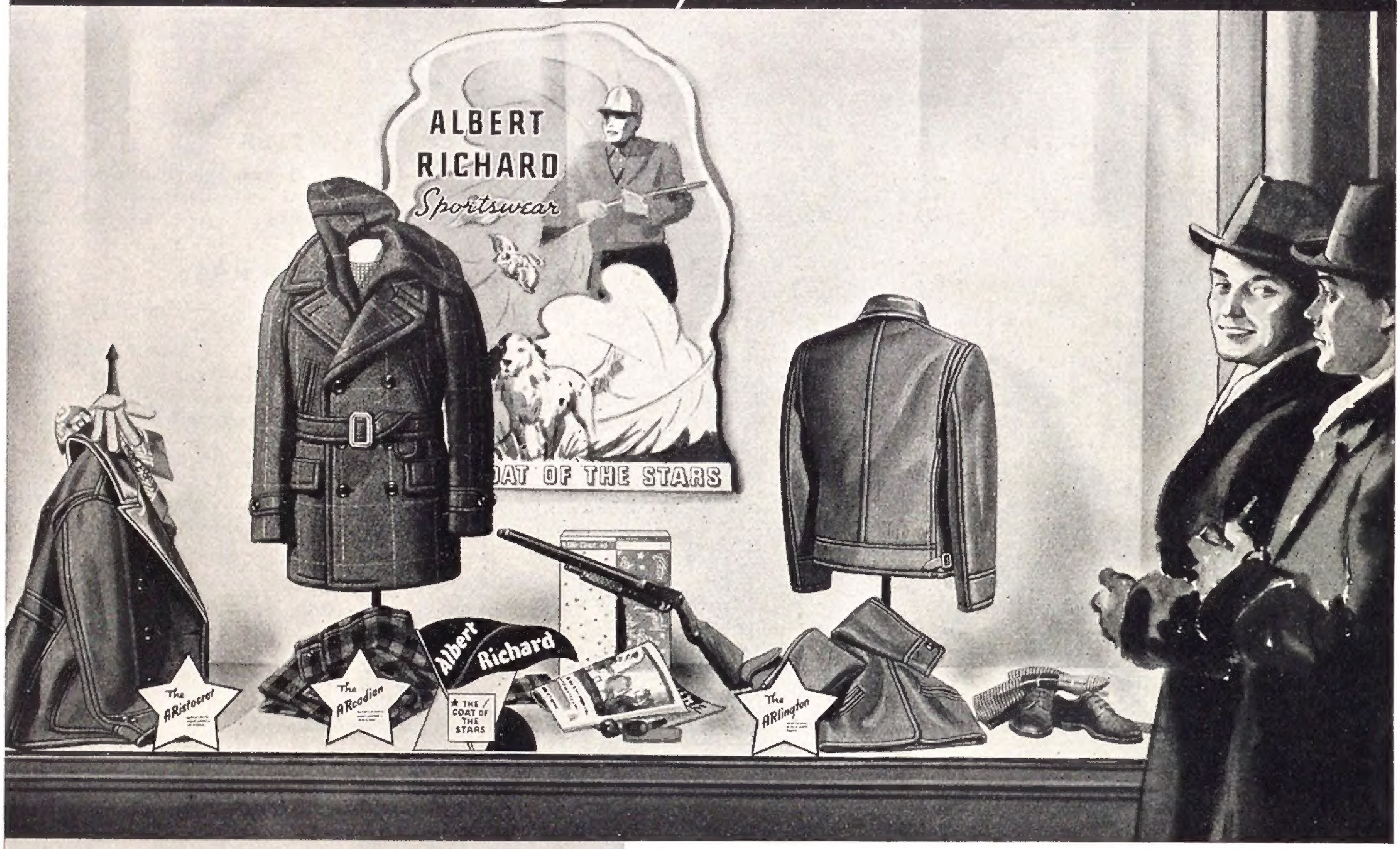
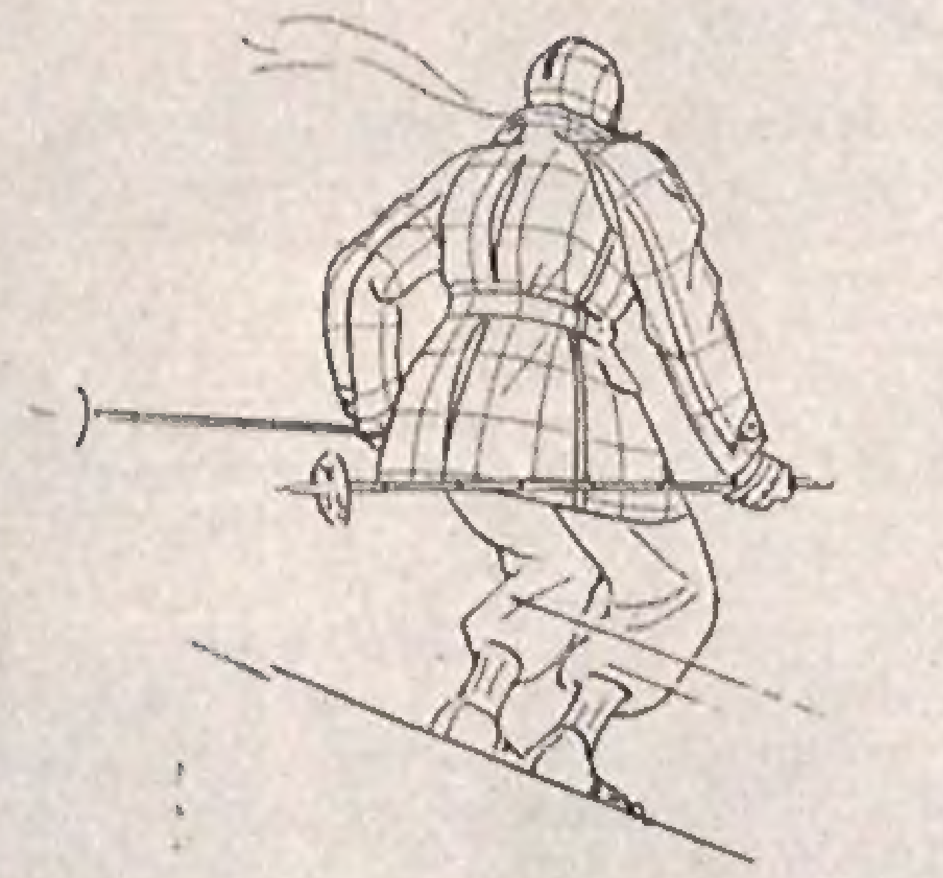
SEE *their Style . . . then*





Featuring . . .
(see window)

The ARCADIAN

New double-breasted mackinaw with convertible collar and detachable zipper hood. Extra long—34 inches. Inverted-pleat back and Zephyr raglan sleeve for *ACTION* FIT. 32-ounce woolens in exclusive patterns from $9.95 to $40.00, including genuine Hudson's Bay coats. The pattern illustrated, in brown, red or blue . . .

$17.50

The ARISTOCRAT

Soft, rich suede, with collar and facing of smooth leather. Tailored like a fine custom-made coat. Double-breasted; belted-back with gussets; star rayon yoke; patch pockets. *ACTION* FIT styling for smartness and ease. Colors—Navy blue, gray, cocoa, chestnut and dark brown.

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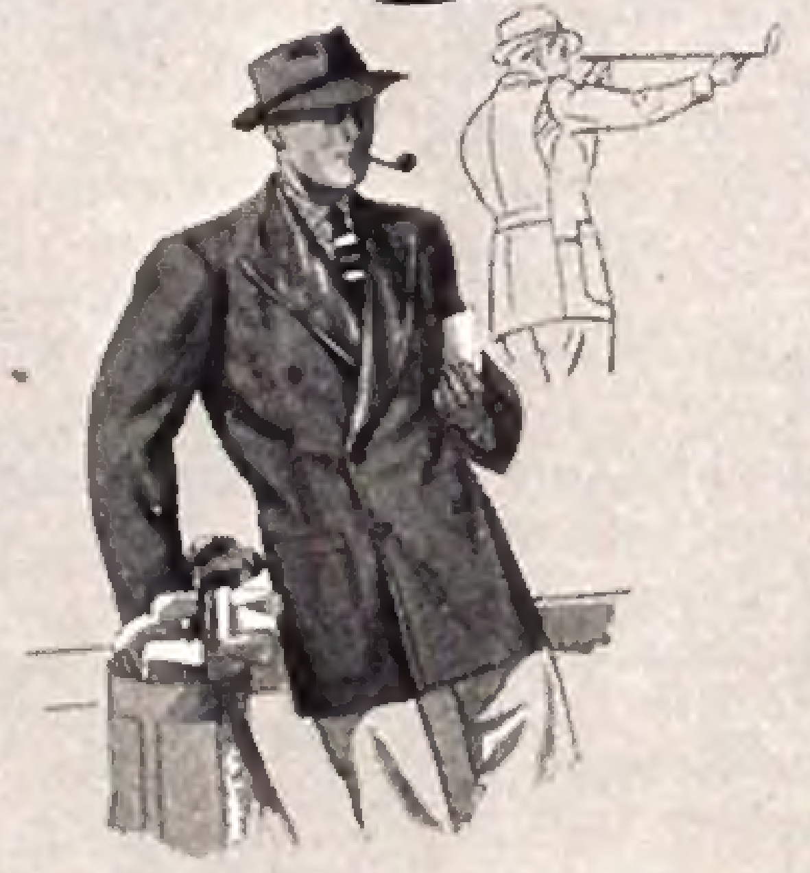

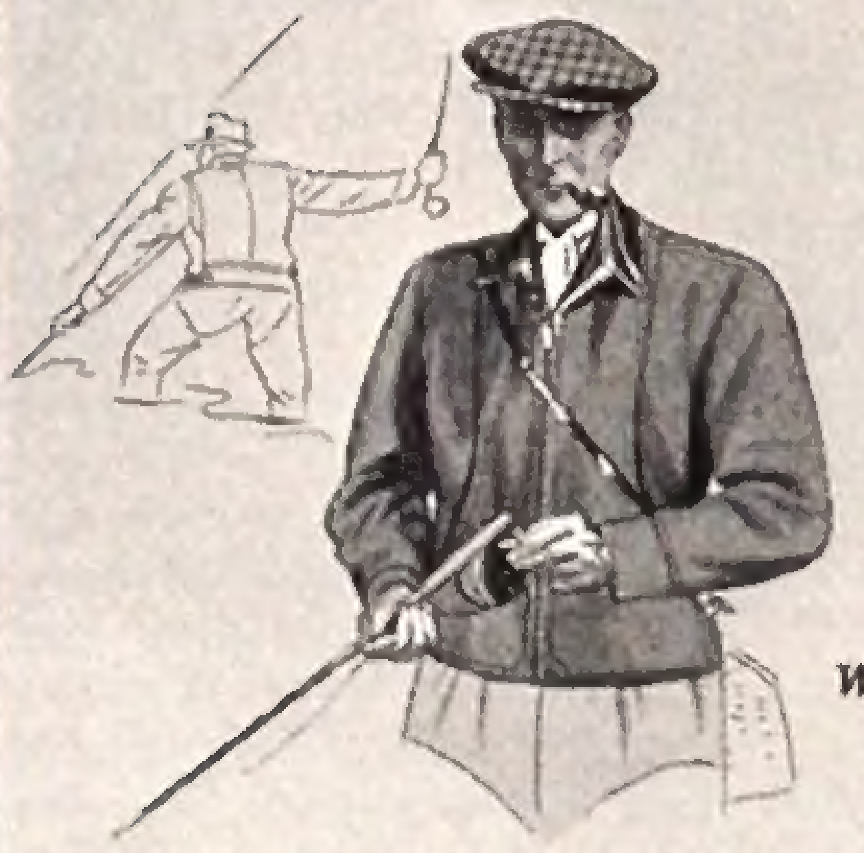

The ARLINGTON

New Talon fastener leather jacket with cadet-panel front and gusset back for *ACTION* FIT. Star rayon lined. Finest quality suede with collar and inside lapel of smooth leather. Colors—Navy blue, gray, cocoa, chestnut and dark brown. Also made in tan, brown or black ostrich grain or smooth capeskin.

Waist length, as shown $15.00 *Hip length* $16.50

This Emblem of Merit distinguishes the genuine...
DEALERS—write for catalog

WEAR A COAT OF THE STARS AND YOU'LL DISCOVER *Action* FIT

You can thank the skill of master craftsmen for *ACTION* FIT . . . the freedom *in action* which Albert Richard has tailored into sportswear. Every hand-cut line, every precision stitch conforms to the requirement: complete athletic *ease for you*. Even the fine leathers and soft, warm woolens are selected for their ability to mould themselves to *your* figure. So be sure to get a *genuine* Albert Richard—for only Albert Richard . . . the "Coat of the Stars". . . has *ACTION* FIT! . . . This page shows only a few of the many new Albert Richard leather and woolen coats now on display at leading stores. If your store doesn't have them, write us direct and we'll see that you're supplied promptly. State your size, style you want, color and kind of leather. Enclose check or money order.

ALBERT RICHARD COMPANY, Dept. E-2, Milwaukee, Wis.

Free! *"Headwork Wins Football Games,"* thrilling 36-page book by the All-American stars. Write for your copy today.

Models from $9.95 up; also many styles for boys.

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ALBERT RICHARD *Sportswear*

When Good Impressions count

let healthy, handsome Hair help you!

Use VITALIS

and the "60-Second Workout"

1. 50 SECONDS TO RUB—Circulation quickens—flow of necessary oil is increased—hair has a chance!

2. 10 SECONDS TO COMB AND BRUSH—Your hair has a lustre—no objectionable "patent-leather" look.

WELL-KEPT, handsome hair does more than contribute to your good appearance. It gives you an air of breeding and assurance, marks you as a man who respects himself and wants that respect from others. It's one of the most valuable assets a man can have—and one of the easiest to possess...thanks to Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout"!

To help keep your hair looking at its best, apply Vitalis to the scalp with a brisk massage. Feel the exhilarating tingle as circulation awakens—your scalp loses its tightness—it becomes "looser," more flexible—your hair takes on a rich, new lustre. Then the pure vegetable oils of Vitalis help the health of your scalp by supplementing the natural oils—overcoming dryness. Just 50 seconds and your hair has a healthy, handsome look!

Now take 10 seconds to comb and brush. See how firmly and smartly your hair stays in place. And no trace of that very objectionable "patent-leather" look!

Get a bottle of Vitalis at your drug store. Give your hair the care it needs—the quick, easy "60-Second Workout" with Vitalis. You'll have a better-looking head of hair.

WARNING—For your protection in the barber shop—genuine Vitalis now comes only in the new, sanitary Sealtubes—sold by barbers who display this seal. Accept no substitutes. Insist on Sealtubes!

VITALIS AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT" HELPS KEEP HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

AUTHOR BITES CRITIC

May I be one of the first, if not the last, to congratulate you on the acquisition of that inter-office Zoilus, the articulant and prolix Ernest Redmond Buckler? I've been enjoying his glossary-born crineums in my favorite department of Esquire, *the Sound and Fury*, and herewith express enthusiasm for Brother Buckler's fancies and animadversions, this with a feeling of assurance that he has a very definite place to fill—if you will excuse me from the necessity of describing the location of that place.

Brother Buckler unquestionably exhibits all the pathological idiosyncrasies, as well as the captious strictures, of the successful critic. He is admirably equipped. Never having published anything he may assault the vulnerable performer without qualms of reprisal. He possesses to an inestimable degree a rare ability to substitute polysyllables, fished from the esoteric depths of swarming cyclopedias, for thoughts—an ability without which few critics may sustain their reputation for profundity. His comments are projected from some breathless absolute in which the Bucklerian perception, critic-like, emanates egocentrically. He has the furious faith in his own intuitions and instincts characteristic of book reviewers and the more primitive animals. Like most good critics Brother Buckler, Esquire's one man amateur hour, is possessed of a defective sense of humor except when wit serves the purpose of maintaining the complacency of his self-esteem. You can build a bonfire under an ass as an act of persuasion, but acetylene won't burn through the asbestos of an ass's self-esteem. Like most first rate critics Brother Buckler arrives at conclusions which are impregnable, being based on a studied ignorance of the subject under discussion, as well as a casual ignorance of things in general.

I am therefore convinced that your youthful Cerberus of Esquirean foibles has a future as a critic of parts. I must naturally forego mention of the particular parts I have in mind.

Respectfully,

Woodhaven, N. Y. Louis Paul

FIRST & LAST WORD

This is the first letter I have ever written to the *S. & F.* and I am writing it in a lather of fury. And I must be in a terrific rage to sit down and take the time to write to any magazine.

I used to read Esquire on and off, but my downfall started when I subscribed for one year last November. It afforded me some amusement at first, but it has now become insufferably boresome—and when I say insufferably, I mean just that. What bores me is the damned junk you have the temerity to label Fiction, Satire, Articles, *et. al.* A short time ago you were spilling blood all over and spattering brains in every direction. Evidently even the editorial department became nauseated, because you then drifted from the gory to the "borey" with those hopeless hill-billy sagas that are as repetitious as the clackety-clack of railroad wheels spinning along the rails. What the hell—you've been publishing the magazine long enough to know what's good reading and what isn't, or don't you.

Anyway, as a supposedly intelligent reader let me give you a little tip. If you're successful once with a certain type of story or article, don't for the love of Jimmy Walker try to repeat yourself with the naïve expectation of repetitious success. It's just as dumb as the movie or stage producers trying to repeat themselves. It just never works. Don't ask me why it doesn't—it just doesn't.

Incidentally, I am not renewing my subscription to Esquire or several other contemporary magazines. After wading through the contents, I have acquired a revived interest in fine literature which I know I shall greatly relish.

Oh, by the way, who gives a damn about the super-super Christmas edition you're touting with its million circulation! The stories will be just as lousy, the articles just as punk and the satire just as unsatirical as heretofore. Suppose that each magazine does weigh forty-several and a half pounds. So what? It will contain the same damn ads . . . whiskey bottles, zipper pants flies, glorified jock straps, crazy quilt socks and travel ads that succeed in convincing me I ought to stay home.

Do you blame me for not renewing my subscription?

The only reason I am going to plunk down four bits for the Christmas edition of your putrid publication is to convince myself that I'm right in my prognostication. Anyway, perhaps by that time you will have changed your editorial myopia—but that is a very remote possibility. Maybe there will be one or two worthwhile cartoons in it to compensate for my extravagance.

Disgustedly,

Astoria, L. I., Samuel Greenfield
New York

KISSING ON THE COAST

Your gifted correspondent from Chicago is right on the whole, in his discussion of women and kisses. But when he says, "I knew a girl once that kissed a fellow who fainted," he leaves us at a loss who passed out. Which one couldn't take it? It recalls a girl I knew who went limp in my arms and all but swooned in the middle of a long stand-up kiss. My technique was immature at that time and I couldn't figure the why of it.

I've made quite a study of kissing myself, and covered a fair range in an amateur way. I've even filmed some non-professional kissing bouts that would put the ripest movie love scenes to shame—and incidentally open the eyes of Will Hays. By their kisses ye shall know them, and the average girl of today, given the time and place, will usually meet you half-way, cheerfully.

Getting my kisses crossed nearly spoiled a swell evening not long ago. Comrade Paul had brought around a couple of blondes, both attractive. I was enjoying my blonde, Pauline, till his blonde came in. It was something about her, or the fact that she was his. Anyhow, after a couple of snifters I found Paul's blonde snuggling close to me as I played the piano. When Pauline wasn't looking, we melted together in a long kiss. I wanted to swap blondes, which seemed okay with Paul, but not with Pauline. So I had to soothe Pauline as we drove to dinner. Paul took it out on his blonde, and made another date by phone, leaving me with the girls. When he returned, he glared at his gal and suggested taking her home. The blonde tossed her head toward the Negro band leader beyond us, and said, "I'd rather go home with him than you." Paul turned white, and leaning over, slapped her across the cheek and stalked out. Partly sobered, we took her home in tears. Talking it over, Pauline and I found we needed a nightcap to restore us. By midnight we were in each other's arms again in a parked car on a quiet street. And believe you me, Pauline could KISS . . .

My greatest disappointment was a former film star who vamped me thoroughly in a room full of people, but wouldn't come through with a kiss, alone in the garden. The most immature kiss I recall was that of a lovely southern girl who wrote intense love poetry but had no technique for the real thing. I won willing response from a Spanish girl in a taxi one evening, who kept repeating between kisses, "Have you ever loved Spanish girl before?" The most unpleasant kisser was a New York girl who bit the end of my tongue so that it was swollen for several days. But I have never felt more thoroughly kissed than after a bout with a San Francisco girl. They like 'em hot.

I'm grateful for osculatory memories that keep me warm on cold nights, and feel that California girls can hold their own in kissing. Of course if any others want to step up and challenge this assertion, I'll give them a try. I'm not narrow.

With best wishes,

Hollywood, Cal. Brad Russell

THE HATES OF LIFE

I find in your magazine a pronounced aversion to war, to the cult of savagery in general. In your stories, looking back over the year, this is apparent in your selection of tales of the Brutal: Vicious men and vicious society; vicious societies' bursts of fear and hatred in such stories as *Real Life, True Life* by Purdy, (June), and there is Mr. Levin's close attention to the subject, his keeping a sharp eye open for undue waving of the flag. Lynn Montross' article on war in September! A brilliant summation and a needful specific for us who beat our vexed brows upon the subject of the near future.

My work is in a museum where I have been studying the invertebrates for the purpose of reproducing them in enlarged models in groups, illustrating their habits of life. Their habits are not pleasant. It is instructive, however, to watch a half-dozen black ants imprisoned in a glass cell under the microscope, attempting to kill each other in their panic and fear. A situation somewhat human.

That life lives upon life has been repeated to infinity. But if man, as Nietzsche says, is a beast of prey, he is a beast with the astonishing ability of self observation and possessing this uncanny ability, the really well informed Burton Rascoe can with truth assert that no matter how high the brow of the prophet, he cannot foretell the future for no one knows what course fate may take.

The postulate that man lives in a world of his own creating has been repeated to infinity also, but it has now passed beyond mere poetry, it has been affirmed, nailed down by the findings of the evolutionists and comparative anthropology. Incorporated society is a fact. Individualism is secondary. Intelligent men may be solitary in habit but to lose sight of the unity of human effort is a circuitous method of committing suicide.

This brings me to the real purpose of my letter, which is to applaud Rascoe's account in the August issue of his meeting with John Steinbeck. The few words he devoted to the occurrence gave a fleeting glimpse of a new science. Can any deeply experienced man or woman read and not see that here is an Open Door? "For the purpose of proving the Kinetic and Highly Destructive Emotion of Hate" why could not case histories be solicited and used in the compiling of an article or articles after the manner of *The Facts of Life?*

To attempt to establish Steinbeck's theory that hate is a force, positive in its action, and WORKS WITHIN THE LAW OF THE CONSERVATION OF ENERGY—how can it fail to do so?—this would have human and scientific interest. It would certainly come at an opportune moment and no magazine could equal Esquire as a medium for presenting the thing.

I suggest a lead off-article by Steinbeck if he can be secured and a request for case histories. You would receive letters from assorted cranks, of course, and neurotics, but the total number would, I believe, throw considerable light upon the theory. First, the article, then the report and analysis of the letters received.

It may well be asked—How can anyone know in a certain instance that a person is the victim of a special, a particular hatred? I say, that it remains to be seen. Your magazine appeals to a group above the average in intelligence, a group from which many thoughtful letters would be received.

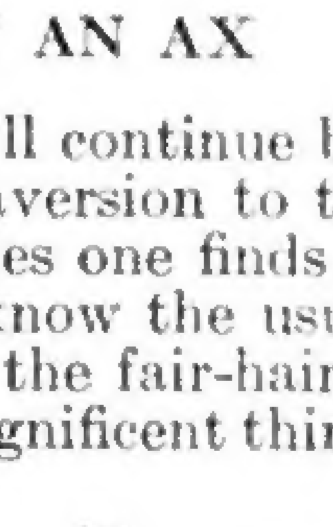
A man would be hard put to explain just how he arrives at a conclusion. Sometimes the dropping of a word clarifies a whole situation. Not one illustration but a hundred are required to make clear the atomic theory.

Were I viewing this idea of mine from the editor's chair it might take on a less promising aspect. I dunno. An article by Steinbeck on the subject would be great, though. But this is the limit of my compromise!

Yours very truly,

Pittsburgh, Pa. Frank Long

ESQ WITHOUT AN AX



One reason why you'll continue being a success, is your aversion to the cheap propaganda stories one finds in most magazines. You know the usual run of the mill, where the fair-haired boy always does the magnificent thing, always is a "good American" anti-union man a la Hearst or vice versa a la Browder. In the first place, the average American doesn't care for either extreme, in the second place, cheap propaganda stories are nauseating one way or the other. Now you take almost any Esky story, it's true to life and still very interesting. No axe to grind, unless a true picture of the misery of the poor (such as a wife's tale) could be called grinding. Still in spite of your wise policy, who in the hell would be buying Esky, if it wasn't for those "good" Petty cartoons? As long as they remain clever and plentiful, I'll remain yours truly,

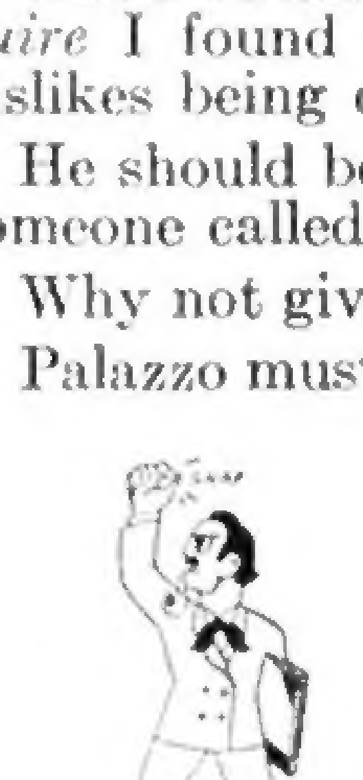
San Francisco, Cal. Wm. Hoier

PUFF FOR PALAZZO

While reading *Back-Stage with Esquire* I found that Anthony Palazzo dislikes being called an Italian artist.

He should be just tickled pink that someone called him an artist.

Why not give A. W. Ryan a break?



Palazzo must have a gift of gab that really packs a wallop or he couldn't have squeezed his way into your staff.

But just to show you that I can fling an orchid as well as dirt, I'll say this: Walter Brooks' *The King's Testimonial* was superb.

George Petty spins a nice yarn. Give us more if possible.

Signed:—Just one of the many who puts out fifty cents each month for a swell mag.

Springfield, Ohio

Continued on page 10

No, sir! One saxophone is not enough!

Any dance band *could* get along with just one saxophone. But *one* saxophone, by itself, somehow doesn't seem to say *"Let's dance!"*

It's only when the rich mellow tones of *several* different saxophones are blended together that you get the smooth *symphony* of tone that makes a truly great dance orchestra.

And, in a way, this is precisely why that word "*symphony*" comes so close to describing a great whiskey—Four Roses. For Four Roses is not just *one* fine straight whiskey—it is a combination, a *symphony*, of *several* straight whiskies.

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THE SOUND AND THE FURY

VOICE OF EXPERIENCE

I have never before written a letter praising the talents of any writer of stories. I suppose that I too, have been guilty of that certain lassitude that hovers above most readers and which prevents them from expressing their appreciation, even if they have enjoyed reading something tremendously interesting.

However, a surge of real pleasure derived from one of your stories in the August edition has furnished incentive strong enough to catapult me into my chair and now directs my fingers over the keyboard with these plaudits. I refer directly to *Glamour Girl You Bore Me* written by a certain Mr. Hubbell Robinson, who I am almost sure has not scrivened in your peppy magazine heretofore. This story had me watching every word and sentence carefully and furnished me with as great a kick as I've experienced anywhere.

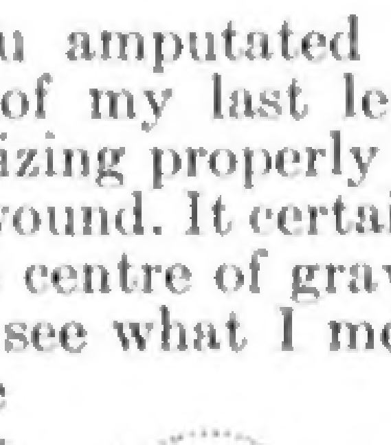
Perhaps I'm waxing a bit too enthusiastic about Mr. Robinson's handiwork and if so I beg pardon, but it really has a modern literary punch. Situation and content were treated so as to appeal generally but actually it is right here in New York City that it pleases most. It tickled me personally, because I, like many young men of New York, have experienced this very same thing, if not actually as written, then in some miniature form. Believe me the author's humorous description of the charm and finesse of the glamour girl made me smile very, very broadly. I think too, there's a bit of educational instruction to be gathered from it.

I'm anxiously awaiting the next vehicle issuing from this author's pen for I am definitely convinced that *Glamour Girl* could only have been written by someone possessing the studied carelessness and well-advised flavor of the true cosmopolite.

Yours truly,
Robert F. Briody
Laurelton, L. I., N. Y.

BUCKLER, LIKE THE BROOK

I notice that you amputated the opening paragraph of my last letter without even cauterizing properly the ragged edges of the wound. It certainly played hell with the centre of gravity of the thing, if you see what I mean. To circumvent the threat of a similar emasculation to the pellet of wit and wisdom that follows, I have striven, desperately against my natural prolixity, to make it the very quintessence of succinctness. Whee, we're off!



With a word first about my Green Christmas. What do you suppose arrived from my friend Charles Holdt of Bermuda, last week—swaddled tenderly in enough two by four to solve my kindling problem for months to come, and still fresh as the day they were picked? *Twenty-some* early Esquires I had never seen!! (It was necessary to assure customs officials that Esquire was not a trade journal, but, God forgive me, a literary magazine.) On the first trip through them, I licked up Hemingway, the cartoons, the book reviews, Hemingway, the theatre reviews and Hemingway . . . after that, I let the plums fall as they might.

Now, although intensely interesting, I found it nevertheless a little sad, to watch in quick perspective, as no regular subscriber during that time could have done, the steady emergence of Esquire from the sweet, tentative unwisdom of its youth into the suave, assured, mature magazine it now is—smooth as a graduate of Miss Bentley's. Every feature in it is better now than it was then. But, somehow it's all like one of those obstinate mathematical errors wherein you increase each figure of a column but the total shows stubbornly less.

I think the catch must lie in your loss of Hemingway. No one else I read can make me feel, at the approach of his last paragraph, a dismay so exactly like that of the young child begging to aw please let him stay up a little longer, gee, ma, it's early yet. And, in one short sentence, he has taught me all it is ever possible to learn about the strange incommunicable art of writing. I was especially glad, too, to come across, in these old articles of his, evidences of a humor, the easy laughing-comical kind, I had never found in his novels. His novels were always a little too grim and diagnostic for comfort—although I must concede that there is no other place, outside *Camille*, wherein Art and expectoration are so happily combined. In short, if the knack in Hemingway's tongue were in his hands instead, he'd be George Grosz. That's my idea of the highest possible compliment to them both.

It is unfortunate that Hemingway's successors, who write as if they were celebrating an unexpectedly successful vasoligature, inherited nothing of his genius but the dirty words. Which they manipulate so badly and with such monotonous repetition that a little sweetness and light even, would be a welcome change. The catch, of course, is that they—they who sang so stridently the song of freedom—have so long limited themselves, for subject-*matter, to the abdomen and points* south, that, now, they simply do not *dare* to talk of anything else. Ironically enough, they are tied up, tighter than Houdini, with fetters of their own welding, and gagged with their own tongues. Indeed, so confined are they to language which suggests that they spend their whole time, like Buddha, contemplating their navels, that their work is more constrained than that of the despised Victorians who wrote under the shadow of the antimacassar. . . . One cannot remind them too often that the *whole* province of literature does not reside in the crotch . . . and that, strange as it may seem, the spheres of thought and feeling are not the two they think they are! What's more, that Art justifies (as you, E. H. and I, who perhaps do not constitute a quorum, seem to think it does) any liberty of speech whatever, is not, I must admit, a self-evident proposition at all. It is a perfectly arbitrary postulate and quite legitimately debatable. Logic, you know, will take orders from no one, not even editors. (I suppose Gilbert Seldes gets around fifty smackers per for cracks like that—and all I'll get is a soft answer that turneth away wrath. Ask Meyer Levin what sort of injustice to the proletariat that is.) . . . By the way, please do not interpret the above as a plea for prudishness and sanctimony. I have no love for those sour twins, either—and, if you say so, I'll dash up Main Street, this minute, in my bare backside, to prove it. Dare me?

(Don't fidget so, Mr. Gingrich, I'll be on my way, soon.)

Just give me time to take a pass at this Ernest Redmond Buckler who keeps shooting off his face, the bright snot, about all and sundry. It so happens that, the other day, I had a glimpse into his own unfinished novel (which, he says, started as a short story but got away from him) and it's no *Jurgen*, either. That is, not quite. In justice, one must concede that it *is* thoughtful, beautiful (pianissimo there, you on the dulcimer) and occasionally profound. He seems to have some good ideas about writing, too. For instance, his remark that the real problem is not what to write about but what not to write about struck me as very true. In his own words, ". . . when David closed his eyes at night, all the strange horde of imagination swarmed, seething, into his brain—the bewildering multiplicity of memory, the teeming variety of perception, the infinite permutations of speech . . . the ephemeral, cloud-patterns of ideas, constantly recast into a new galaxy, never still enough to have form or meaning or to crystallize and outline themselves in the mold of words; shimmering and wandering, through each other, insubstantial and bodiless, like the interstitial weavings of a puff of smoke . . ." Mr. Buckler says he plans to call his novel *Adagio Sostenuto*, if nobody laughs, and it's o. k. with M-G-M. Quite a guy, this young Buckler boy. (Oh, dear, there you go, looking at your watch again, so I'll have to give you the rest of this in vitamin form.)

(a) At the risk of suggesting retreat from my convictions, *The Long Way Out* by F. Scott Fitzgerald was excellent. It is the first story of his I have ever read that sounded like *true* fiction—the others all sound as if he makes them up. . . . (b) I am glad to detect in Esquire literature a reaction against prossies. It is a healthy sign and certainly clears up a lot of confusion in my mind—they used to be so exemplary of deportment, so kind of heart and, above all, so impeccable of syntax, that I was always getting them mixed up with H. L. Mencken . . . (c) the satire you publish has no bite in it. If it's satire, vinegar is the milk of human kindess . . . (d) Ficke's work is splendid. Stealing his thunder, it has all the immaculate lustre of a bowl of fresh-picked blackberries, quietly *gleaming in morning* sunlight . . . (e) For sheer literary brigandage, I give you Gilbert Seldes. The italics, he claims, are *his!* Since when, I'd like to know. He has no more right to them than you or I. . . . (f) *The Ears of Johnny Bear* by John Steinbeck got me dusting off adjectives I hadn't had out since I first came across Jesse Stuart. Geeze, boy, it was swell! . . . (alright, alright, just a minute . . .) . . . (g) Please make your editorials longer and, eschewing the usual subtle effluvium of good taste, more autobiographical . . . (h) I have read *The Avon Flows*. All I can say is, Mr. Nathan certainly can't write Shakespeare like Bacon did! . . . (well, good Lord, man, I *am* hurrying as fast as I can) . . . (i) . . . In your reply to my last letter, you said: "Here's hoping that comments on your stories become less complimentary and more substantial." Thank you very much. But here's hoping that your next comment will be less complimentary and more substantial.

By the way, ahem, I see that . . . Helllp . . . helllllp . . . he's chok . . . ugggggggggggg . . . dare . . . uggggg gggggggggg . . . sue. . . .

ǂǂǂ —my *cross!* (Get it?)

Ernest Redmond Buckler
Bridgetown, Nova Scotia.

THE ACHE OF EIGHTEEN

I write with a faintly questioning attitude toward your writers' determined and all too obvious robustness.

The pointed emphasis they place upon one of life's two prime instincts invites comparison with sixteen year old boys who brag about the number of beers (or sometimes at that age it's sloe gin fizzes) it takes to put them under. When everybody knows they make a big evening out of two drinks. Thusly do I object to the calm and somewhat indelicate treatment of the Frenchman's idea of good love possibilities in the article *They Order It Better in France*.

I realize that American men have their own quaint system of analyzing every passing female, and that women notice a pair of broad shoulders. But that, of course is only natural, and really quite harmless. It seems to me that things are coming to an unpretty pass when Esquire has to devote good space for the expositions of a connoisseur of sensualism. Why do you insist upon treating sex as an advanced idea that shows the greater sophistication, the more one learns about it? Almost any high school senior, and who could be less experienced in the ways of the world, and less finished in the gentle art of living, knows things about sex that would make Ernest Hemingway's hair curl—if he has any hair.

And, as your own authority on the facts of life has proven, almost all girls of seventeen have been seduced at least once, jail bait though they are. Which seems to prove that old definition of a virgin, to wit: any ugly female under six years of age.

To get back to my original point, if I can find it—while our more popular magazines devoted chiefly to the whiling away the leisure hours of women, go to the extreme of painting a saccharine portrait of life, Esquire goes to the other extreme, the fiction all wallowing in perspiration, perversion, repression, depression, prostitution, reproduction, hunger, dirt, ignorance, and SEX. Not a terribly prepossessing line-up, is it?

The serious articles and the departments sometimes take up the cultural side of life, and the satires of Parke Cummings are always one of the high spots of the magazine for me. (By the way, why in heaven's name doesn't Petty learn to draw in proportion?)

Esquire, in its search for realism, or something, has left realism far, far, in the distance, and entered the realms of fantasy. Realism requires restraint, since people are usually not too much amazed at their lives and what happens to them.

One story in your September issue which seems to me very sensitively done, is *A Dollar and a Quarter Too Much*. *The Boy and The Can* was also very well done. But the frantic ravings of Jesse Stuart are absolutely unbelievable. Take *Uncle Fonse and the Starlings*. I'd like to see any self respecting female watch her husband have an affair with another woman, with such serenity. Mountaineer or city gal, they're all alike, and Mr. Stuart must not know his women very well.

Putting poetry into prose does not work very well—and the Stuart style is definitely poetry. Mr. Stuart should enhance your magazine with some of his poems. Or somebody should. Honestly, of all the god-awful poetry I've ever read, and I've read plenty in that category, the stuff you publish is the worst. As a matter of fact, it isn't poetry, so I will say, "Esquire, why don't you have a poetry section?"

Your story, *The Ears of Johnny Bear* was so well written, one almost believed it. There is an art in the telling of tall tales, and Mr. Steinbeck seems to have corralled it here.

The story by Louis Paul I will not comment upon, since it cannot be called a story, a satire, an essay (he may have *tried*, at that), or poetry. It wasn't even anecdotal or biographical.

Well, Esquire, perhaps I had better start my own magazine, for surely there must be a few other people who believe that the world ain't such a damn bad place, that there is such a thing as good literature, that sex, although fun, is not very much more of a problem than eating your three meals a day, and that all short stories are not born on a share cropper's farm, on Madison Avenue, or in some mountain fastness where women are old maids and men are half sponges and half bears.

As a final warning against over-sophistication, I say, "Boys, don't get too big for your britches."

Admonishingly yours,
Female of Eighteen
Evanston, Ill.

P. S. I also like men who smoke pipes.

Continued on page 222

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NEWS ABOUT INKS. Even inks are completely modernized. One kind actually *cleans* your pen as it writes; another is absolutely *permanent*. Once you "put it in writing" with this baby, it's there for posterity.

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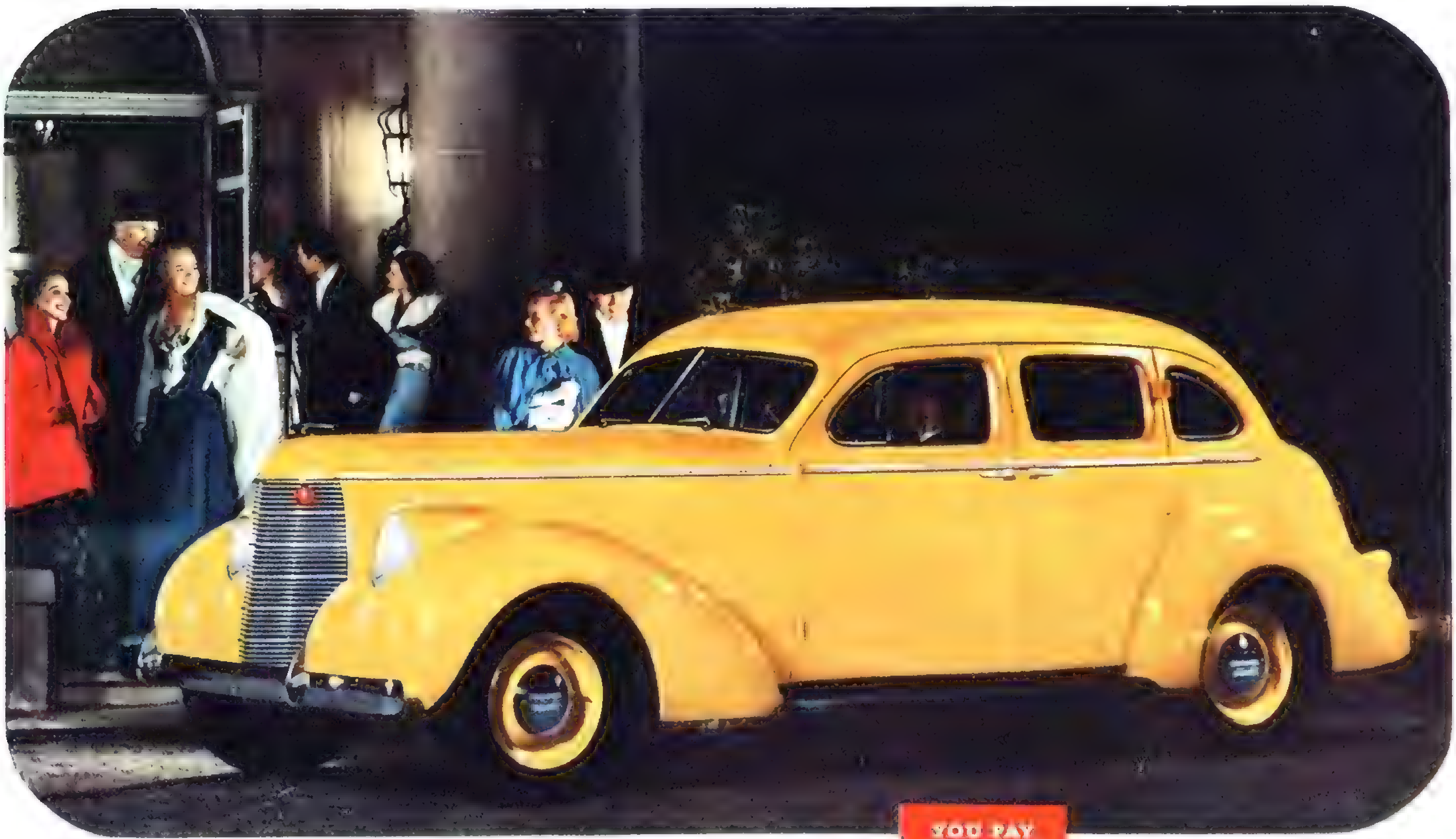


YOU PAY SO LITTLE FOR SO MUCH MORE

STUDEBAKER, world's oldest vehicle manufacturer, dramatizes its eighty-sixth consecutive year with three great new 1938 automobiles . . . three glamorous new luxury cars that emphasize low price!

Studebaker has spent millions to give you three 1938 Studebakers that are completely new in every vigorous, flowing line . . . original creations of the world's foremost designers and finest craftsmen . . . strikingly different in appearance and appeal . . . and brilliantly representative of the operating economy for which Studebaker is famed.

They are cars with a solid, symmetrical, balanced design that is as functional and devoid of meaningless ornamentation as the rhythmical clean-cut architecture of the modern skyscraper. And you have more wonderful new things to see and to try in these cars than you have ever hoped to find in any new model automobiles.

New Miracle Ride plus many brilliant Studebaker innovations!

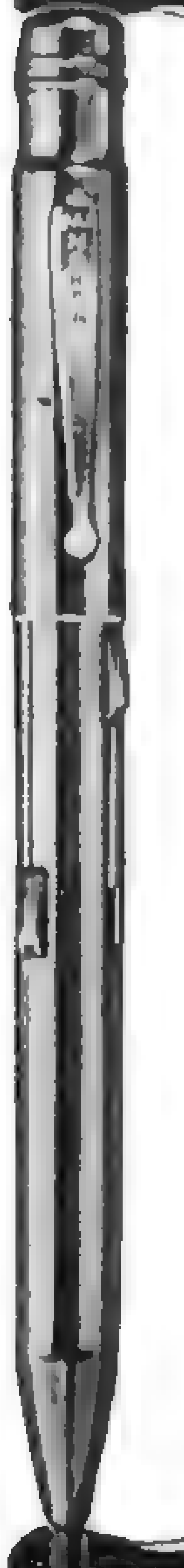
All models of the low-priced luxury Studebaker of 1938 combine Independent Planar Wheel Suspension with finest Hydraulic Shock Absorbers to give you the unforgettably comfortable Studebaker Miracle Ride. All models have Exceptionally Wide New Interiors, New Oversize Luggage Compartments, New Non-slam Safety Door Latches, New Flat Transmission Gears, New Acceleration and Hill-climbing Performance, new Super-strong Frames and the Improved 1938 Fram Oil Cleaner, among many other advances.

The Automatic Hill Holder is standard on the Commander and President. The New Studebaker Miracle Shift and Gas-Saving Automatic Overdrive are available on the Commander and President at slight extra cost.

Only by seeing and driving these three great new luxury cars of 1938 can you do justice to them or to yourself. And Studebaker's C. I. T. budget plan offers low time payments. The Studebaker Corporation, South Bend, Indiana.

TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

1 PENCIL 4 COLORS 100 USES



BLUE
RED
GREEN
BLACK

NORMA is its name. And it's the most versatile, useful pencil you ever poised between thumb and forefinger. At a flick of the finger it writes blue...red...green...or black. Sturdy, beautiful, Norma weighs less than 1 ounce!

Norma is the answer to the ever-present Present Problem. It is valuable to executives, salesmen, teachers, students, stenographers—business and professional men or women of all types. Built like a jewel—fully guaranteed against mechanical defects.

See Norma Pencil at leading stores or write Norma Pencil Corp., 39 West 32nd Street, New York City. $3.50 to $12.00

NORMA
The Remarkable 4-in-1 Pencil

YOU TOO NEED A

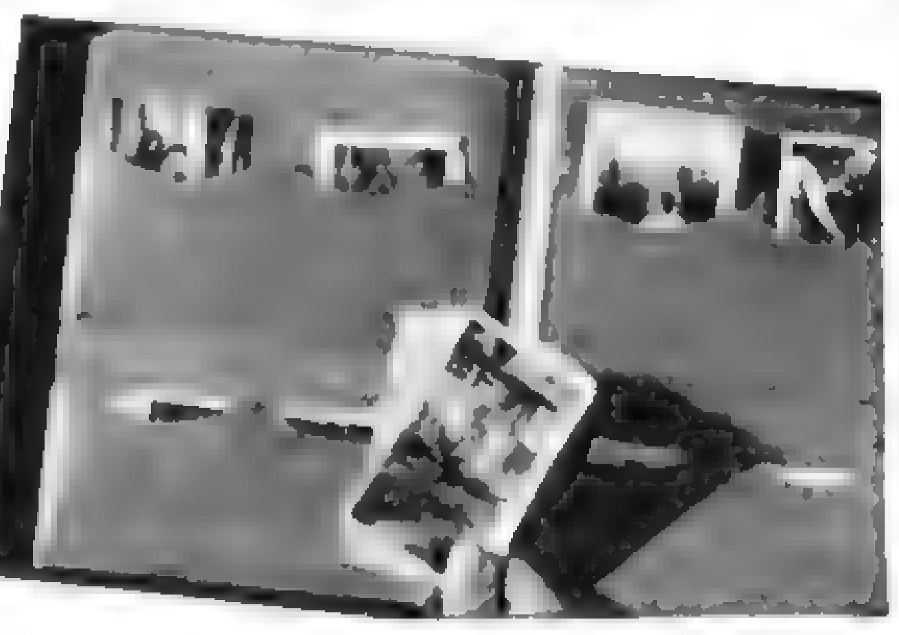


FOTO-TAINER
"The Nicest Lifetime Gift"
Send for Our Catalogue
MEVI
228 East 45th St., New York City, Dept. E

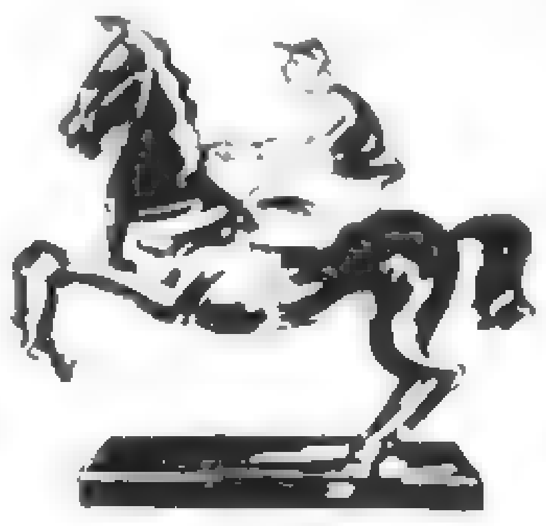
FASTER HEAT FROM CAR HEATERS

• Stay warm and comfortable in your car with *quicker steadier* heat—from any good hot water heater—*just put on a Dole Thermostat*. Simply installed, adjustable to coldest weather Dole hoseline Thermostats do not interfere with other Thermostats that may be on the same car—they are extra boosters. Motor temperature is also controlled, saving oil and gas. Economy pays back its cost. See your service man or car dealer. The Dole Valve Company, Chicago

Also manufacturers of Dole Air & Vacuum Valves for home steam heating systems

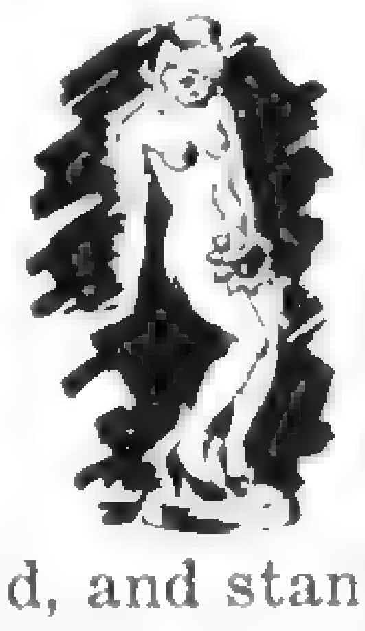
DOLE *Thermostats*

FOR A SPORTSMAN'S STUDY . . . unusual pictures, English sporting scenes *painted on glass*, copied from rare old English prints—coaching scenes, hunt pictures, fishing and yachting subjects. The paintings all have antique maple frames, which add materially to their mellow charm. Inveterate horsemen will like russet leather bookends with end-supports made of stirrups in actual size; or a desk pad bordered with wide strips of leather fastened with horse shoe buckles; and a leather ash tray with a coarse piece of wire mesh over the top. Idea is to knock the ashes off via the wire, which forces them *into* the cylindrical receptacle, *not* on the table or the rug. And from the dining and wining division, a set of serving plates decorated with colorful hunting scenes; or a series of dog plates, thoroughbreds etched on china by that old Maestro Michael Bishop. There are also hand etched over-size highball glasses to match.



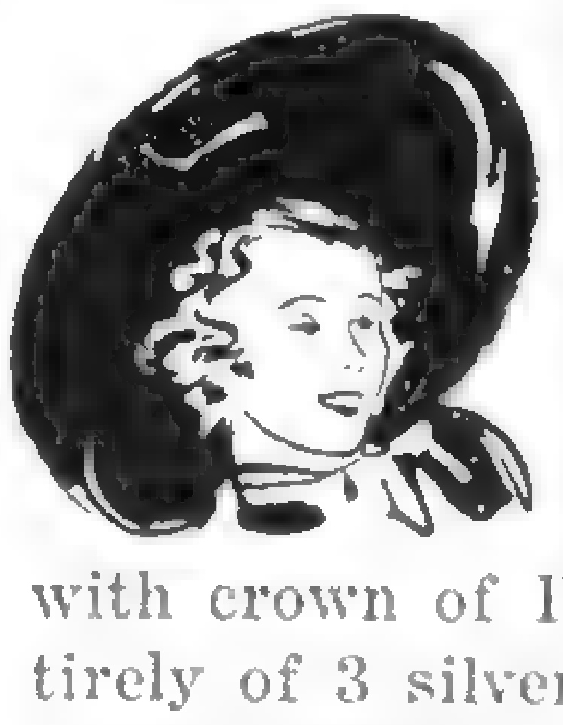
MARK-UP PENCIL . . . and we mean retailer's mark-up. The pencil calculates selling prices for any desired mark-up from 25% to 50% on articles costing from $1 to $96 a dozen. With a twist of the pencil cap, you can read the answers through an aperture in the side.

LENCI NUDES. Lenci is that Italian artist whose versatile talents range from realistic felt dolls to ceramic Madonnas and nudes. Daring, yet innocent, provocative yet modest, breath-takingly natural in form and coloring, the Lenci nudes always arouse masculine admiration. There's the Lenci bride, for instance, whose sole adornments are flowers on the head and pumps on the feet. She holds her bridal bouquet modestly as a shield, and stands, shyly hesitant with downcast eyes. Then there are the exotic Lenci life-size ceramic masks—the Dryad, for example, with pale green leafy locks, brows uplifted, a come-hither look in her eyes and a slightly lascivious smile on her lips.



SHEEP INTO TWEEDS. Remember in old Victorian novels how our heroine buried her damask cheek against her hero's rugged tweed shoulder, rejoicing in the tweedy, smokey smell and very male-ness of it all? The fragrance which permeates good tweeds is derived from peat fires which burn in the cottages of those gallant Scotch weavers who inhabit the isles of the Outer Hebrides. The islanders produce the works, from sheep to tweed. Wools are plucked and washed by hand, spread on rocks to dry, then hand-woven and dyed. In this mechanical age, it is a comforting thought to think that perchance our hardy Scotch tweed suit was the contribution of a sheep named Sandy, then painstakingly woven, in all possibility, by a McTavish.

GLAMOUR HATS. If you saw the devastating females in Walter Wanger's "Vogues of 1938," you saw them wearing some pretty gorgeous hats. You probably muttered to yourself, "*My* wife should look so well!" We've fixed it for you, gentlemen. Send the little woman to the clever designer who did many of the hats for the picture. She'll do right by your Nell. Imagine the minx in a mink halo, with crown of Persian brocade; or a tiny cap made entirely of 3 silver fox heads, snouts rearing heavenward. Then there are Belgian Congo hats for the daring; suede dinner hats of Merry Widow proportions for the sirens, and quaint fur bonnets for the demure. Chic and caprice, no end.



If you want to know where to buy any of these articles, write to "Ranger," Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.

ATHLETE'S FOOT REMEDY

LX4 stops Athlete's Foot. This liquid is easy to apply, harmless, painless, odorless, stainless, colorless. It is the result of careful research by the Elm Drug & Surgical Co. and is guaranted to give quick relief. For prevention of re-infection LX4 powder is designated. Both products offered Esquire readers at special combination price. Send $1. Inquiries invited: colleges, clubs, dealers.

ELM DRUG & SURGICAL CO., INC.
Standard Oil Bldg., 26 Broadway, New York

CANDID CAMERAS

NEW CARL ZEISS NETTAR with F:4.5 LENS, 16 EXP., 1⅝ x 2¼ $30
Brand New CONTAX I (slow speeds) with F:2 LENS AND CASE with 1 YEAR ZEISS GUARANTEE $150
Slightly used CONTAX III with F:1.5 LENS and CASE, GUARANTEED $275
Slightly used LEICA G with F:2 LENS and CASE, guaranteed $150
RABSONS MUSIC & CAMERA CO., Inc.
1373 Sixth Avenue New York City
"Official Carl Zeiss and Leica Dealer"

FRENCH

Learn FRENCH by Reading NOVELS. New psychological method lets you read fascinating French Novels at once! It is easy, thrilling, and you enjoy it at HOME. No "lesson drills." No "memorizing." Only NATURAL Way. Results GUARANTEED. Endorsed by authorities.
FREE: Beautifully Illustrated Booklet gives full details of PSYKOS METHOD. Special Introductory Offer! Write Today!
PSYKOS METHOD
Studio E.-17 W. 45th St., New York City

HOBBIES VIOLIN-MAKING

THE PERFECT *ADULT* HOBBY! A new thrill for hand and ear! Whether you're utterly innocent of "tool experience," or not of old-hand-at-a-trade, you can make a fine violin . . . one with real tone . . . thanks to L. F. Geiger's sensational new book *Violin Making Made Clear And Concise.* Simple step-by-step instructions—with pictures—assure your success. Here's your hobby! SEND FOR FREE CATALOG of seasoned, old tone-woods, tools, supplies and complete kits. Drop a card today!
VOIT & GEIGER, INC. *Fine Violins*
14 E. Jackson Blvd., Dept. E., Chicago, Ill.

MOTION PICTURE EQUIPMENT

EASTMAN, AMPRO, VICTOR, BELL & HOWELL, KEYSTONE and all popular Motion Picture cameras and projectors always in stock. Send for our complete catalogue on Motion Picture equipment.
• FOTOSHOP CINE FILM •
Semi-ortho, $2.19 per 100 ft. Panchromatic, $3.50 per 100 ft. Prices include processing. Send for circular F7.
FOTOSHOP, INC.
134E West 32nd St. New York City

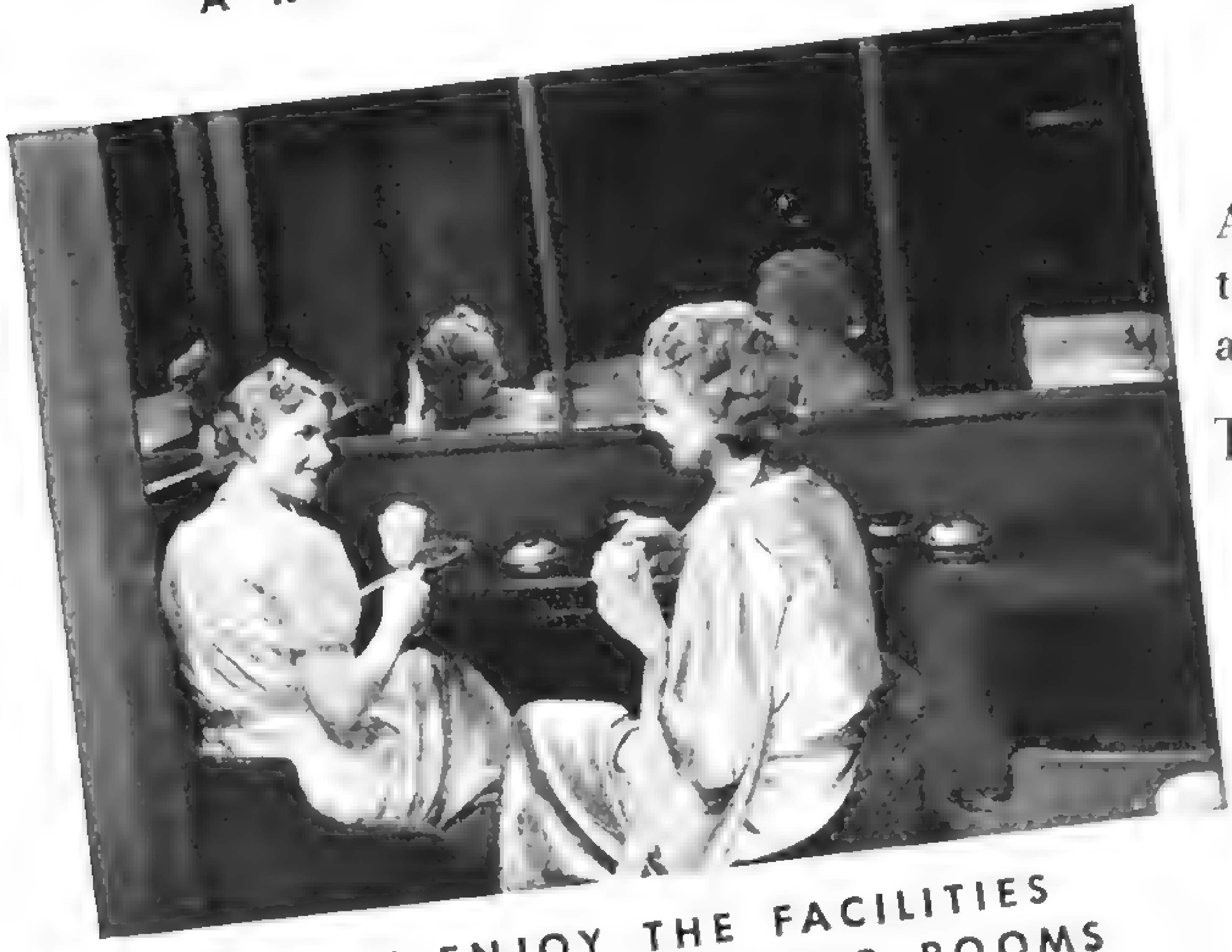
MINIATURE CAMERAS

"EXCEPTIONAL MINIATURE VALUES"
35mm. Contaflex with Sonnar F:1.5 $250.00
35mm. Contax III with Sonnar F:1.5 260.00
35mm. Gewirette F:2.9 Prontor Shutter 33.50
3 x 4 cm. Wirgin F:2.9 Compur Shutter 33.00
ABE COHEN'S EXCHANGE INC.
"The House of Photographic Values"
120 Fulton St. New York

$2.50 BUYS SO MUCH IN A Pullman Car

YOU LOUNGE AND RELAX IN CLUB-LIKE COMFORT

YOU SLEEP LIKE A CHILD IN A RESTFUL, INVITING BED



YOU ENJOY THE FACILITIES OF MODERN DRESSING ROOMS

Half of all the millions of Pullman passengers pay only $2.50 each for their Pullman accommodations—the price of a lower berth on an overnight journey of about 300 miles. The other half pays more or less—depending on the accommodation selected and the distance traveled. But just consider what these millions get for their $2.50. Deep, restful sleep in comfortable beds, with plenty of covers and crisp, fresh linen. Inviting seats to lounge in by day. Spotless dressing rooms, with plenty of fresh towels, soap, hot and cold running water. In the air-conditioned cars, cool, filtered air in summer—tempered, humidified warmth in winter! And above all—unequaled safety! Not a passenger or employe fatality in a Pullman car in nearly three years! Add to these the deft, efficient service of a trained Pullman staff, and you have the utmost in travel value for your $2.50.

★

Furthermore, you can make this overnight journey of about 300 miles for only $2.00 where an upper berth is used. Or, you can enjoy a whole Pullman section for only $3.50; a private bedroom for $4.50 for one, or $2.50 each for two; a compartment at $3.50 each for two; a drawing room at only $3.00 each for three. These are examples of the reasonable cost of Pullman accommodations. For longer distances, of course, costs are in proportion.

★

Ask your ticket agent for complete information on the various Pullman accommodations available and the total cost of your next trip. Or write

THE PULLMAN COMPANY, CHICAGO

YOU ARRIVE SAFE AT YOUR DESTINATION—REFRESHED AND ALERT

No matter what the weather, Pullman gets you there—without worry, without waste of time, and in *safety!*

Pullman and Rail—The safe way to go and the sure way to get there

TRAVEL AND SLEEP IN PULLMAN SAFETY AND COMFORT

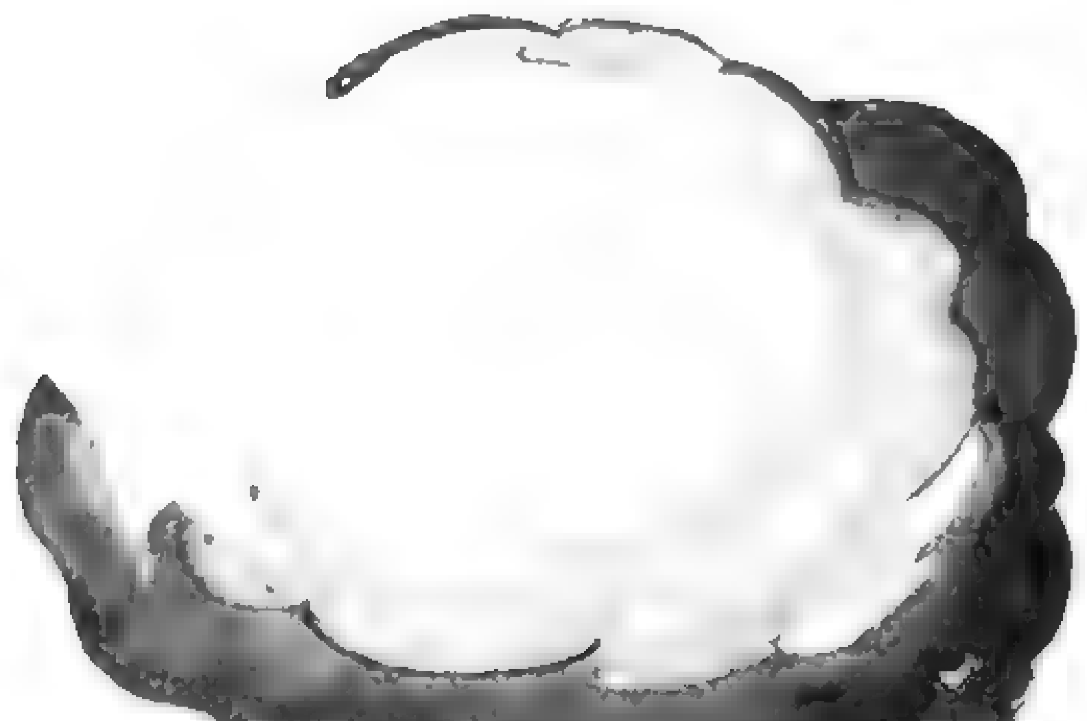
Copyright 1937, The Pullman Company

ESQUIRE says this must be labeled an advertisement but we still insist it's news.

Okoboji Storm

. . . and what it's got to do with the cost of selling automobiles or laundry soap in Iowa.

by JOHN MARSTON



THE wind blew like hell out of an ink-black cloud. Crazily the little white winged racing yachts staggered and upset as crews fought to lower canvas. In two minutes, thirty-three boats slapped over. A hundred and ten youngsters of Iowa's top-flight families were struggling in the seething lake while parents stood helplessly on shore. Hailstones as big as walnuts pelted down and rain driven by a 40 mile per hour wind cut visibility to almost nothing.

Thus in a sodden mess ended what started as a beautiful Saturday afternoon regatta at Iowa's summer resort Lake Okoboji—almost 200 miles northwest of Des Moines.

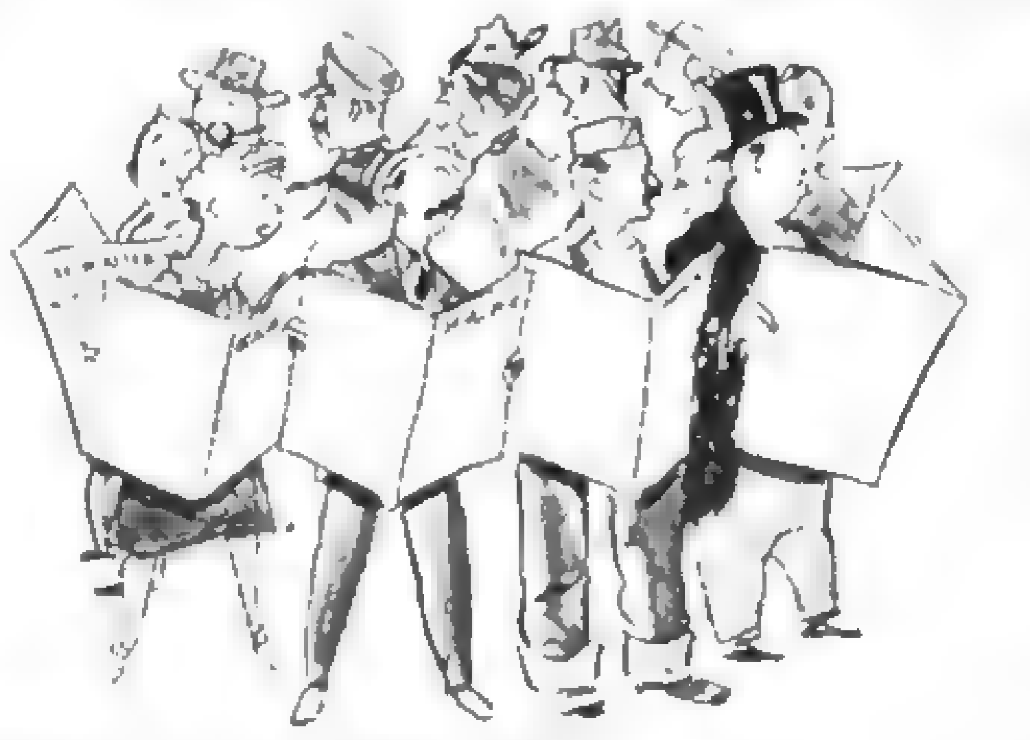
On the first rescuing motor boats were Des Moines Sunday Register photographers and newshawks. Come on a routine assignment to cover a sailing party, they handled a shipwreck. As the last of the waterlogged yachtsmen were fished safely out, The Register and Tribune airplane Good News VI soared off for Des Moines. Next morning The Des Moines Sunday Register was the only newspaper to bring Iowans pictures and eye witness news of the near disaster.

That Sunday morning (or any Sunday morning) the casual traveler through Iowa would have been startled by the uniformity of conversational grist. If he'd stopped for a dozen breakfasts at a dozen restaurants, the waitresses would have greeted him with, "Gosh, wasn't that an *awful* storm up at the lakes." Church goers, filling station attendants, hotel lobby sitters, wives at home getting the Sunday dinner—all thought and talked about the same thing. Location in the state made no difference.

That's the way it is in Iowa most of the time. When there's a fire in Spencer or a bank hold up in Mason City or a particularly messy murder in Bedford—all scores of miles apart—folks over the whole state take an intense neighborly interest in the news . . . talk about it as if it happened next door. From bridge tables to hog lots the talk-mills grind on the same raw material.

Now some poetic souls might be annoyed by this common interest among two and a half million people all over an area as large as New York state and Connecticut tossed together (you toss 'em)—just as they are annoyed with America in general. It's more intelligent, however, to understand the "why" of Iowa unity . . . just as alert advertisers understand it and shape selling plans in accordance.

If you'd fly over Iowa in an airplane, the land below would look something like Alice's gigantic chess board in "Through the Looking Glass"—all squares of brown, black, green and yellow depending on the seasons . . . with hundreds of cities and towns. From an elevation of as many thousands of feet as you choose, the view all the way to the grey horizon would be the same . . . beautifully fertile, level and rich. Nowhere would you see a great natural barrier of mountains, poor soil, forests or lakes . . . barriers which make people think in their subconscious, "WE live on this side, THEY live on the other" . . . cause different interests.



Iowans are all engaged in the same kinds of businesses. There are farmers, merchants, mechanics, manufacturers . . . big and little town people. About half the families in Iowa are small town or farm dwellers. The rest live in thriving little cities ranging up to Des Moines, state capital. Similarity of ways of making a living makes common "shop talk" among all Iowans.

Iowa's level land also makes it easy to build roads . . . and sticky rich black soil makes it necessary. Today a network of more than 5,000 miles of paved highway and many more miles of gravel covers the whole state. Nine out of ten Iowa families own automobiles and spend much time and gasoline whizzing about on business and visits to relatives. Wealth is evenly distributed. There are few very poor, few Van Astorbilt rich. Class distinctions are not important . . . social and purchasing desires uniformly high. Per capita wealth leads U. S. Yearly retail sales are about $700,000,000.

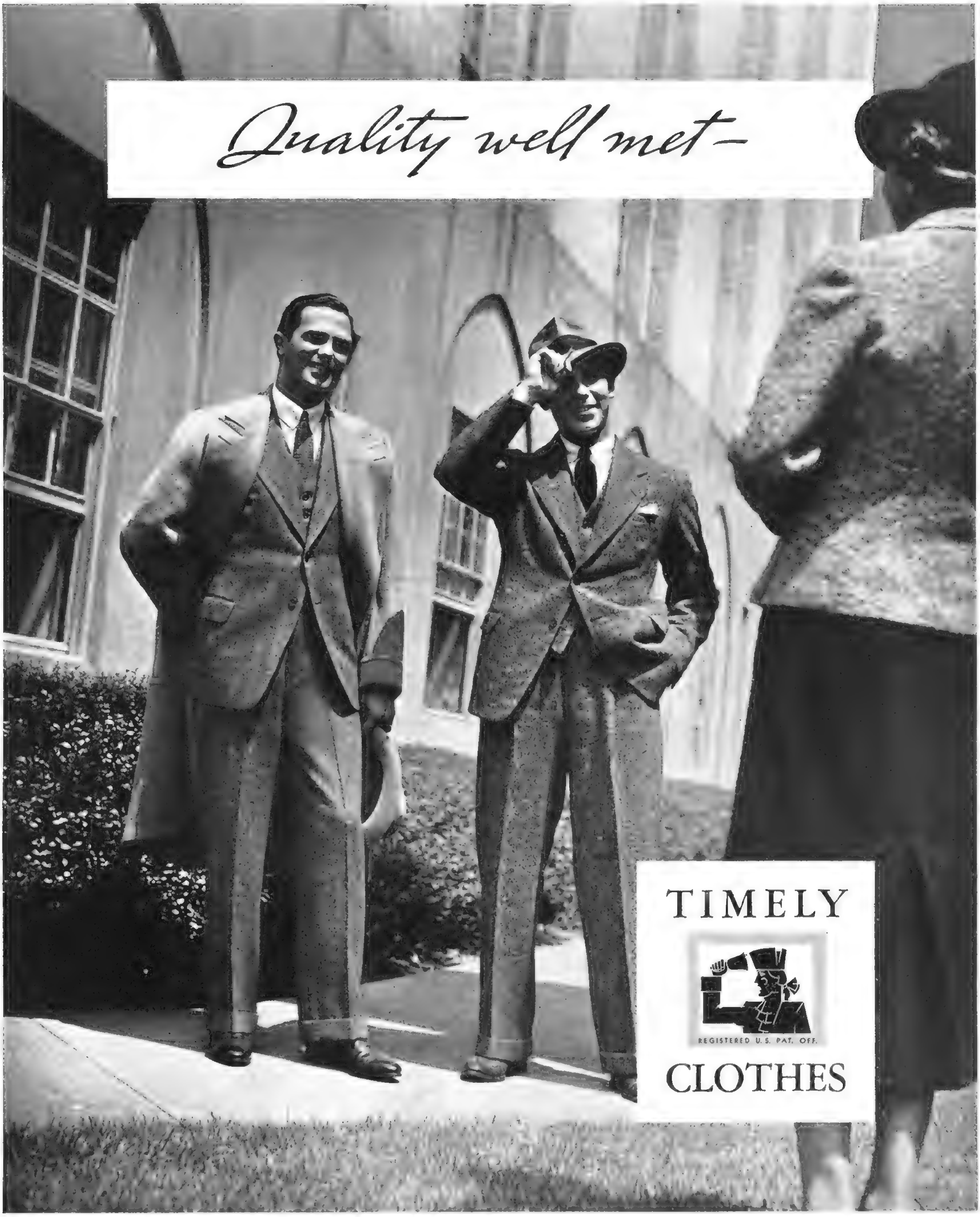
Almost all Iowans are of northern European race stocks. Foreign language colonies are a rarity. For the benefit of visiting old school Bostonians, there is one Indian reservation where a few hundred Foxes engage in publicity and farming. Almost all Iowans can read and write. Literacy of 99.2 per cent is the highest in the nation.

Half of Iowa's families read one newspaper, The Des Moines Sunday Register. They do so because it suits their news interests—is the best newspaper they can buy. In the past ten years circulation has doubled and now stands at 312,540.

Reporting news of a whole state like a single city is a success in Iowa. Proud of their state, Iowans rejoice in unity of interests and ways of living. Intelligent selling takes account of this unity, reduces costs and increases efficiency.

Alert advertisers save money and do a more effective job in the rich Iowa market through concentration of big space schedules in The Des Moines Sunday Register—at lowest milline rates in Iowa ($1.76).

Through this one newspaper which half the people in Iowa read, they cover the whole of Iowa as a unit . . . turn a whole state into their single "sales city" . . . obtain in this rich market all the advantages of low-cost-per-unit advertising.


Quality well met—
TIMELY
REGISTERED U. S. PAT. OFF.
CLOTHES

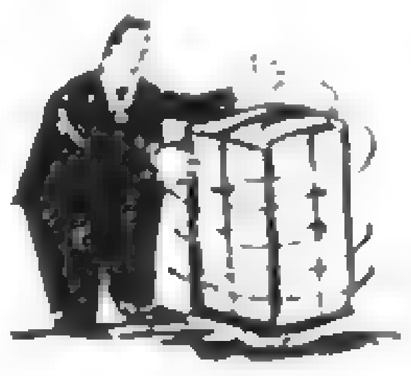
TIMELY CLOTHES IN KENWOOD FABRICS

When Kenwood quality fabrics meet TIMELY qualified tailors, you have a suit or topcoat that — except for price — has the unmistakable earmarks of custom-wear. That is why TIMELY CLOTHES are the preference of "the Esquire type" — men who demand exclusive character in clothes, and don't give a hang about cost so long as it's reasonable! $30 to $55 at your dealer, or write us direct. • The CLIMATEER topcoat illustrated, for example, is a remarkable year-round-weight KENWOOD topcoating — warm, soft, lustrous, water-and-wear resistant, very skilfully tailored by Timely craftsmen — yet priced with surprising moderation. (Write Dept. E. for a new-type black enamel Timely Wishbone Hanger sent free upon receipt of ten cents for carriage costs.)

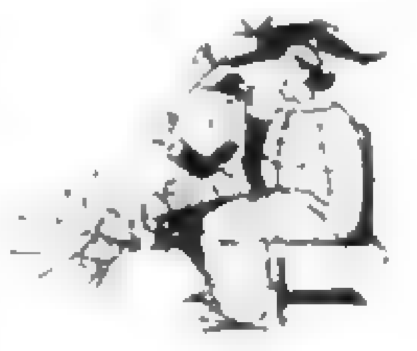
KELLER-HEUMANN-THOMPSON, ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

Copr. 1937 K. H. T.

TALKING SHOP WITH ESQUIRE

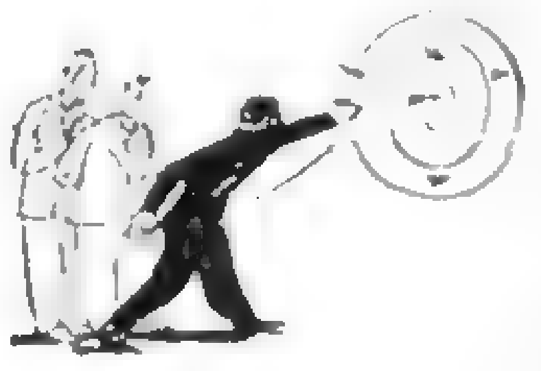


TURNTABLE TRUNK. Better look into this—a wardrobe trunk on a turntable arrangement that allows the trunk to swing easily from left to right, or completely around. No rumpled rugs, no marred floors, no pushing, shoving and cursing. It's as easy to open as a door. In a hotel room or ship's cabin, or in your own closet, both drawer and wardrobe sides are instantly accessible . . . all the trunk asks, is room to swing. It is always a bit of a problem for a man to dispose of numerous hats and shoes when traveling, without looking like a theatrical troup or a movie star en route to Europe. At last appears a combination hat and shoe case, 21x14x15, a compact affair that will hold at least 4 to 6 pairs of shoes and 3 hats, and, in addition, has a shirt fold in the lid which will keep several shirts clean and fresh. The shoe sections are flannel-lined, with flannel for wrapping each pair separately. Outside of the case is in striped canvas, leather bound.



STADIUM PAPOOSE. England comes across with a neat contraption to put an end to the fragile female, who, at the crucial point in the game when the home team is scoring a touchdown, demands to be taken home because she's cold. Just zip her into a British bag, rectangular in shape and made of weather-proof, water-proof fabricated material lined inside with cotton blanketing. The bag will fit any male or female up to six feet in height. In transit, just roll it up and fasten it by the strap attached to the middle of the back. Good for rumble seats.

PRECIOUS JEWELS. . . balm to her broken heart. Gold jewelry is staging a comeback, heavy, massive pieces, harkening back to the "turn of the century" fashions. A new bracelet of two heavy gold ropes, with a bold clasp set with sapphires and diamonds; another, over an inch in width, in accordion-like gold with clasp of rubies and diamonds. Watches pinned on bosoms again, or dangling on fobs. Round ball watch on a tinier ball fob, both in gold, studded with rubies.



GAMESTERS IN OUR MIDST. For many years in the English Pubs, the customers have been playing "darts" . . . hurling sharp little feathered darts into concentric circles on the wall, to find out who'd pay for the next ale. Now the game has moved out of the Pub and into the Parlor, so to speak. Newest version to come to us from England, is a game called dart-golf. Big board hangs on the wall, laid out in nine holes, each numbered. You try to shoot your dart from hole to hole, and score as in golf. Further fun for long, cold evenings at home is a new game called Jury Box, where each player becomes a gentleman of the jury. Game comes with six large envelopes, each of which contains all the material necessary for the solution of one particular case . . . a complete history giving all details of the discovery of the crime, photographs taken at the scene, together with the correct solution, sealed in a small envelope, and a pad for jury ballots. Each player decides for himself, upon the evidence submitted, whether the person in the case is guilty or no. Player who works out the correct solution is credited with 50 points; and for accurate reasoning for reaching verdict (as recorded in the sealed envelope) an extra 50 points. Player who has scored the most points after all six cases have been considered, is the winnah!

If you want to know where to buy any of these articles, write to "Ranger," Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.

MODERN BOOKCASES *for the* MODEST BUDGET—*only* $12.75 FOR A COMPLETE 3 SECTION *Lundstrom*

"It Grows with Your Library"
SECTIONAL BOOKCASE DIRECT from FACTORY on 30 DAY APPROVAL

The New "Modern American" design. Beautifully finished in light walnut, with or without ebonized edges. Write for *free* Catalog X-117 showing many new and attractive designs, finishes and arrangements at correspondingly *low prices.*

THE C. J. LUNDSTROM MFG. CO., Little Falls, N.Y.
Manufacturers of Sectional Bookcases for the better homes and offices since 1899.
Endorsed by Over 250,000 Satisfied Users.
N.Y. Showroom, 130 W. 42nd St. [Tel. Wis. 7-8663]

HANDEE
Tool of 1001 Uses

A whole shop full of tools in one: Plugs in any light socket. A C or D C 110 v. 13,000 r. p. m. Uses 200 different accessories — grinds polishes, routs, drills, cuts carves, sands, saws, sharpens, engraves.

For Faster Better Jobs

GET A DEMONSTRATION at your dealers or order on 10-day Money-Back Trial. $10.75 and up postpaid. 3 Accessories Free. Catalog Free.

New CRAFTSMAN Project Book "Pleasure and Profit with a Handee." Easy working plans for making many interesting and unusual projects 25c, stamps or coin.

Chicago Wheel & Mfg. Co., 113 S. Aberdeen, Chicago

DOUGLAS *Airtray* $3.50

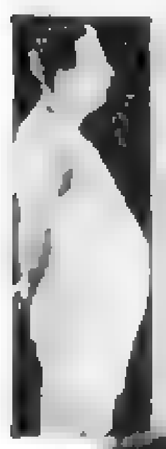
A smart adornment of sophistication for home, club or office. Latest Douglas Airliner model, adjustable to any position. Streamlined base holds removable black glass ash tray. Finished in high lustre chromium. Send $3.50 or pay postman plus postage.
Other Models up to $9

VICTOR F. PASTUSHIN CO.
2504 32ND ST., SANTA MONICA, CALIF.

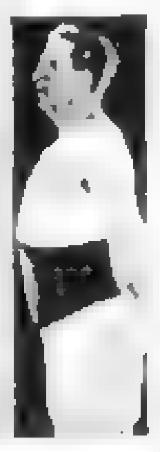
ONLY BENJAMIN HAS THE GENUINE BB

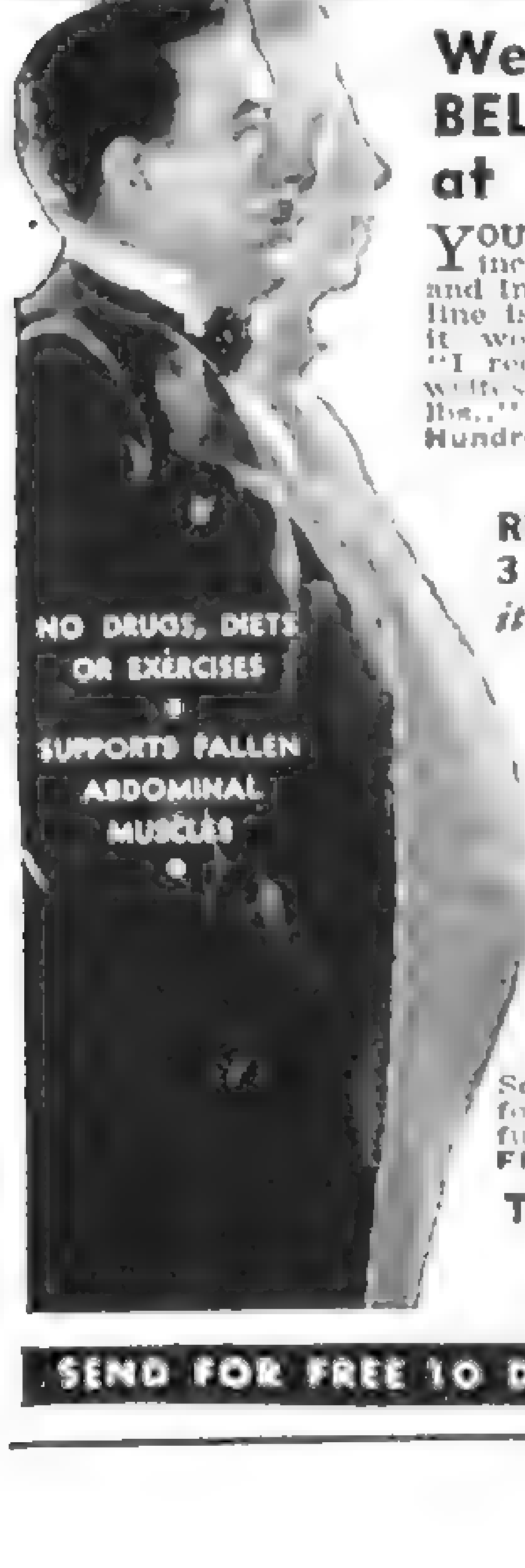
COMPRESSED AIR PISTOL $7.50

For Target & Small Game Economical - Accurate - Practical - Adjustable Force-Amazing Maximum Velocity - Safe. Single Shot with Bolt Action - Hammer Fire - Hair Trigger - Safety - Cal. 177 or 22 or BB Price $7.50, Holster $2.00. Also 177 and 22 Single Shot Air Rifles $7.50 - Single Shot BB Air Rifles $6.00 - 25 Shot BB Repeater Air Rifle $7.50 - At Dealer or Direct - No license required - SAFE. The Only Genuine Compressed Air Pistols & Rifles for shooting BB On The Market. Full Details - Targets - Free - Write for introductory Offer. Benjamin Air Rifle Co., 699 N. B'way, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.



"*I have* REDUCED *my* WAIST 8 INCHES WITH THE WEIL BELT" . . . *writes George Bailey*





NO DRUGS, DIETS OR EXERCISES

SUPPORTS FALLEN ABDOMINAL MUSCLES

Wear the WEIL BELT for 10 days at our expense!

YOU will appear many inches slimmer at once and in ten days if your waist line is not 3 inches smaller, it won't cost you a cent. "I reduced 8 inches" . . . writes Geo. Bailey. "Lost 50 lbs.," writes W. T. Anderson. Hundreds of similar letters.

IF YOU do not REDUCE YOUR WAIST 3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS *it will cost you nothing!*

You will be completely comfortable as this amazing reducing belt gently but persistently eliminates fat with every move! It gives you an erect athletic carriage . . . supports abdominal walls . . . keeps digestive organs in place . . . and with loss of burdensome fat comes increased pep and greater endurance.

Send name and address for illustrated folder and full details of 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

The WEIL COMPANY
5811 Hill Street
New Haven, Conn.

SEND FOR FREE 10 DAY TRIAL OFFER

MARCONIPHONE
The Supreme in PORTABLE Automatic RADIO-PHONOGRAPHS

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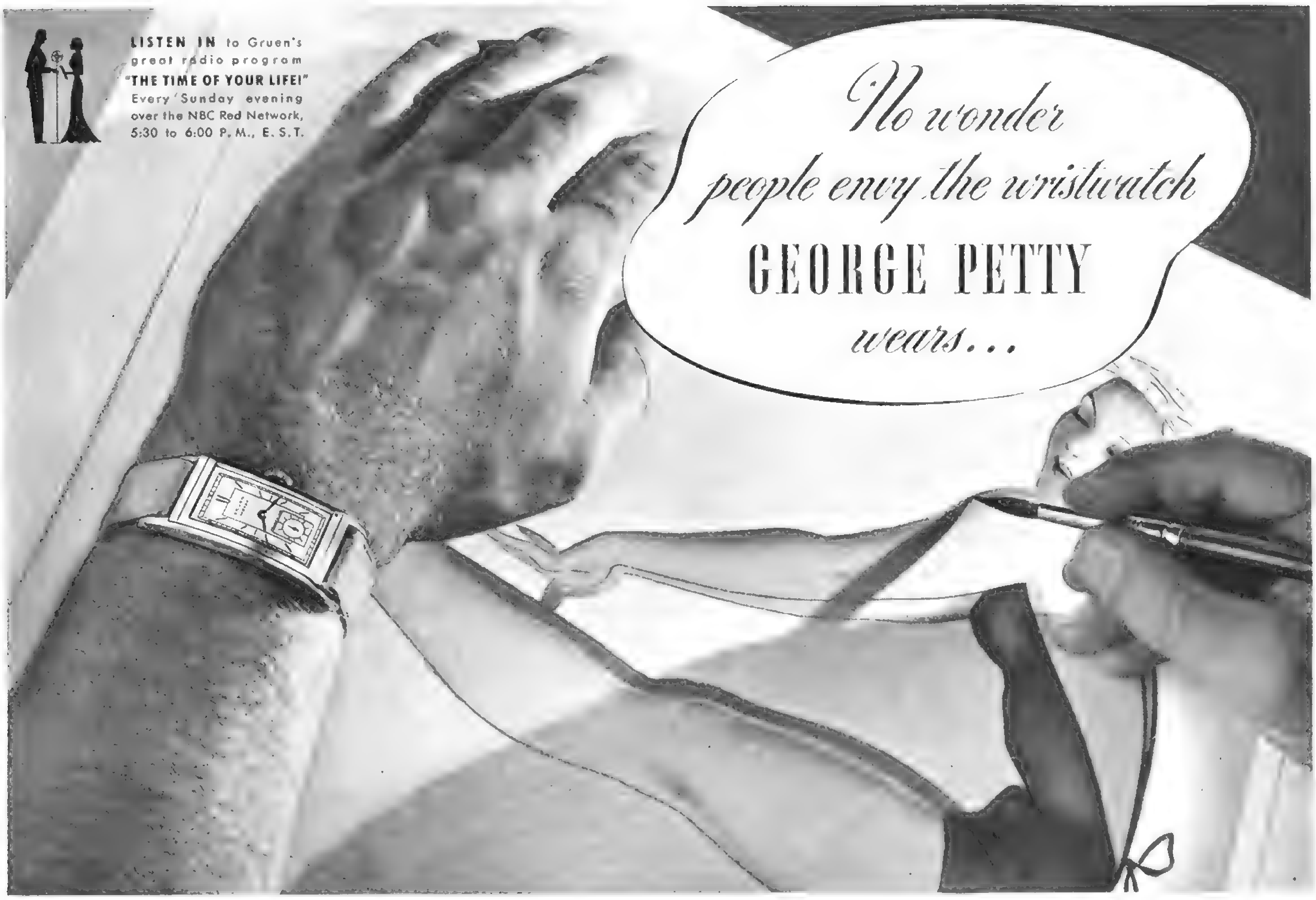
REMEDY


No wonder people envy the wristwatch GEORGE PETTY wears...

LISTEN IN to Gruen's great radio program **"THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE!"** Every Sunday evening over the NBC Red Network, 5:30 to 6:00 P. M., E. S. T.

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. . . and that brings up the subject of curves, which is the chief reason Mr. Petty's watch is a GRUEN CURVEX. George did a lot of looking around before he found a watch that suited him exactly. But when the ultra curve-conscious Petty eye fell upon the ultra modern accented curve of the new GRUEN CURVEX, the search was ended.

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Your Gruen jeweler is now showing brilliant new CURVEX styles for men and women. CURVEX for women, from $42.50. CURVEX for men, from $50. Other Gruen watches, from $24.75 to $250; with precious stones, up to $2500.

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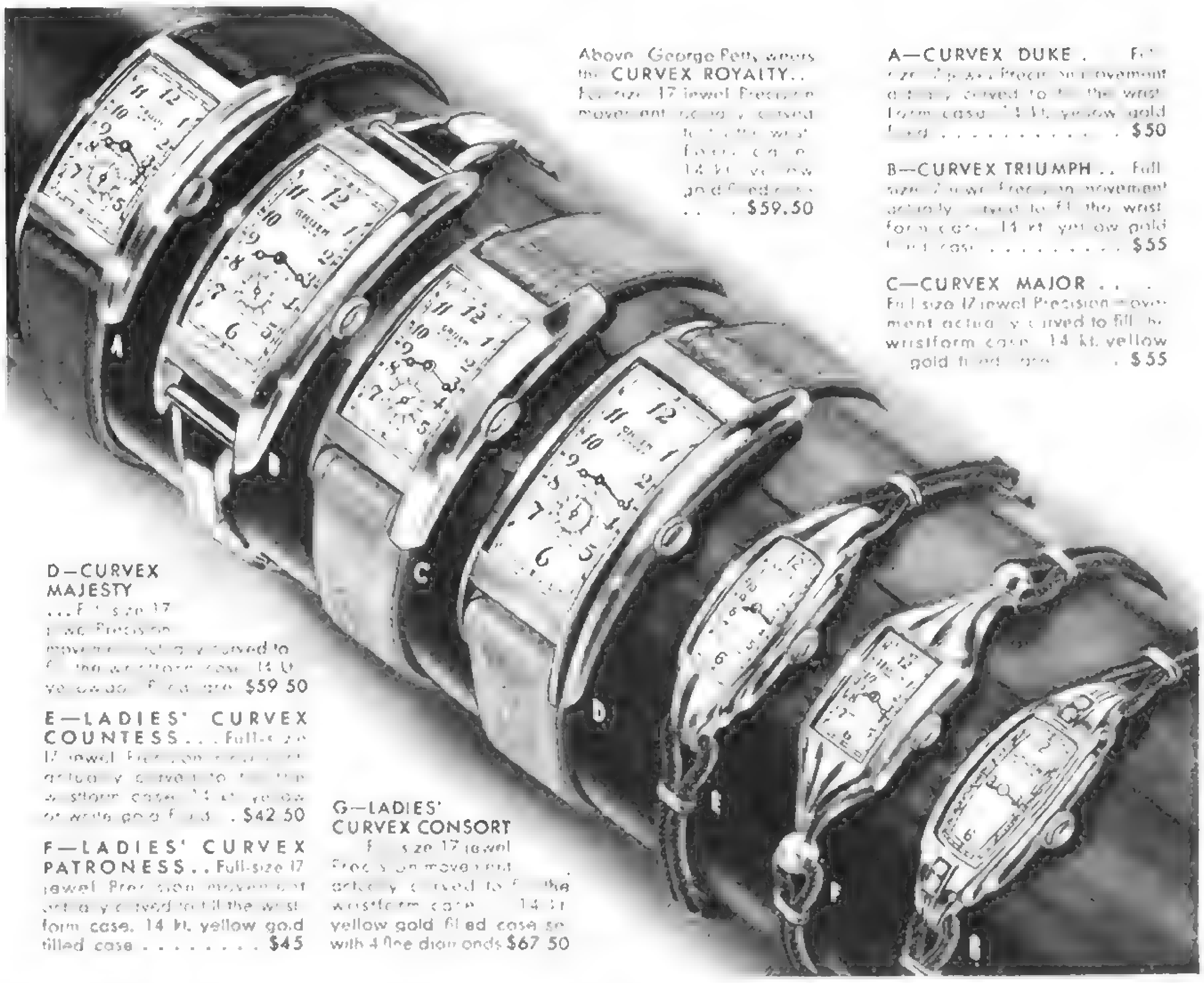

Above, George Petty wears the CURVEX ROYALTY. . Full-size 17 jewel Precision movement actually curved to fill the wrist form case. 14 kt. yellow gold filled case . . . $59.50

A—CURVEX DUKE . . Full size 17 jewel Precision movement actually curved to fill the wrist form case. 14 kt. yellow gold filled $50

B—CURVEX TRIUMPH . . Full size 17 jewel Precision movement actually curved to fill the wrist form case. 14 kt. yellow gold filled case $55

C—CURVEX MAJOR . . . Full size 17 jewel Precision movement actually curved to fill the wristform case. 14 kt. yellow gold filled case . . . $55

D—CURVEX MAJESTY . . . Full size 17 jewel Precision movement actually curved to fill the wristform case. 14 kt. yellow gold filled case $59.50

E—LADIES' CURVEX COUNTESS . . . Full-size 17 jewel Precision movement actually curved to fill the wristform case. 14 kt. yellow or white gold filled . . $42.50

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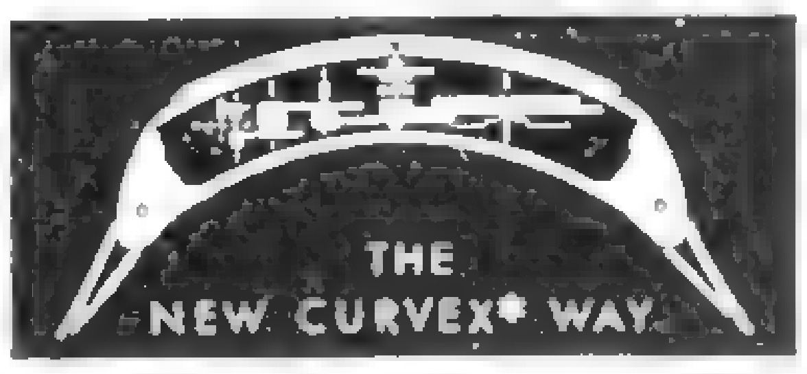
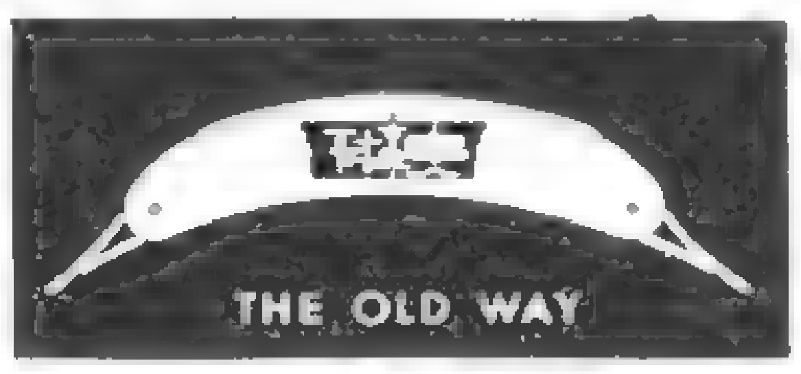
G—LADIES' CURVEX CONSORT Full size 17 jewel Precision movement actually curved to fill the wristform case. 14 kt. yellow gold filled case set with 4 fine diamonds $67.50

**Trade Mark Reg. U. S. pat. off. No other manufacturer is permitted to make the Curvex or to use the name.*

Copyright 1936, by The Gruen Watch Co.

Here Gruen combines the beauty of a curved case with the accuracy of a *full-size movement* actually curved to fill the wristform case. *Even if the case were removed,* the revolutionary Curvex movement still would conform to the curve of the wrist.





Patented. U. S. Patents No. 1866952 Re. 20480

A curved *case* only. The conventional flat movement, conflicting with the shape of the case, is relatively small and fragile. Accuracy is sacrificed to appearance. The *cases* in the diagrams at the left are the same size. But notice the difference in the *movements!*

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Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken
—KEATS

Ken will not be a newsmagazine. But it will concern itself with the interpretation and explanation of all the news that now lies outside the ken and comprehension of the average man.

Ken will not be a muckrake magazine. But it will contain articles, investigations, and exposés of a kind calculated to blow the lid off many subjects hitherto kept under cover.

Ken will not be a digest. But it will never waste a word. Its written content, while neither condensed nor rehashed from other published writings, will be paced to the fastest tempo in which ideas may be transmitted, couched in a stripped style shorn of all excess verbiage.

Ken will not be a picture magazine. But it will publish as many pages of pictures per issue as the established picture magazines, and will specialize in a type of picture previously unpublished.

Ken will be keen and critical, enlightened and analytical, acting as a fortnightly chorus to the contemporary drama of what happens, enlarging the ken of the plain reader, making him a member of The Insiders' World.

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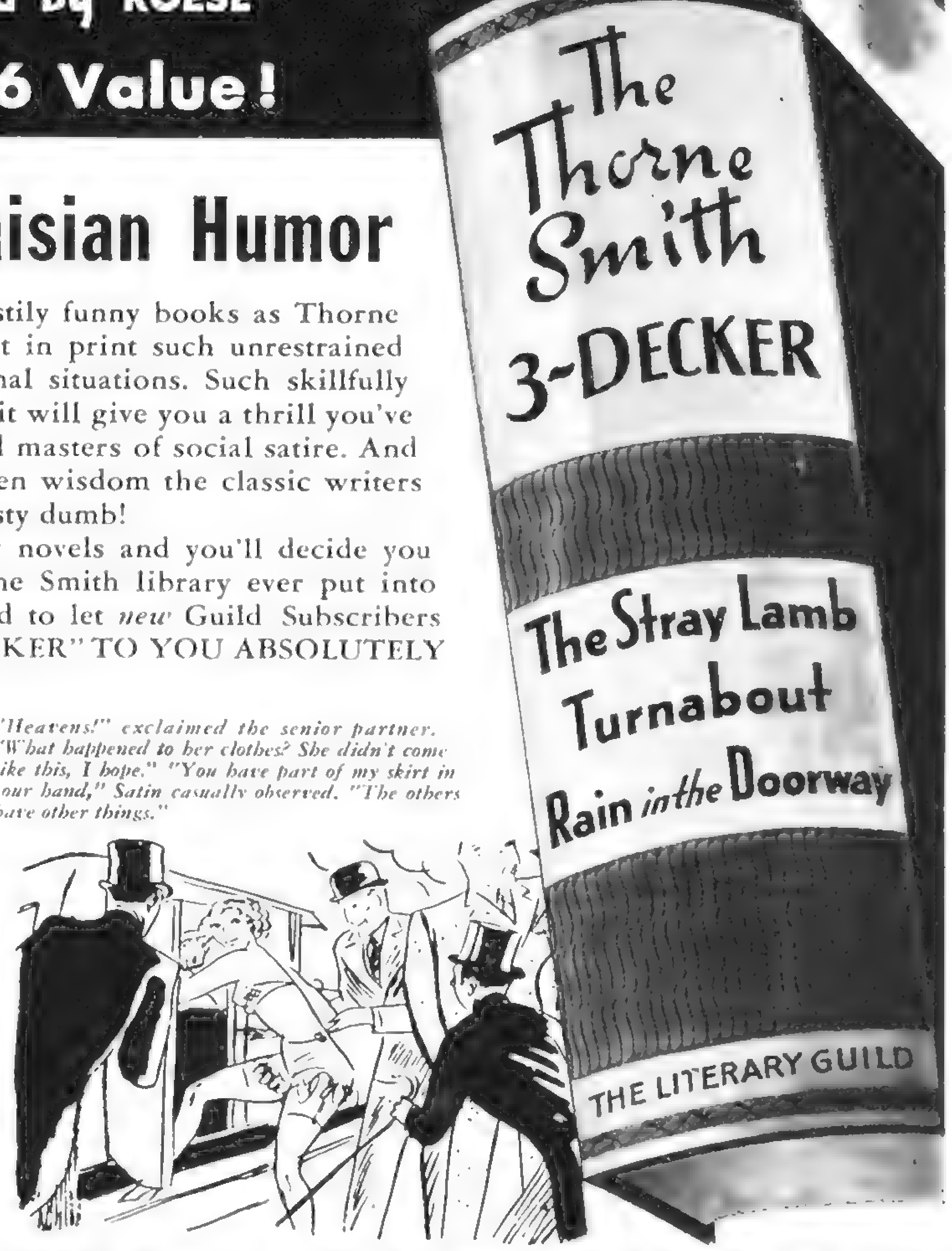

"Heavens!" exclaimed the senior partner. "What happened to her clothes? She didn't come like this, I hope." "You have part of my skirt in your hand," Satin casually observed. "The others have other things."

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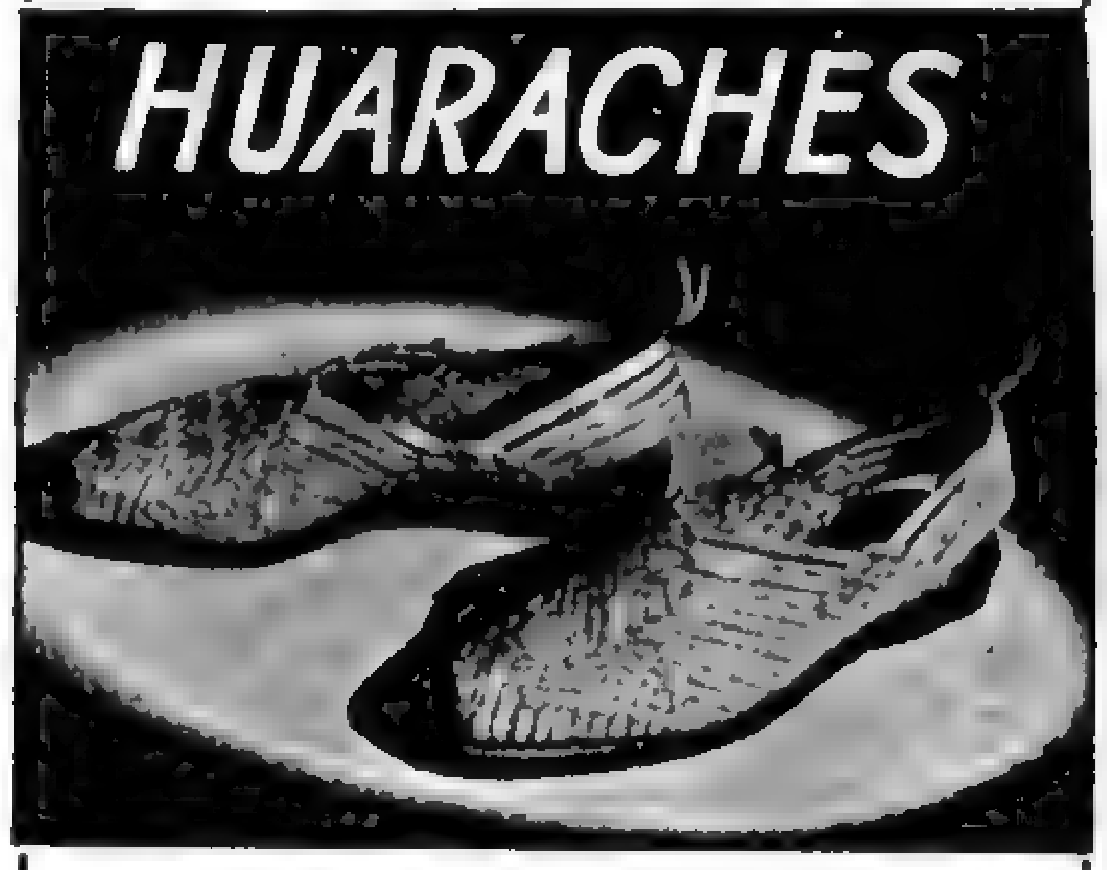
HUARACHES



A Sandal Rugged Enough for a Hike over Autumn Hills

And a good Sandal to take south when Indian summer is gone. Handwoven of natural unpolished steerhide that turns a reddish brown with use. No two pair are alike in weave or design. This crude peasant shoe with low heels and loose heel straps is admittedly among the world's most comfortable footgear.

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To order, send an outline of the foot
Immediate Delivery

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SANTA FÉ — NEW MEXICO

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I CAN'T RESIST HIS
SIMPSON CLOTHES

Don't snicker at the idea that Simpson Clothes make a man "irresistible"! Realize that Simpson tailors *only* to individual measurements, glorifying all your *good* points! Yet prices are amazingly low because Simpson representatives sell direct and, they *really* know clothes and how to measure! You'll be glad to learn about Simpson. Better send for new Style Book E. ©

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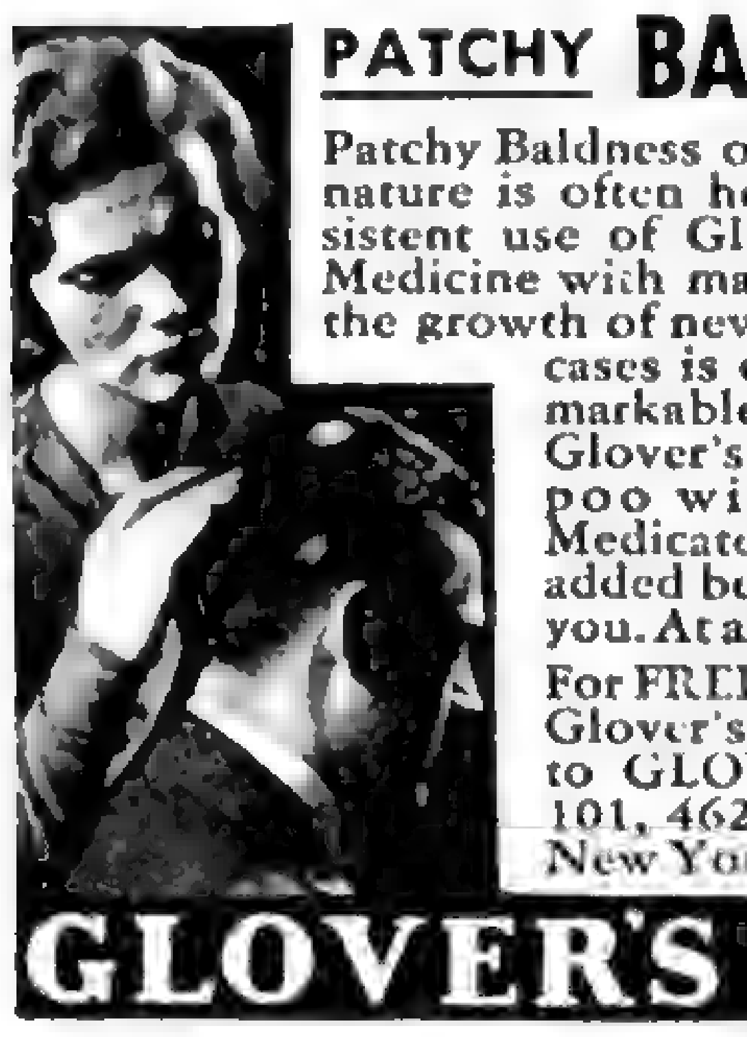


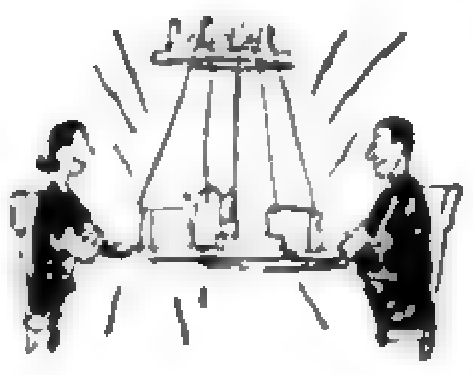
PATCHY BALDNESS

Patchy Baldness of a temporary nature is often helped by persistent use of Glover's Mange Medicine with massage. Aiding the growth of new hair in these cases is one of the remarkable functions of Glover's. Try it! Shampoo with Glover's Medicated Soap for the added benefits it gives you. At all Druggists.

For FREE LEAFLET on Glover's System, write to GLOVER'S, Dept. 101, 462 Fourth Ave., New York City.

GLOVER'S MANGE MEDICINE

EVERYBODY'S ELECTRI-COOKING. Stay out of the kitchen and do your cooking at the table. The new electrical contrivances are something special. A new electric cooker, for example, is a compact affair that broils, fries, bakes pancakes or waffles, and toasts. Its best trick is to cook a whole breakfast all at once, to wit, the breakfast sandwich. You cut a hole in the center of a slice of buttered bread; break an egg into the excavation, lay slices of bacon criss-cross over the egg, close the top grid and toast the works for one minute. A meal in one easy movement. Then there's an electric roaster, an automatic portable, complete with hinged cover, removable cooking well, roasting pan, two covered vegetable pans, utensil and baking rack and broiler attachment. This little number does a 20 lb. fowl to perfection, broils steaks, and cooks vegetables. If you give a lot of parties, an electric mixer should be in every home. It's a juice extractor, a drink-mixer, an oil-dropper, knife-sharpener, a slicer and shredder, food chopper, batter-beater and so on ad infinitum. And, of course, the new fool-proof waffle irons and toasters ring bells, turn on red lights, and all but speak to you to announce that the provender is done.



"WOOD, WOOD, WOOD." In the Terrible Twenties, Jimmy Durante used to chant such a song . . . possibly inspired by the shop we were in the other day. The place is crammed with wooden gadgets, all hand-made by the mountaineer folk of Kentucky, Virginia and the Carolinas. They use natural woods, beautifully grained wild cherry, black walunt or mahogany, and they turn out service plates, tumblers, salts, peppers, elegant salad bowls . . . a giant lazy-Suzan made of solid cherry on a ball bearing base, so big it holds seven bowls of hors d'oeuvres and divers condiments. They also make hand-made table mats of good old jute no less, tan with colored jute stripes; homespun blankets and throws, rag rug doilies made of actual carpet warp, and, of course, all types of wooden furniture. Swell stuff for a bachelor's diggings.

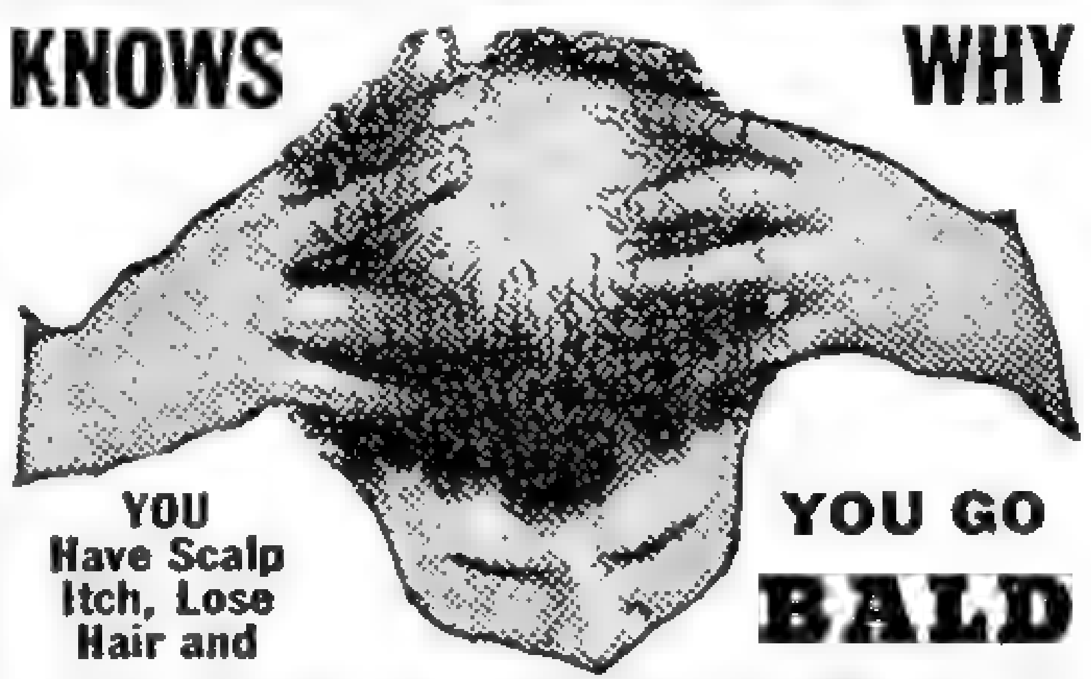
TOBACCO TOPICS. Here's something for a collector to cherish—pipes that sell for $100, $250, $500 and even $1000 a set. Seems that vast sums of money have been spent by the makers, to locate certain types of wood that yield grain patterns of rare beauty. Pipes for a grand! That's turning a smoke into an objet d'art. Then there's a new, light-weight cigarette case made of duralumin, the stuff they use in Zeppelins. The case is black, with 18 K. gold hinges, holds 20 cigarettes and weighs just 3¾ ounces. Another thin-as-a-wafer case and lighter all in one, is made of a metal in an imitation burl that looks like a beautifully polished, antique wood. Suitable for masculine or feminine consideration. And for novelty—an authentic copy of an 18th century tinder pistol converted into a cigarette lighter. The flame is produced by pulling the trigger. Better keep this on your table, buddy, so you won't be run in for carrying firearms. Further novelty—a briar pipe in a restful shade of leaf green.

AND FROM ENGLAND, a new pigskin tobacco pouch designed with the efficiency characteristic of so many masculine products that come to us from our British Brethern. Pouch has a perforated rubber-lined compartment wherein lies a sponge which keeps the tobacco in the adjoining compartment at an enviable moisture.

Ranger

If you want to know where to buy any of these articles, write to "Ranger," Esquire, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.

NOW SCIENCE KNOWS WHY



YOU Have Scalp Itch, Lose Hair and YOU GO BALD

Germs that get deep into the scalp skin are not removed with soap and water, shampoos, hair tonics, salves and oils. Germs create fine dandruff that clog up pores and hair follicles, causing itch, falling hair and smothering the roots so they can not grow hair. Now a new method enables men to easily remove the thin, congested, germ-laden outer layer of scalp skin and have a clean outer layer that will absorb air, sunshine and benefit from stimulating, preparations to activate the dormant roots to function and promote hair growth. This new method is now explained in a treatise called "HOW HAIR GROWS" and tells what to do. It is being mailed absolutely free to readers of this magazine who have hair troubles. Send no money. Write to Dermolav **FREE** Lab., Desk 109, No. 1700 Broadway, New York, N. Y. You receive it by mail postpaid. If pleased tell friends.

AIR-TITE
PAT. PEND.

the AIR TIGHT TOBACCO POUCH

Beautiful, soft leather case . . lined with odor-proof, double-ply, Gum Rubber sac. As Talon fastener zips shut, the large rubber lips inside are forced tightly together. AIR-TITE is "sold wherever pipes are sold." If no dealer near you—order your AIR-TITE Tobacco Pouch direct $1.00 postage prepaid.

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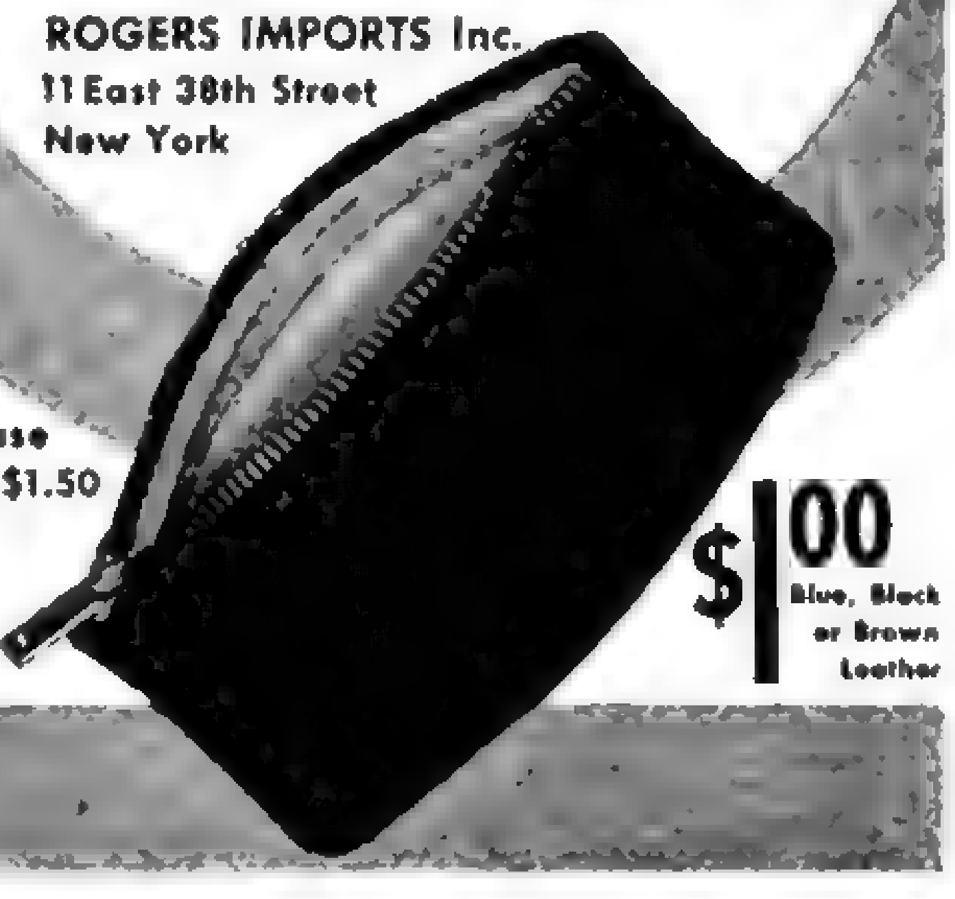

Pipe case model $1.50

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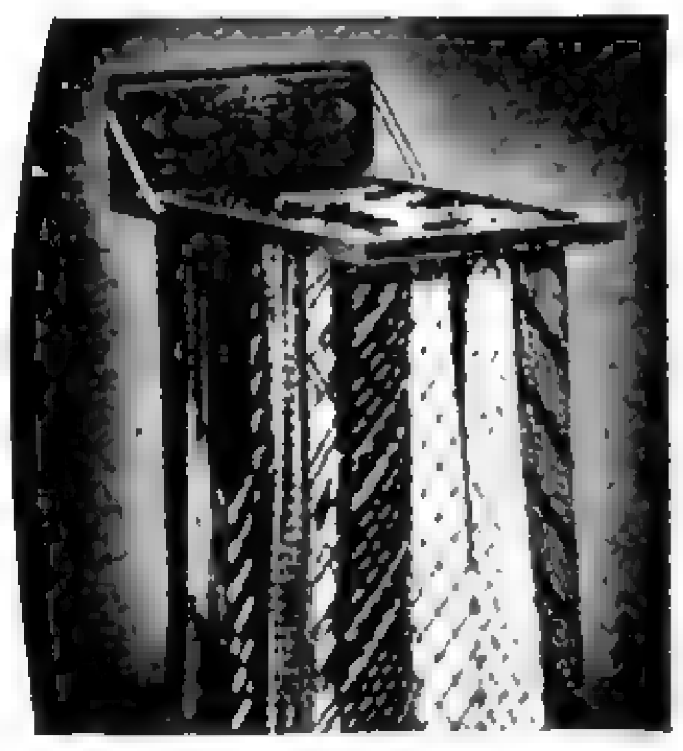
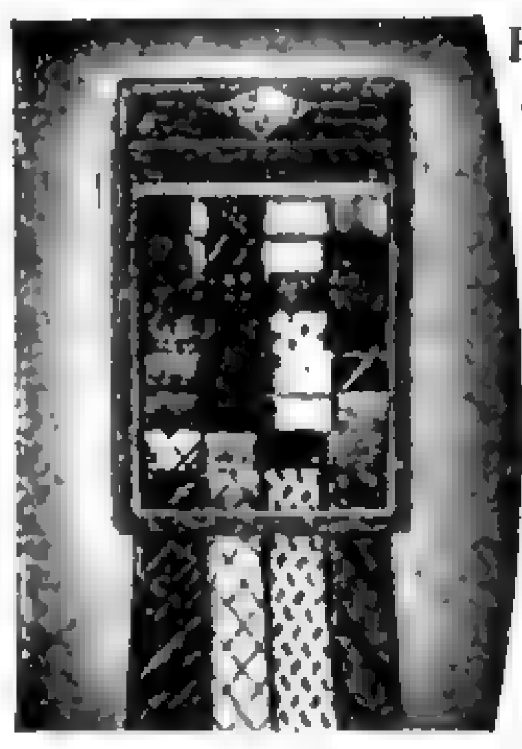


TIES DESERVE THIS CARE



Holds 32 ties without a wrinkle — each visible for instant selection. Made of hardwood. Attaches to closet door or wall. Home Facilities, Inc., 747 Warehouse St., Los Angeles, Calif.

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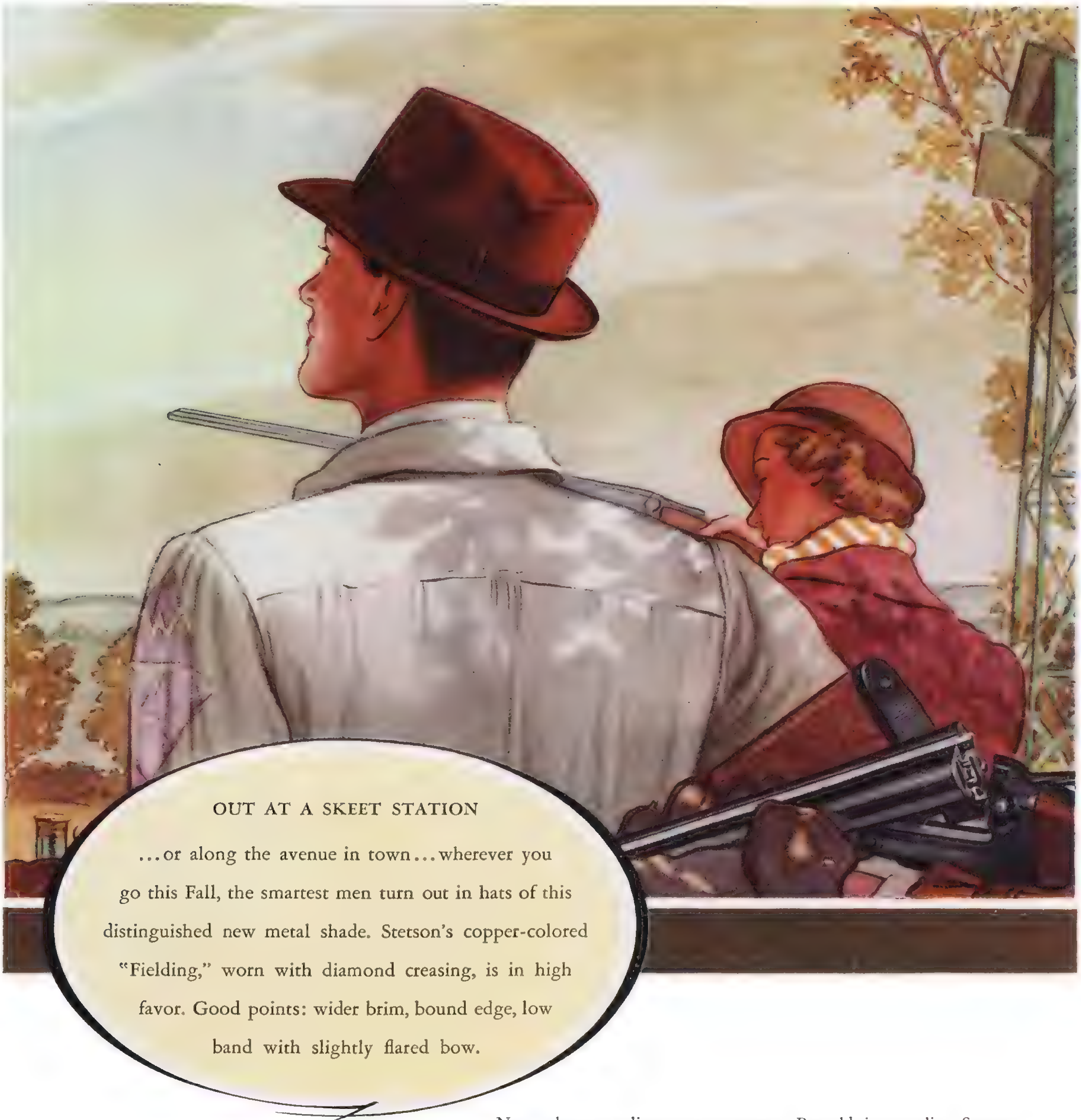


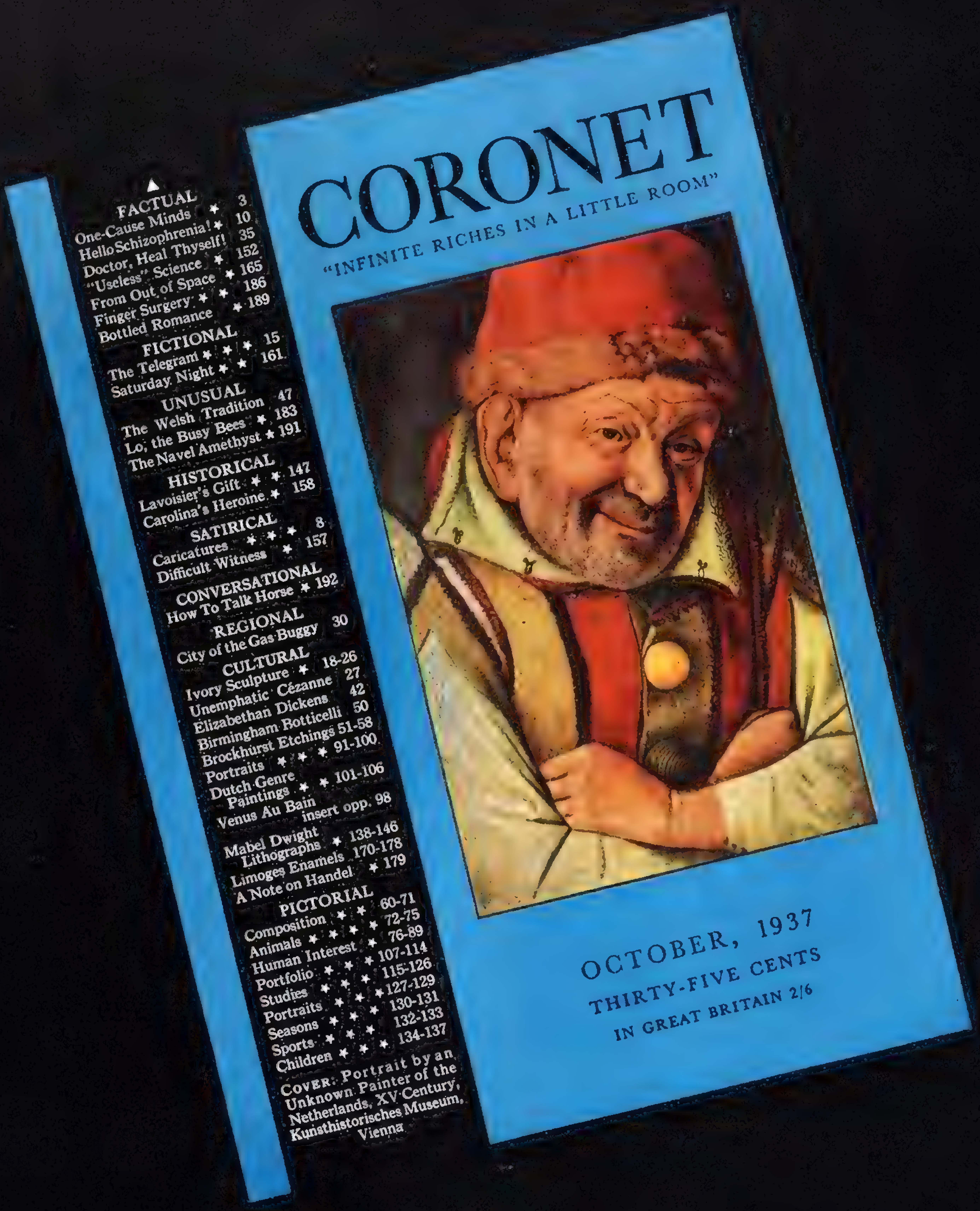
OUT AT A SKEET STATION

...or along the avenue in town...wherever you go this Fall, the smartest men turn out in hats of this distinguished new metal shade. Stetson's copper-colored "Fielding," worn with diamond creasing, is in high favor. Good points: wider brim, bound edge, low band with slightly flared bow.

New colors, new lines, new smartness. But old-time quality. Stetson quality never changes. Count on your Stetson to hold its smart lines till the last day you wear it. John B. Stetson Company, Philadelphia, New York, London, Paris. Stetsons are also made in Canada.

STETSON HATS

Stetsons, from $7.50 (unlined, from $7) to $40. Air-Light Stetsons, from $5



CORONET

"INFINITE RICHES IN A LITTLE ROOM"

OCTOBER, 1937

THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

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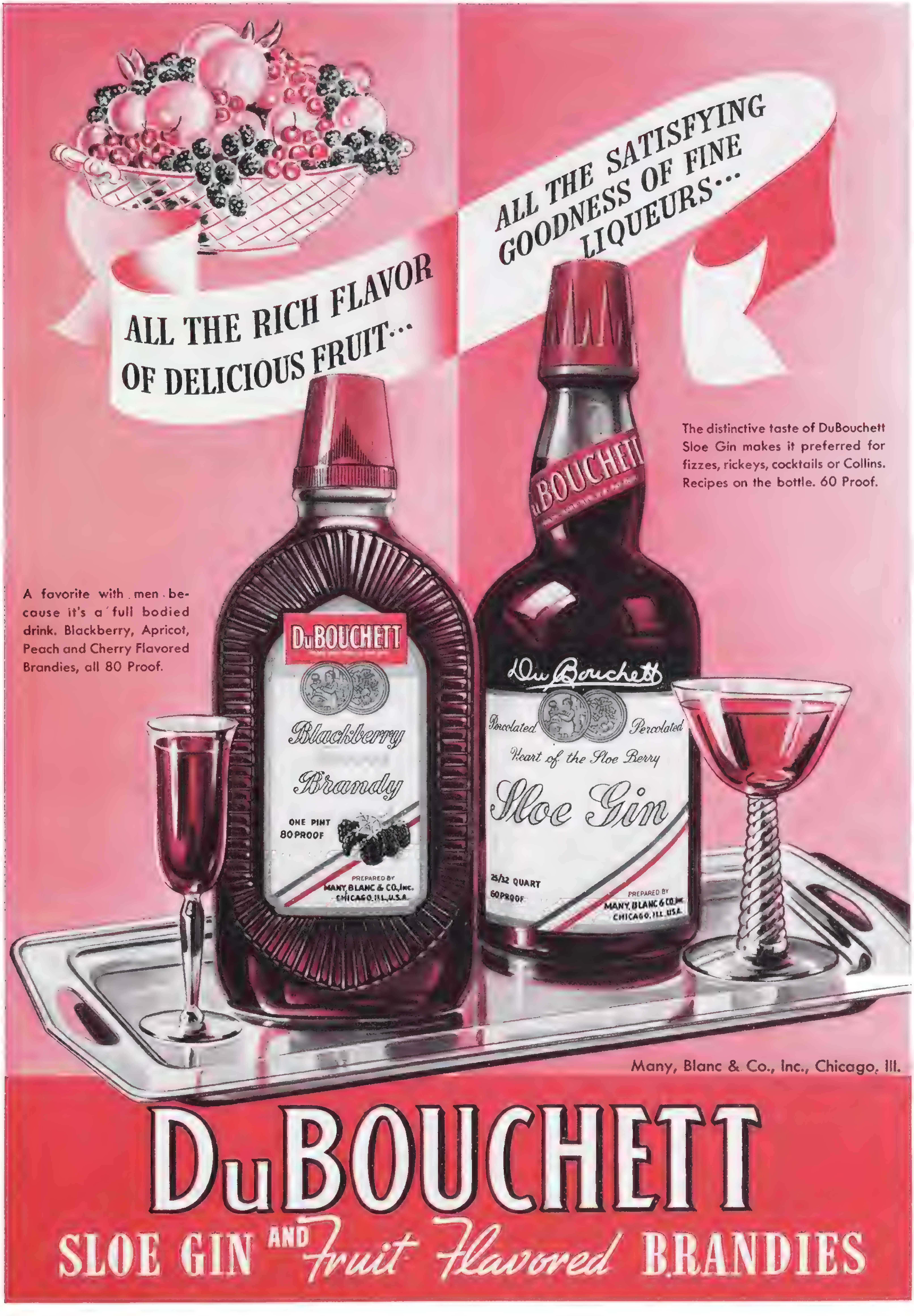
COVER: Portrait by an Unknown Painter of the Netherlands, XV Century, Kunsthistorisches Museum, Vienna

Coronet in its first year has not only outsold every other magazine at its price, but issue for issue has actually sold more copies on the newsstands than the nation's leading news weekly, which sells for less than half the 35c price of Coronet and which had a thirteen year head start.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ALL THE SATISFYING GOODNESS OF FINE LIQUEURS...
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Sloe Gin
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A favorite with men because it's a full bodied drink. Blackberry, Apricot, Peach and Cherry Flavored Brandies, all 80 Proof.

The distinctive taste of DuBouchett Sloe Gin makes it preferred for fizzes, rickeys, cocktails or Collins. Recipes on the bottle. 60 Proof.

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DuBOUCHETT

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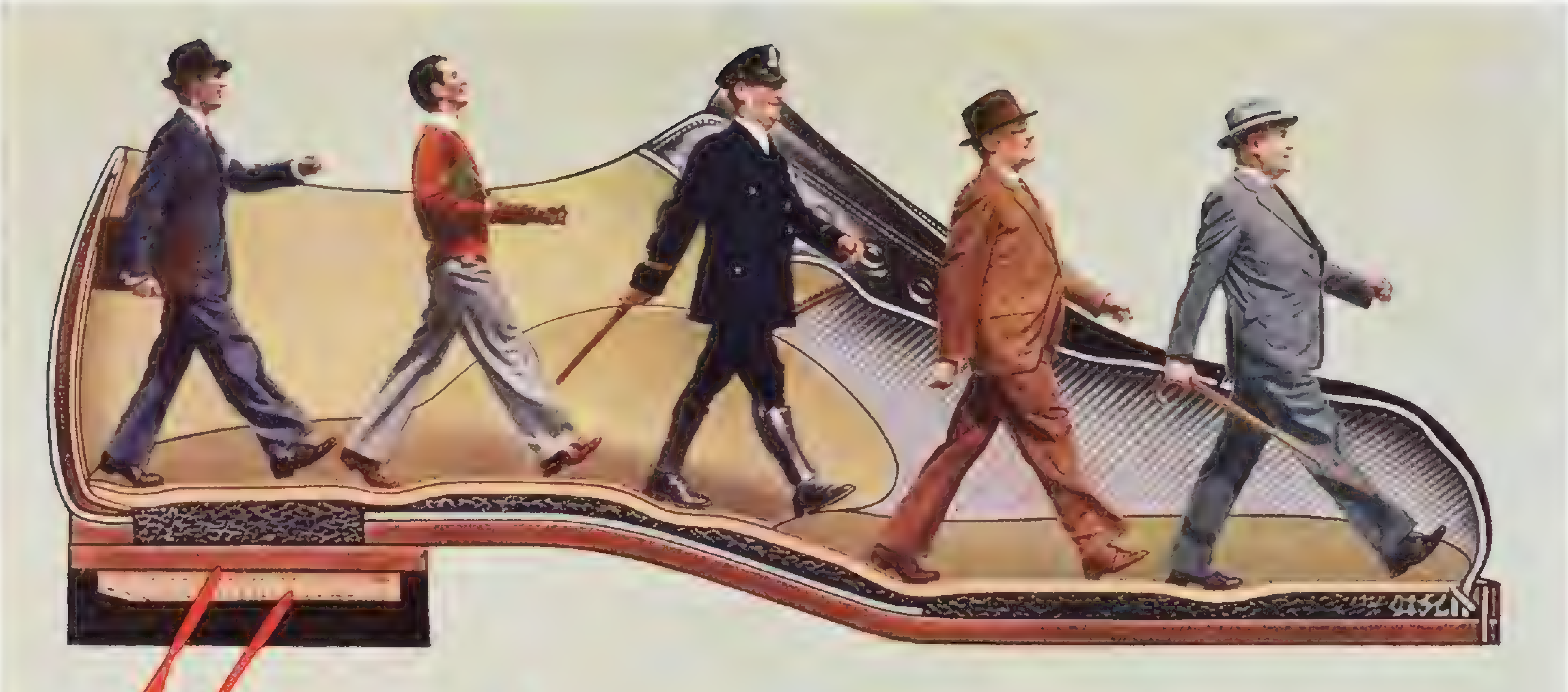


Massagic-SHOD FEET CAN TAKE IT

Inside Story of a Smart Shoe that is Different from All Others but too Smart to Look Different

You'd buy these shoes on looks alone.

Wear them a week and they'll be more important to you than your "politics."

They do something to you that you wouldn't believe possible . . . regardless of your age.

The foot-massaging action of MASSAGIC'S live, resilient air cushion puts sunrise pep into *every step*. Your foot-freshness at the end of the day will be a revelation to you.

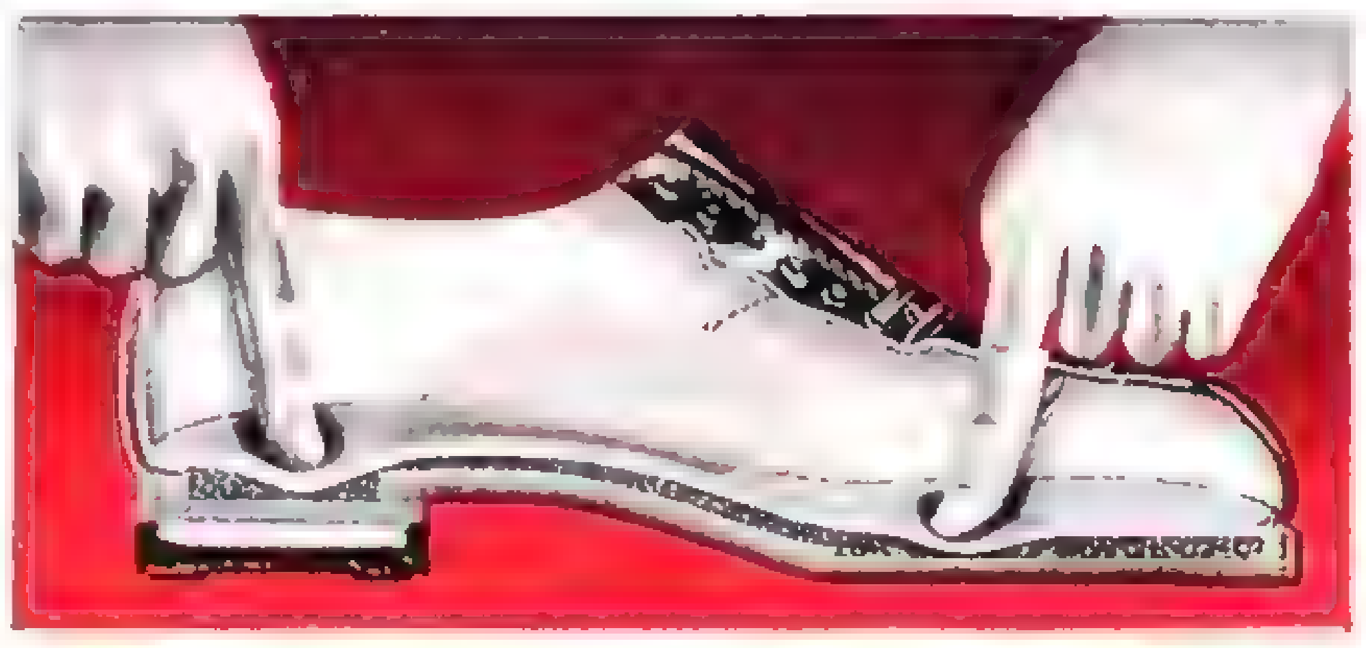
You'll walk more miles and stand more hours, *without fatigue or strain*, than ever before . . . in Weyenberg MASSAGIC Shoes.

See the Demonstrator-Model, showing the MASSAGIC'S *patented* construction, at your dealer. You'll find a style that's a "natural" for you . . . as smart and swanky as you want.

There are a million MASSAGIC-Shod feet all around you. Free folder on request.

WEYENBERG SHOE MFG. CO., *Milwaukee, Wis.*

MASSAGIC'S lively, foot shaped air cushion, *yielding with every step*, exercises your feet as you walk. Natural invigorating exercise, that stimulates circulation, frees your feet from pressure and strain, builds up untiring foot energy.



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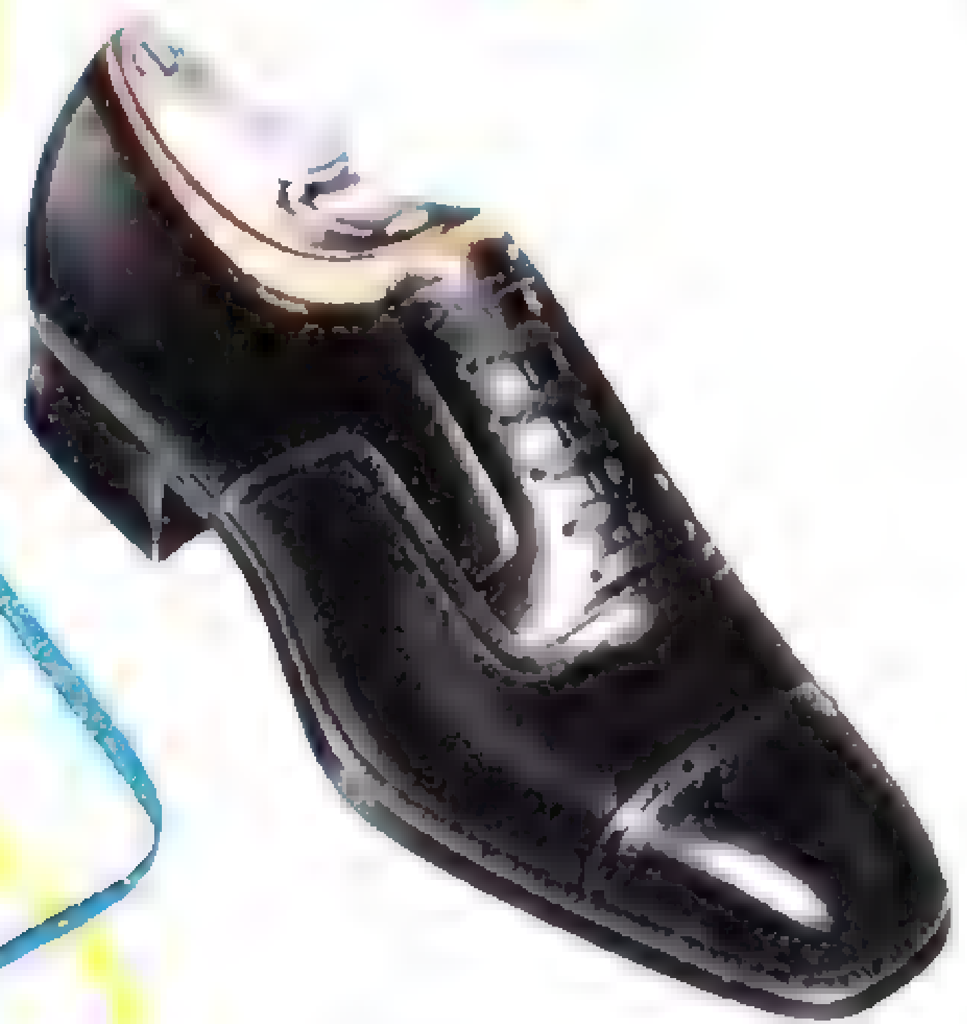
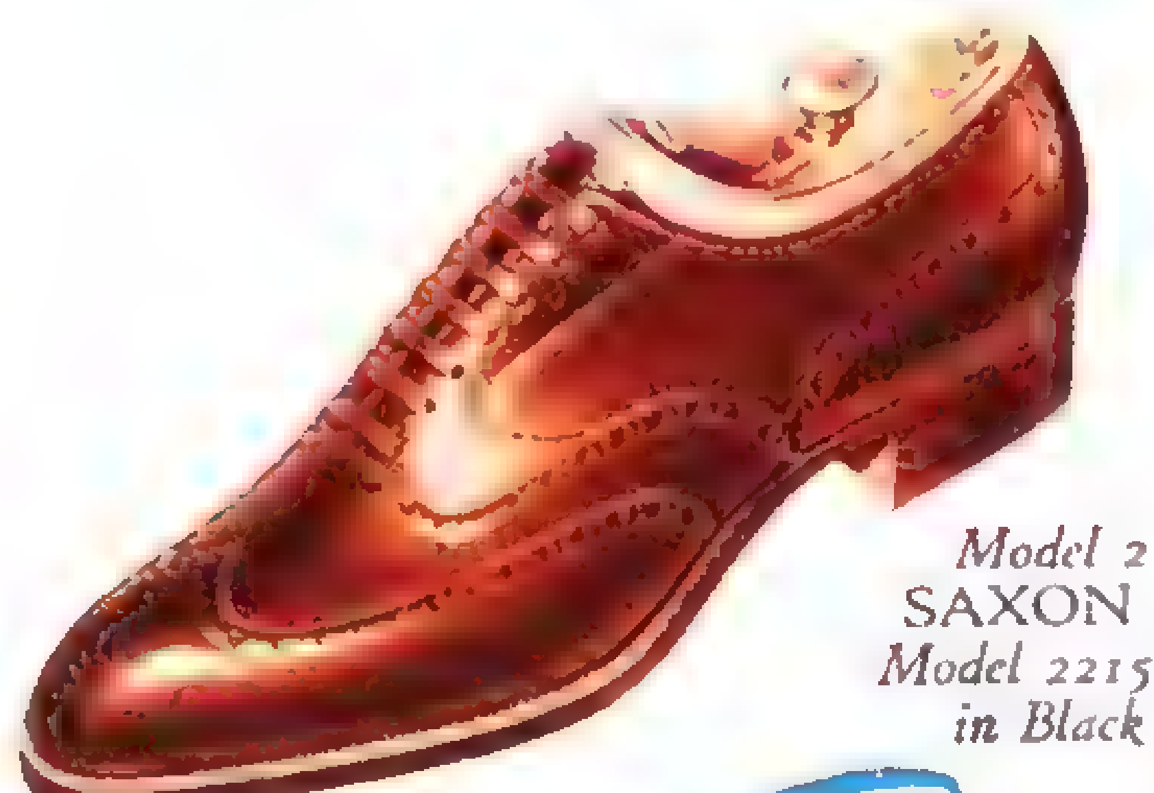


Model 2205
FLIGHT LAST
In Brown Calf, ask for Model 2214



Model 2216-3
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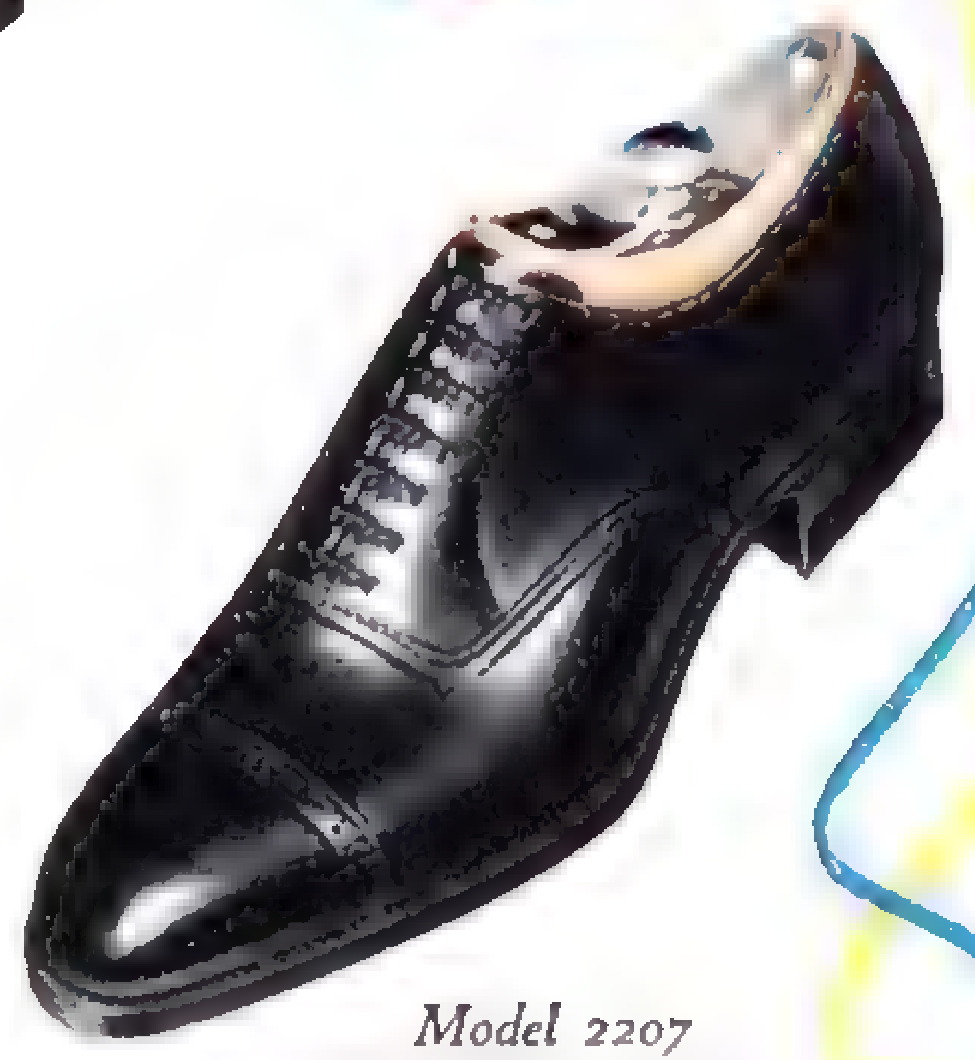

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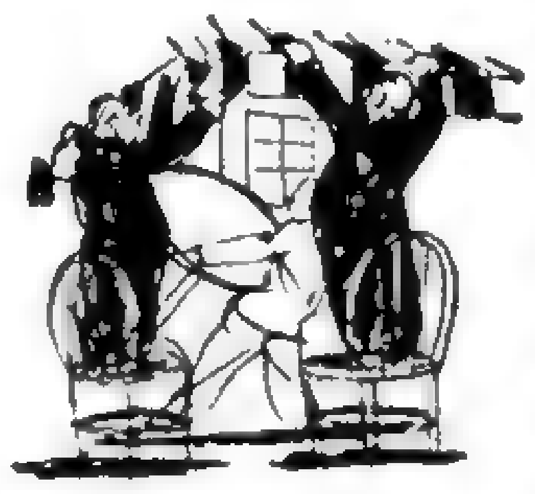
PAINTING THE TOWN WITH ESQUIRE

When Signor Marchisio sadly takes down the canopy over his garden and moves indoors, the season can be said to have started. This Fall the genial host of the Marguery has refurbished his little bar at Forty-seventh Street and Park, enlarging it as much as possible. We were fortunate to sit and sup with Mr. Marchisio in the grand manner recently. Mr. Marchisio's idea of a tid-bit runs on from three to six usually, making most of the afternoon unfit for anything but conversation. We began with one of the best hors d'oeuvres we've ever passed under our bridge—Avocado from the Isle of Pines, filled with crab-meat and the special Marchisio dressing. Following that there was a chicken casserole Washington, a green salad and a chocolate souffle that was a small boy's dream of heaven. Chablis went with the chicken and brandy with the coffee.

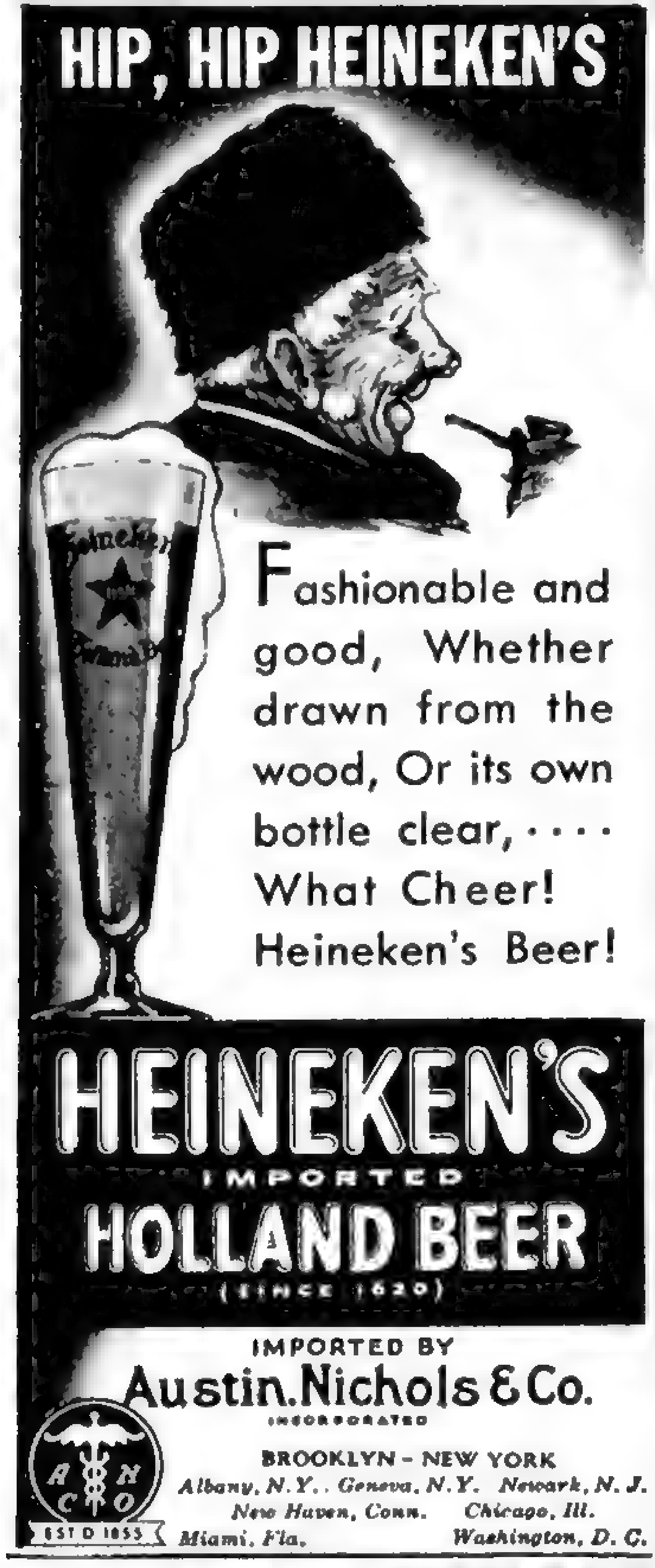


The Divan Parisien, 17 East 45th Street has added a new gadget to their famous bicycle pump. This contraption, if you want to believe them, is an instrument for the uplift and improvement of strawberry mousse. The new gadget is a dial which shows the arm pressure going into the pump and as far as we know is a good gauge of a diner's credulity. Anyway, the Divan still keeps to its very high standard of food. A sea food platter is a rare combination of the best of the ocean.

The Wivel, at 254 West Fifty-fourth Street, is one of the oldest of the smorgasbord palaces and still retains some of that naivete that went with the speak-easy era and the age when folks had a good time. Customers still join in the singing, led by a quaint master of ceremonies, Bob Lee, who makes up doggerel in answer to any question you may shoot at him. Last time we were there, we had to sit through a painful session of Evelyn Nesbit, whose claim to fame is not her ability to entertain. But the Baron Ebbe Gyldenkrone adds a sophisticated touch and the Great Lester, ventriloquist, is someone to see if you are a Charlie McCarthy fan. Lester's stooge, by the way, is forty-five years old.

It was Eugene Castle, the big 16 mm. film man and international gourmet who first told us of the delights of Chez Jean, 11 East Sixtieth Street. We recently studied the methods of Jean, the handsome proprietor. Jean, who for years was with the Plaza, knew the secrets of good chefs, and states that food for the discerning ten per cent of the epicures has to be all prepared by a chef and one assistant. Jean also holds to the belief that you can serve only twenty or thirty at a meal and do justice to your kitchen and clientele. If you don't know of Jean, (not to be confused with the Jeans lower down in the Fifty belt) and your purse is well lined, you can count on a rare experience in eating. His cellar is rare and inclusive. Chez Jean ranks with the top six.

If you like the rumba and that genial sort of friendliness that goes with things Cuban, you will find the Club Yumuri, 1678 Broadway; one of the high spots of the town's night life. The orchestra, under Eliseo Gienet, is one of the best we've heard outside of Havana, and well it should be, as the director is one of the most famous of the composers, being responsible for any good Cuban tune you may happen to like. The talent comes and goes but is always authentic. We happened to hear George Negrete, a tenor from Mexico City who should attract the scouts from the Metropolitan Opera. But the main delight is to sip Cuban rum and dance, or pretend you are dancing the rumba.



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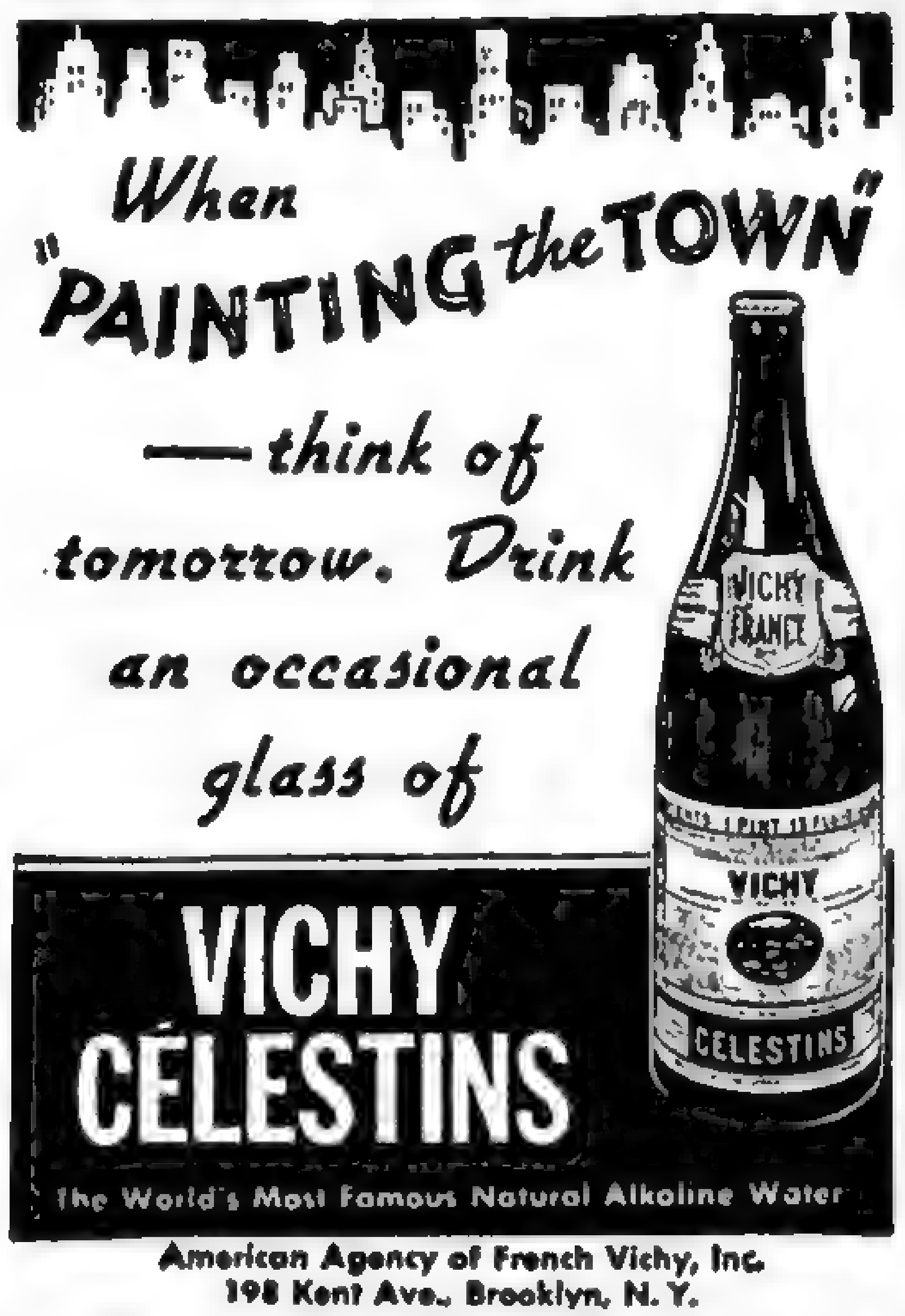

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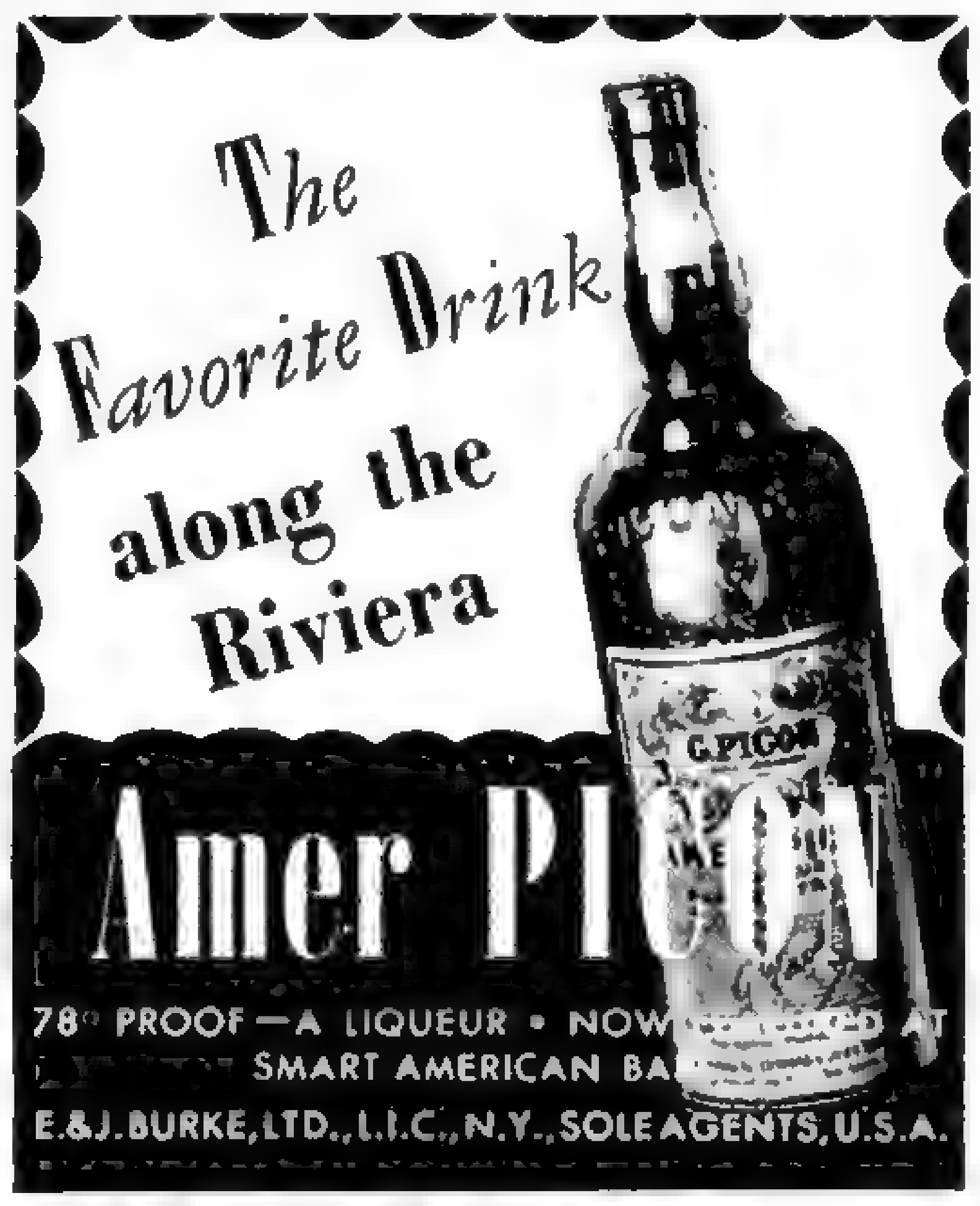

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Merry Christmas and here's how

Since mid-July we've been whooping it up in this space about the great big huge gigantic enormous colossal Christmas issue of Esquire, warning you that the demand for this issue is of prodigious, not to say epidemic, proportions. We've been asking you, these past three months, to write us to find out how to get a copy of this issue for your very own. Result: the Subscription Dept. is so swamped with inquiries they've told us to lay off. "If you want to tell 'em anything about it, tell 'em, but don't get us into any more correspondence when we're up to our eyes in it now."

So all we can say is this: Esquire's special Christmas gift rates of 3 yearly subscriptions for $10 and $3 for each additional yearly subscription* will go into effect on November 15th. (50c to be added for each Canadian subscription, $2.50 for each foreign.) That's the day the December issue comes out. And that's the Christmas Gift Issue (so bountifully big, so breathtakingly beautiful—you know, the one we've been talking about).

Now, this year, unlike last, these holiday rates can start with the December issue. On those entered for friends, we'll send an advance notice telling them that a subscription is being entered as a gift by a friend whose identity will be disclosed later, and that the donor expressed the desire that a copy of the de luxe December issue be included in the subscription. Then just before Christmas the January issue will be sent together with a handsome gift announcement card upon which your name will be inscribed as the donor.

That's one way, and the simplest way All you do is send us, right now, to the Xmas Subscription Dept. c/o Esquire, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, U. S. A., the list of names to whom you want Esquire sent, beginning with December. Or, if you're a newsstand buyer and want to remain one, you can probably get a copy by making a reservation now with your local newsdealer. But subscribers do have first call on copies when there's a threatened shortage as there is in this case, so we still suggest that you enter a subscription, to begin with December, either by giving it to your newsdealer or local agent or, if more convenient, by sending it direct to us.

Well, there's your choice of three things to do. There is a fourth, which is to do nothing now, but wait and take your chances in the scramble for copies on November 15th. Only don't say we didn't warn you.

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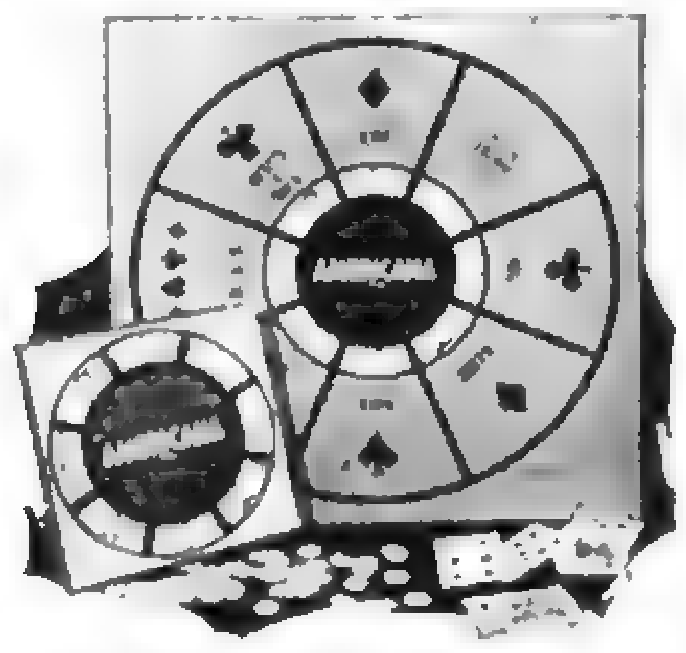

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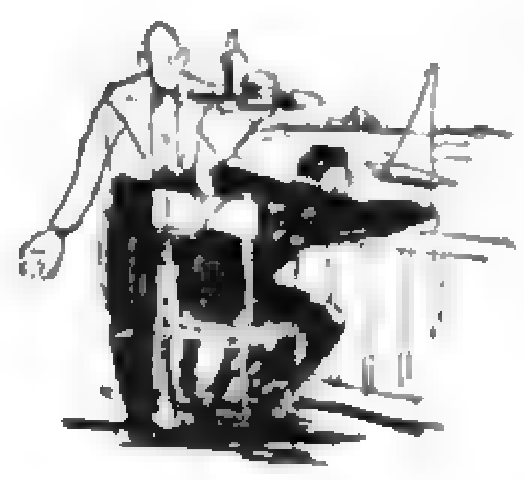
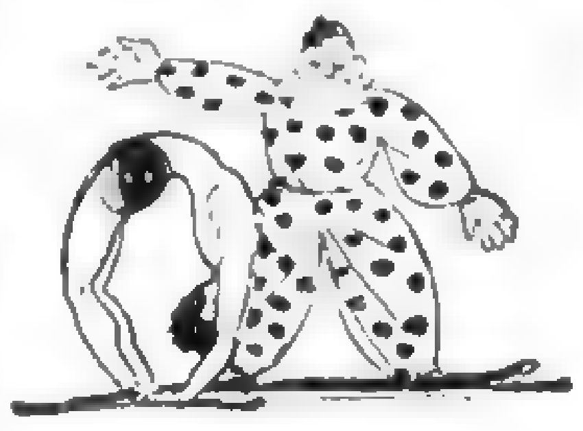
It was in the Rainbow Room where we first met the West Indies cocktail. They tell us the success of the drink depends somewhat on the electric mixer that these people have put out for this special concoction. As far as we could learn, it is composed of one-half lime juice (don't use the rinds), one teaspoon sugar, a dash of white Maraschino liqueur and one and one-half ounces of Ron Rico rum. The trick is to put plenty of fine, cracked ice into the mixture and when thoroughly mixed, strain through a coarse kitchen-type strainer so that a lot of the chipped ice goes into the drink. It looks better served in a champagne glass.



To rest up from the vacation resorts, we like to sneak down to the Ritz Hotel in Atlantic City and watch the tireless sea. Perhaps it is nostalgia, (we were there the week it opened), but anyway, we defy anyone to find a more inspiring place to dine than on the terrace of the Ritz, gazing out toward the Irish coast and points west.

Caught in that London weather, we ducked into the bar of the New Weston at Madison and Fiftieth Street one noon. And so we stayed on and were delighted to find that Mons. Barierre is keeping his luncheon trade up to the dinner standard. They serve a *vichysoisse* that is as good as any in town. We followed that with frogs legs and a field salad, aided and abetted with a Meursault, not too chilled.



The Casino, at Fiftieth Street and Seventh Avenue being a French one, it is proper to quote one of their favorite expressions: *plus ca change, plus c'est la meme chose.* The current spectacle is one of the most elaborate in the way of productions the town has seen since the days of Burnside at the Hippodrome. Squads and platoons of lovely ladies come on and drill as jewels, coins, bedouins and so on with here and there some expert tumbling and clowning in between. It fills the eye for two hours, meanwhile you can be dining and drinking at your ease. We have to thank, we suppose, the blighting hand of the one-man censor, Mr. Moss, who has scared the Casino into clothes. No longer does some lovely thing spring out at you sans fig leaf or appear among the clothed dancing guests in a scene. Consequently there is something lacking in sophistication and that elan that distinguished early Casino offerings. However, the French Casino is the best money's worth in town and should be on every visitor's list.

The benevolent state of New York has decided to keep its Spa at Saratoga open all year. Through the Autumn months there will be music festivals and the like, one of the chief attractions being the singing of Brier Stoller, a grand opera star of the future. Then there will be the baths and later skiing and skating. As yet, no patriotic citizen has taken advantage of the five thousand dollar reward, reputed to be offered to any hero who will touch a match to the two landmarks, the Grand Union and United States hotels. The Whitneys, the Bradleys and the Guggenheims can all go to their estates, but the rest of us find it pretty tough in racing season. The best thing to do is to stay up the night at Rileys, Piping Rock or Arrowhead. The latter, under the skillful aegis of George Lamaise, got the class trade. In winter, Lamaise does a grand job at his Warwick Hotel, Philadelphia. It is a lesson in democracy at the track, the Vanderbilts mixing with the checked-suited boys from West Forty-seventh Street. Maybe a whole horse makes the best dictator.

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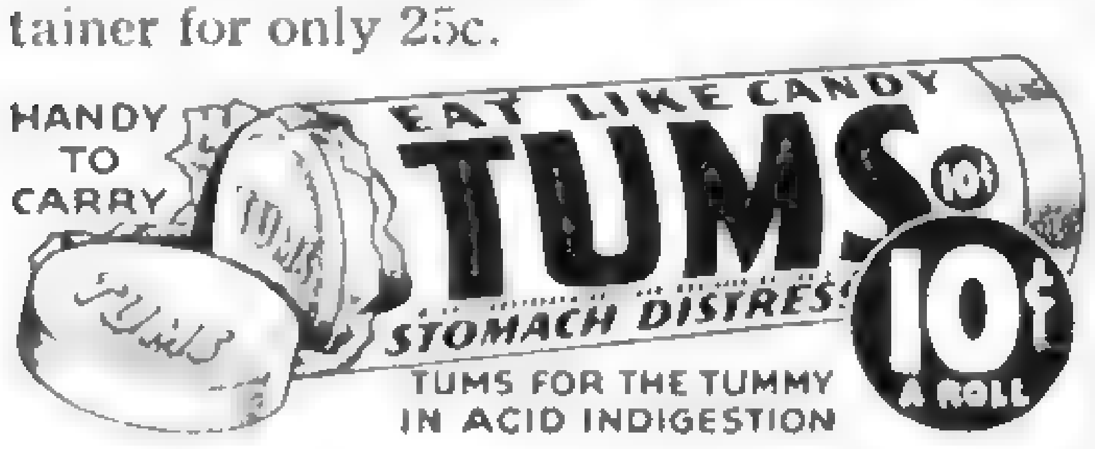

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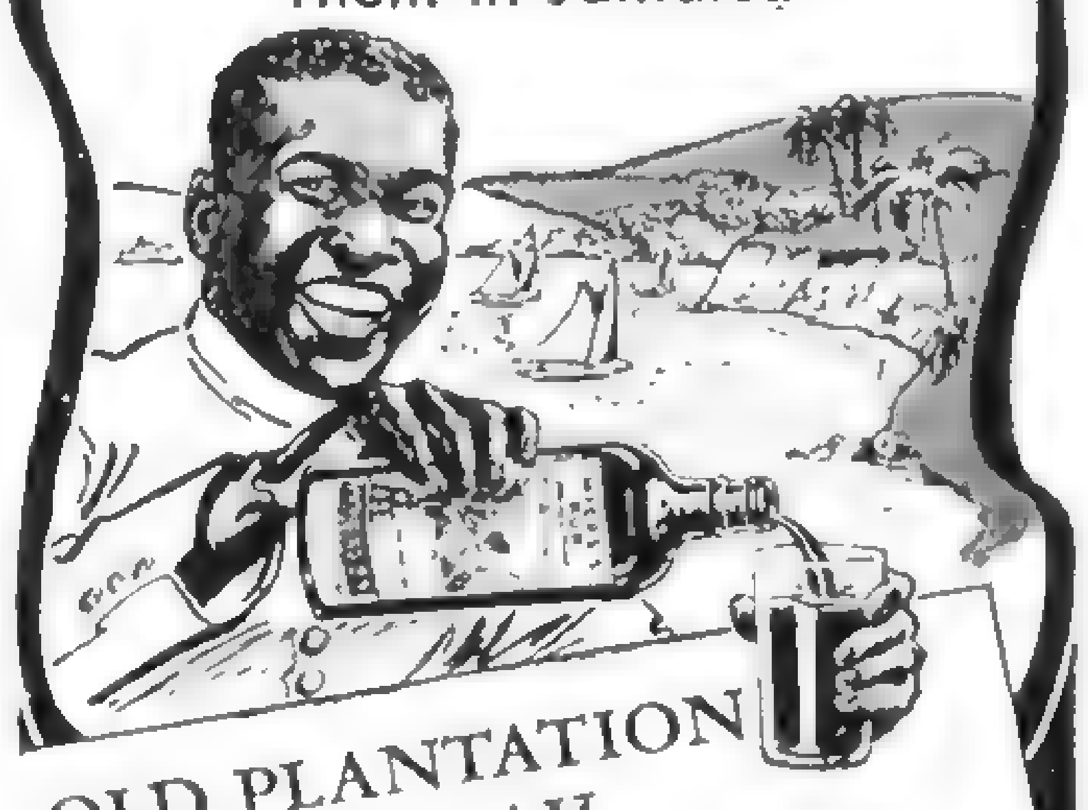
We never tire of strolling through the foreign sections of the city. A man's palate seems to be the last thing to take out citizenship papers and the ex-aliens cling to their native tastes. Washington Street, which leads up from the Battery, west of Broadway, is the center for Arabian activities. There most of the fancy Turkish cigarettes are manufactured for the swank clubs of the town, and there you can find all those pastes, cookies and honey delicacies. At No. 77, Son of the Sheik restaurant serves excellent native food. They have a way with lamb that few cooks ever learn. Don't let the names, sheesh kabab, kousah, yabrak, pelaff, kahtah, frighten you, for it all seems to be lamb, egg plant or rice. And don't miss the Syrian ice cream and Turkish coffee.

For many years, when newspapers were still way downtown, Andre, 1 Frankfort Street, catered to the men on the morning shifts and their wives who got lonesome. It remains there, at the end of Brooklyn Bridge, a lone sentinel of the past and still one of the few good French restaurants in that part of the island.

Recently passing a night club in the East Fifties, we saw a crowd in front of the door. "Ah," we thought, "the ropes are up again to keep the eager customers out." But no, it was a notice tacked on the door, of a sheriff's sale. Sic transit gloria gyp-joints. In the days of swing tempo it is nice to find a place that has lived long enough for atmosphere. Every now and then we go down to Keen's Chop House for a mutton chop and 8-inch potato, or one of their rare fillet mignons, jardiniere. Precede that with a crab-meat cocktail and follow with Stilton cheese soaked in port and you have a snack to remember. But along with the food we enjoy the mellowness of the room and the warming assurance that not everything changes in a restless world. When at Keen's we always feel as if we were a guest at the Players Club. The place has a clientele of discernment and this has grown through the world-wide advertising of satisfied friends. Mr. Zuch, the owner, is sometimes embarrassed by visiting Englishmen who want to know where they can find Keen's counterpart in London. Alas, Mr. Zuch seems to have the world's corner on giant mutton chops.

Call it arrested development, sophmoronic or sheer nostalgia, there are a lot of us who like the old Greenwich Village type of dining. In the golden days there was The Black Cat, on West Broadway, where at any moment during the spaghetti Caruso might arise from his chair and sing something from Carmen. (That, of course, was before the days of "by permission of the copyright owners.") About the only survivor of that era is the Asti at 79 West 12th Street. There the two proprietors, Johnny and Adolph, are abetted by the bartender and the cashier and the four of them can give you any opera you ever heard, including the Sextette from Lucia. That gives you an idea. You don't even have to like opera, you get it anyway and the bartender would much rather serve you an aria than a drink. Personally, that is the way we like our music, with our meals, in a comfortable seat. As if the house staff were not enough, in comes most of the opera folk of the town, of the lesser and humbler troupes, who are always anxious to tune up their pipes and perhaps catch the ear of a lurking Gatti-Casazza or Fortune Gallo. To accompany the singers and for those rare lulls when the food is being served, there is a blind pianist, Horace Wavers, one of the sweetest players we have ever heard, including Alec Templeton.

To Mix Them as They Make Them in Jamaica



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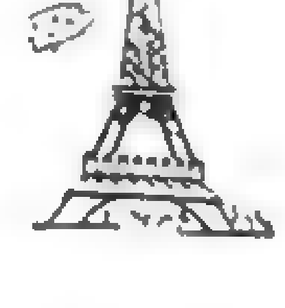

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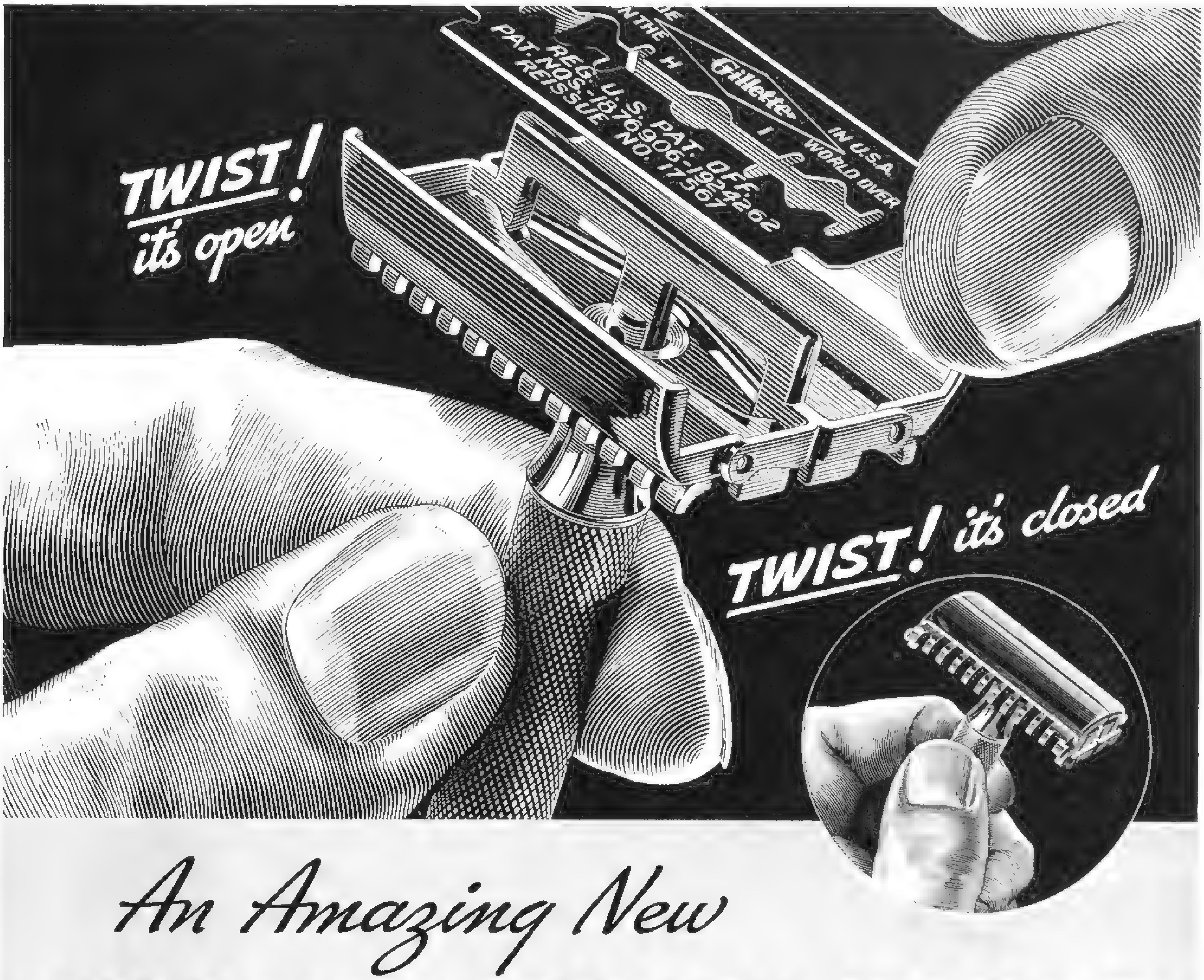

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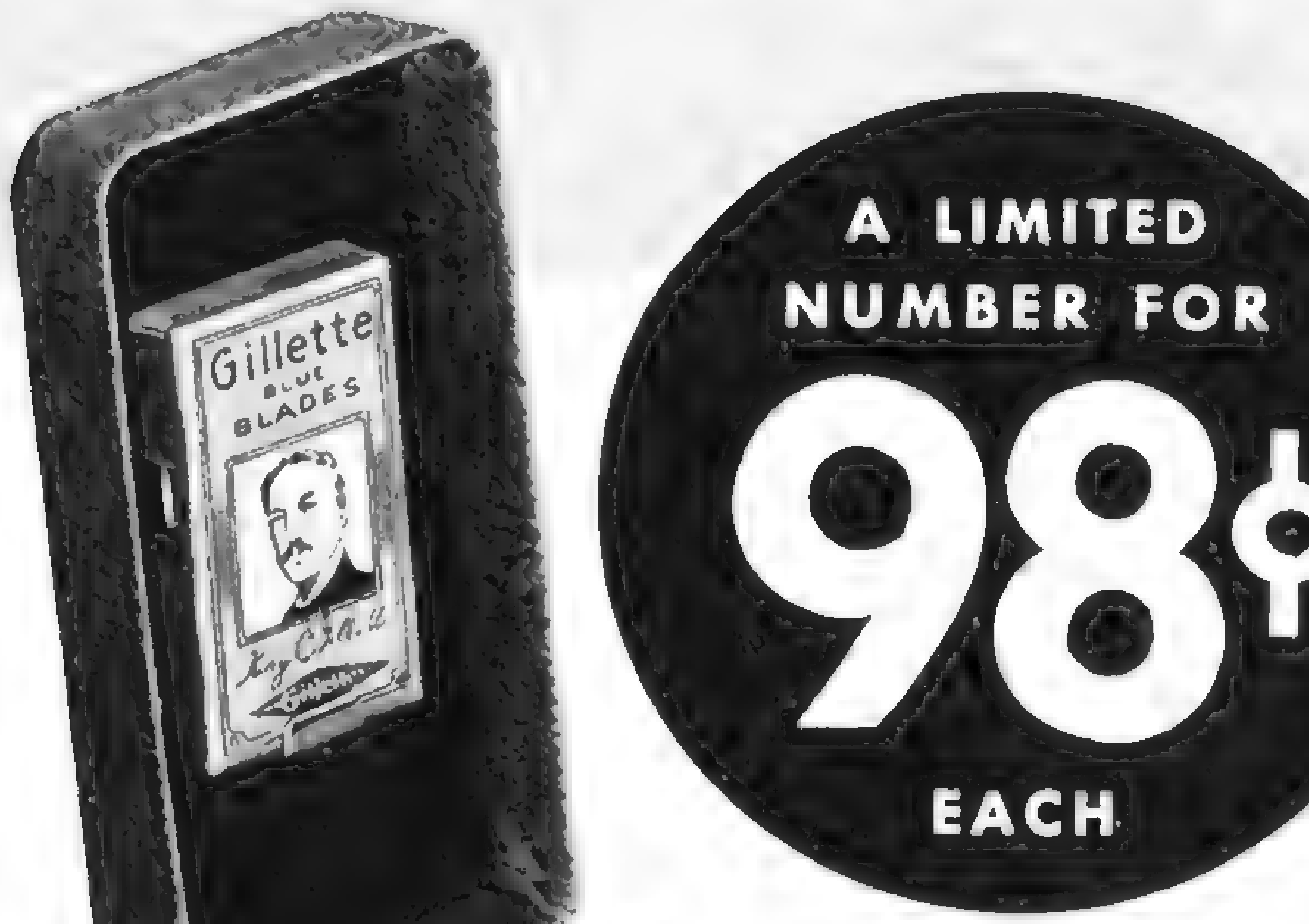

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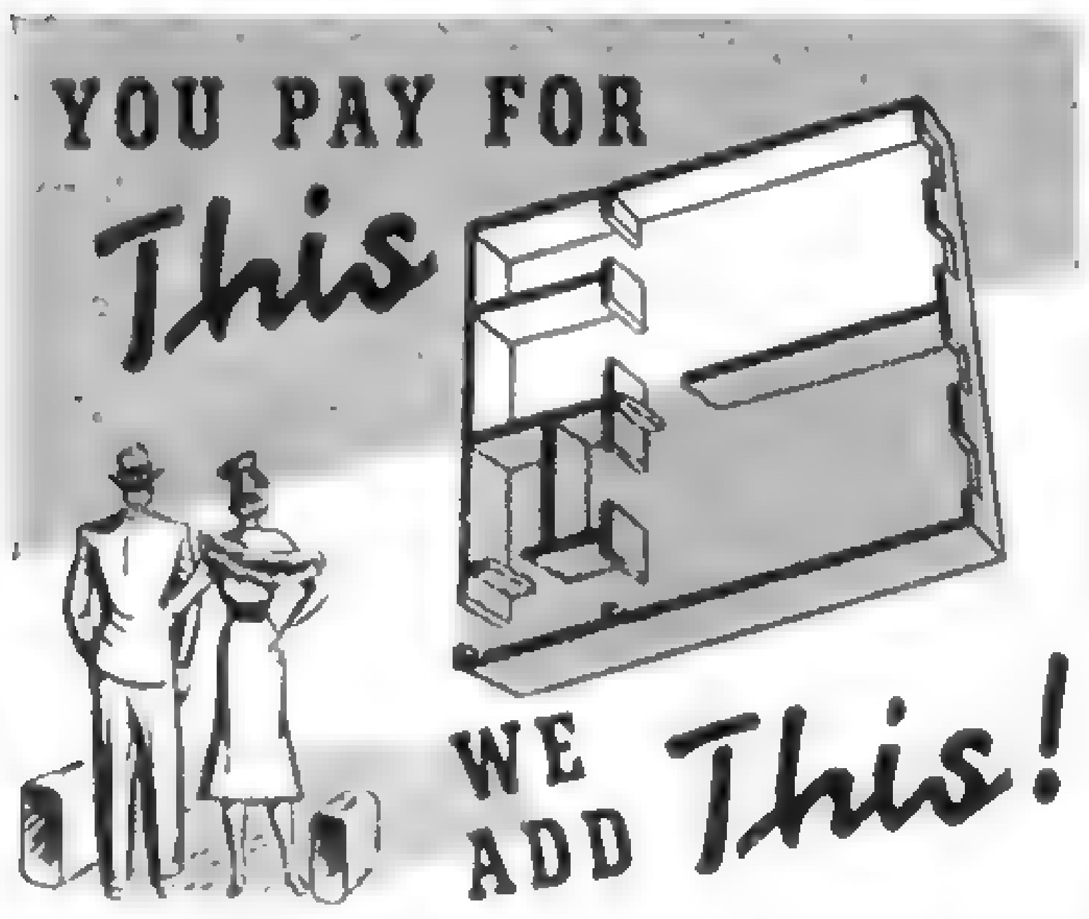

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New York City

PARK CENTRAL HOTEL

As far as we know The Whirling Top, 2 East Fifty Second Street, is the only night club in the city run by women. Two sisters are the hosts at the Top and this makes it pretty soft for visiting firemen. The Top is one of those places reminiscent of the good old days of prohibition. And its clientele is mainly of those who like to remember. It becomes very gay after midnight.

Speaking of the virtues of ageless charm, there is the Biltmore bar which, though newly built, has been re-created in the spirit of the best taste of the old days. Men at midway seem to appreciate it and at noon and at commuters' lingering farewell hour, the Biltmore bar looks as it did in the days of any gaffer's hallowed memory.

Prosperity has attacked the Old Mill, at Grassmere, Staten Island. For a time it was about the only spot on that strange island where you could get food and succor before finding the mainland. It has some competitors now and the answer seems to be in more chromium, added rooms for bridge and Saturday night dinners. The genial proprietor, Mr. Beridini, still refuses to install bands, fortune tellers or such novelties, preferring to rely on his food, which is excellent. Special attention should be paid to the clam fritters and sea food indigenous to those shores. The Old Mill is at Hylan Boulevard and Clove Avenue.

Down in Kingston, Jamaica, the Myers Rum folks have succumbed to the swarms of tourists and have enlarged their pirate's bar to take care of thirsty Americans. Long one of the landmarks of the sugar wharves, it has withstood the sporadic inroads of newer enterprises, and proudly blossoms out with new pride. Some say that Rum rickeys and punches taste better in the tropics, but if you use care and the right recipe you can duplicate the potable at home. One lasting memory of Myers is a cordial distilled from rum and pimento. Sounds odd, but it is a swell tipple.

The Raleigh Room of the Warwick Hotel, Fifty-fourth and Sixth Avenue, has found the need of music for the cocktail hour. They have selected wisely in the trio conducted by Frank Novak, who is the Pooh Bah of musicians. Mr. Novak plays twenty-three instruments that have union rating, not to mention the sweet potato and penny whistle. Both at the cocktail hour and after theatre, the new room attracts the leading stage and screen highlights.

To whip that melancholy that besets us when the year turns, we like nothing better than to go up to the Sherry-Netherlands and wend our way to one of the little tables on the balcony. There, looking out over the golden Sherman blending with the rusts and yellows of the dying year, we readjust ourselves to a new season. A dry Martini to remind you of Paris and the Bois or a Daiquiri to bring back rumba echoes of the soft nights in Cuba's capital, is a help toward readjustment. It is a rare retreat, wherefrom to view one of the most glorious aspects of our magic city and we hope, selfishly, that too many don't find out about it.

Betty Barclay has either been looking at the cartoons of a Red's concept of a rich man or she has taken a peek at the corporation lines of her neighborhood. For she has set at table for the affluent who believe that a salad or two will put them just where they were when they were on the old crew or the cricket eleven. Her place at 33 East 60th Street is filled with the nobler sex, apparently unashamed to be gorging on greens or pineapple and cheese. If your taste leans the other way, there are more substantial items. It seems to be a deb hangout at noon, if that interests you.

Persian Room
at the Plaza

EDDY
DUCHIN
and his Unrivalled Orchestra

PAUL
DRAPER

AT DINNER AND SUPPER

•

Eddy Duchin at Saturday Cocktail Dansant
Paul Draper at Sunday Cocktail Dansant

•

COCKTAIL HOUR DAILY
VINCENT BRAGALE
and his Orchestra

•

Persian Room
at the Plaza

FIFTH AVE. AT 59th ST. • NEW YORK

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CABARET RESTAURANT
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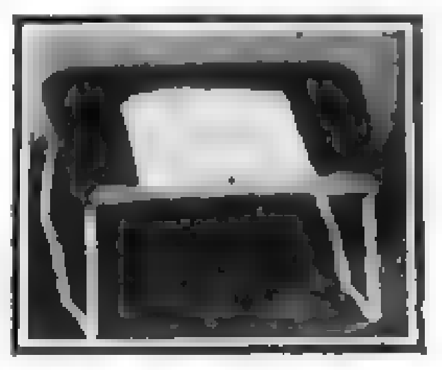

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Good as it is, turkey alone could not be called a rich tasting dish. But sauce it . . . season it . . . stuff it . . . roast it . . . and it becomes rich, flavorsome fare. Much the same is true about GOLDEN WEDDING. ONE whiskey alone cannot produce its richness. It takes several choice whiskies . . . one famous for flavor . . . another for body . . . and still another for bouquet. If you have a flair for richer fare, you'll favor the richer flavor of Golden Wedding. All whiskey . . . rich whiskey . . . it makes highballs and cocktails richer. Know where you're heading. Go GOLDEN WEDDING! It has had no peers for fifty years.

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Blended Straight Whiskies

YOU KNOW WHERE YOU'RE HEADING WITH

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BLENDED STRAIGHT WHISKIES—90 PROOF

AS YOU PREFER—IN RYE OR BOURBON

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BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Albert Parry

Albert Parry spent the summer at Yaddo, a writer's colony in Saratoga Springs, New York. It's one of those endowed places where writers can go if they're lucky, and sit while they wait for an idea, without worrying about the material things. He says it's a swell set-up. His current article is *How Good Is Nippon's Soldier?*, page 50.

•

Howard Wandrei, who wrote *The Eerie Mr. Murphy*, a wild piece of fiction on page 59 of this issue, came through with these facts: "I was born September 24, 1909, in St. Paul, Minnesota. I considered myself an artist, and after graduation from the University of Minnesota, adjourned to New York to do something about it. For some reason or other I began writing, at which back-breaking job I am fast going bald and gray. I collect pseudonyms. I'm absent-minded, can remember telephone numbers but few others, including my own age, without figuring, hence married a luscious redhead on birthday anniversary to fix the date. Like travel and small towns. Sort of lazy. Avocations art in two or three forms, and hunting mushrooms in Minnesota woods. I'm mildly superstitious. And I've never had a hunch that worked."

Howard Wandrei

At the age of fourteen Thomas Calvert McClary abruptly ended his cultural activities, at the advice of a number of schools without fishing in their curriculum. Then, after a swashbuckling horizontal career during Prohibition's flaming youth, he turned ghost and pulp writer. He got himself mixed up with his characters. This got him fired from most of his connections on the strength of what he had to say by telephone and rumor about himself. Once he fired his boss, and another time himself. He says he has been given a new character since we bought his story (*We Wuz Robbed*, page 56) written under his own name and impersonating a guy named Thomas Calvert McClary. "This seems strangely natural," he writes. "But what will I do if the man's wife shows up?"

•

Pierre Boucheron, author of *Convention Girl* on page 73 was born in Paris, and became a naturalized citizen just before the World War when he joined the U. S. Navy as a sea-going wireless operator. For many years he was advertising director for a large corporation. Then, attracted by the glamor of the movies, he spent a year as exploitation "expert" (the quotes are his) with one of the major picture producers, learning to hate with colossal gusto the synthetic sighs and tears of that "game." Somewhat disillusioned, he was glad to return to the more tangible art of selling merchandise to the public instead of emotions. He is a Lieutenant Commander in the Naval Reserve and in off moments spends week ends on board his own cruiser *Aloha* in Long Island Sound, writing of yachting and salesmanship.

Pierre Boucheron

•

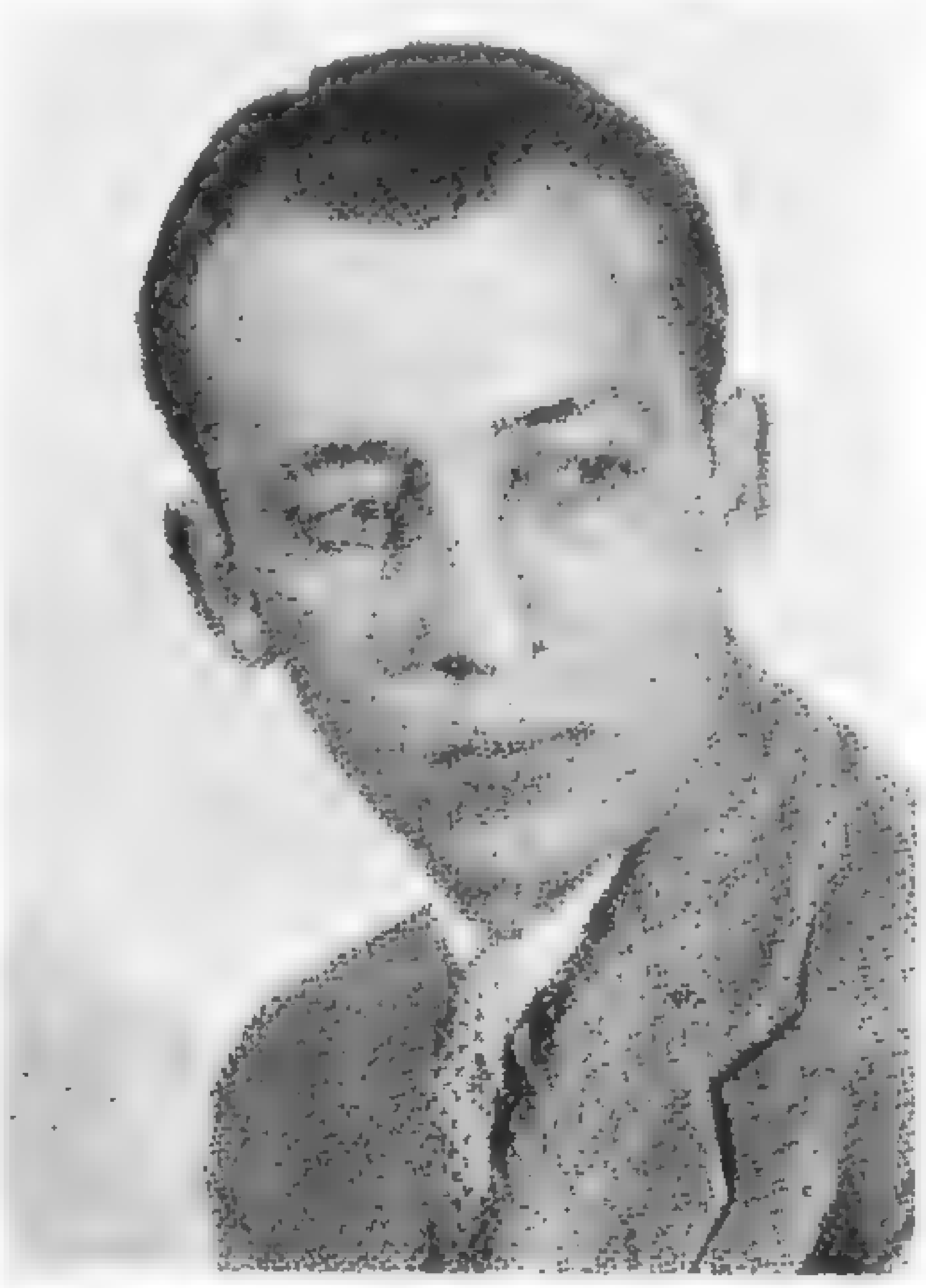
Parke Cummings writes from Westport, Connecticut, that he has so many returned manuscripts around his desk, he doesn't dare smoke. Anyhow, there's one that stuck on page 99, *The S. D. P. H.*

Benedict Thielen (*Warrior's Return*, page 44) has written short stories for *Scribner's*, *Story*, and previous issues of Esquire. He likes to travel—lived for several years in Antibes, in the south of France—and spent some time in Paris, Munich, Italy, Greece and Corsica. But now he's in New York City. Two of his novels, *Deep Streets* and *Women in the Sun* have been published in both England and this country. His latest novel, *Dinosaur Track*, came out last May in England.

Benedict Thielen

•

Frederick Nebel (*Night Shift on the Lunchwagon*, page 93) was born at Staten Island, New York, in 1903 and educated in the public schools there. At fifteen, he felt it was high time he saw something of the world. He went to Manitoba for awhile, then to Georgia, and finally to Colorado where he got some experience. A saddle horse ran away with him—for five miles. He returned to New York, working on the railroads and on the waterfront. He is proud of the fact that in all his wandering, he has always worked and saved, using his savings to travel. Eventually he bought a second-hand typewriter and wrote his travel impressions in the form of letters to his mother. After five months of writing he made eleven sales in a row, and boarded a Norwegian tramp steamer, the *S. S. Vindeggen*, bound for Caribbean waters. On his return he camped in Maine and liked it so much that he adopted that state. His next trip was to France where he took a flat at Rue Leopold-Robert. Then he had a whirl at London and there found the first Englishman (a valet) who had read his stories. Since that time he has spent his summers in Maine and his winters in St. Louis or California. In May, 1930, he married Dorothy Barnes Blank of St. Louis. They have one child, born this year. Mr. Nebel belongs to no clubs, fraternities, or cliques. He begins his working day by breakfasting alone, and reading for a half hour or so—preferably literary memoirs or journals. After that he walks for about a half mile, then starts work between nine and ten, lunches at twelve, reads for half an hour, then works until five or six o'clock. He follows this program (practically)—the parentheses are ours—every day. He likes pistol shooting and cannot pass a shooting gallery. He has contributed stories to *Argosy*, *Black Mask*, *Columbia*, *Elks*, *Short Stories*, *Collier's*, the *American*, the *Saturday Evening Post* and many others now out of print. *Sleepers East* is his first novel. And his ambition is "to write good, workmanlike novels, consistently."



Frederick Nebel

•

Louis Paul (*Paradise Number 29*, page 63) and his wife, whom he describes as his severest friend and best critic, have gone out to San Francisco to be immured there for two years while Louis writes another novel. Most of the book is laid in that locality, beginning at the time of the great Earthquake Fire of 1906. It's about a musical genius who discovers he has an undeniable impulse to be a clown.

Continued on page 38

Louis Paul

Men About Town

ONE glance at their top hats and bow ties—and you know these men about town are men of taste! Together they haunt the best hotels and clubs and night-spots. It seems the smart Cosmopolite is really very dependent on Heinz Aristocrat Tomato for his favorite pick-me-up—Heinz Tomato Juice!

Gentlemen All

Every Heinz tomato has a right to wear a monocle and bear a title! All are scions of a noble line of seedlings scientifically crossbred for extra flavor. And every tomato is reared in a manner befitting an aristocrat! Heinz raises them watchfully in fertile, sun-drenched fields—picks each plump fellow at the peak of rosy ripeness. Then they're hustled to nearby Heinz kitchens and pressed for you. Drink Heinz de luxe Tomato Juice frequently. You'll find it's *great* the night before, the morning after, and any time of day! (57)

HEINZ
TOMATO
JUICE
MADE BY
H. J. HEINZ COMPANY
57

Heinz TOMATO JUICE

IT'S CHEAPER TO PAY MORE FOR SOMETHING BETTER

Copr. 1937 H. J. Heinz Co.

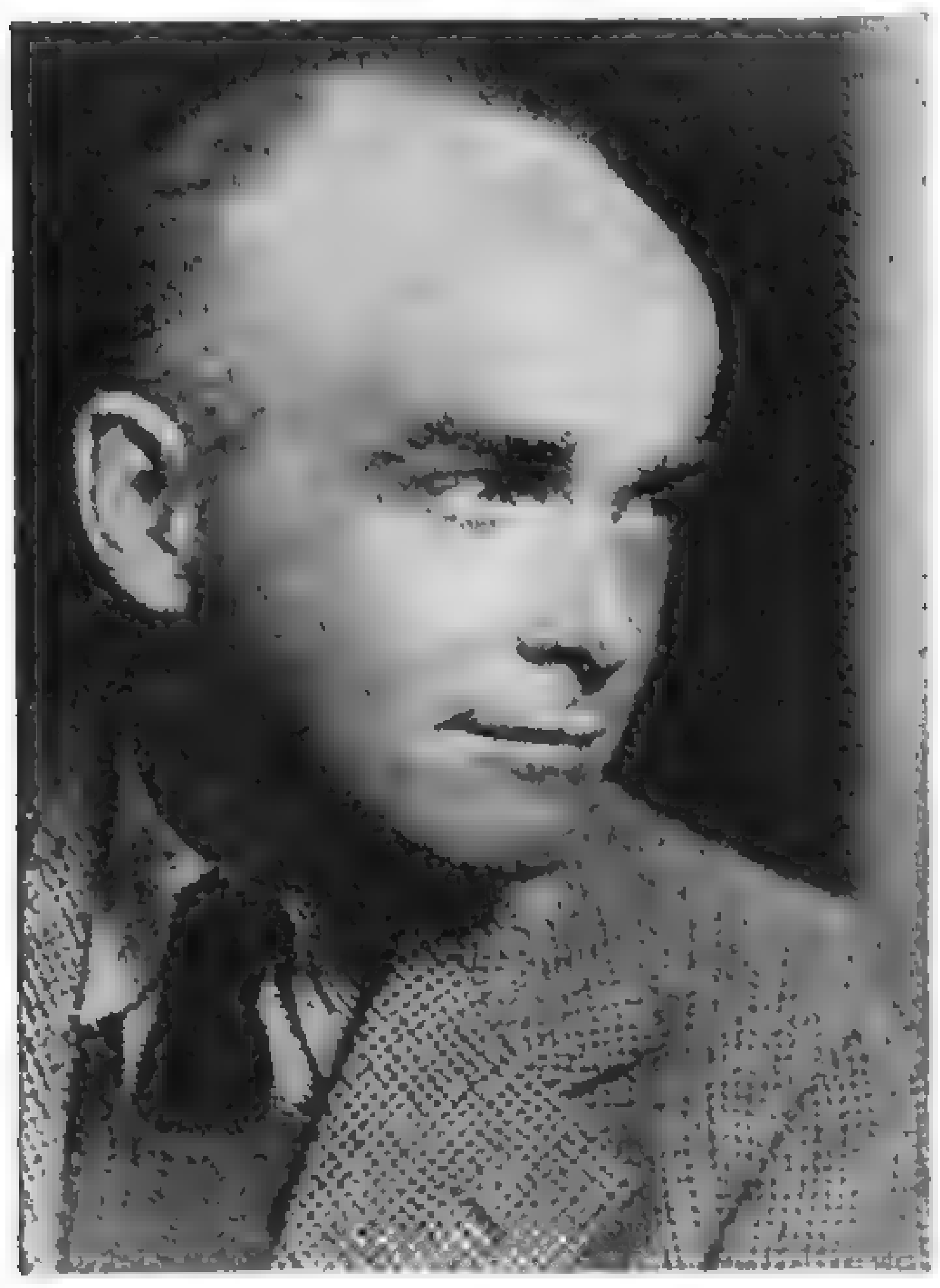
BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

Herb Graffis

Herb Graffis (*The Art of Un-Wenching*, page 110) accounts for his success in life as follows: "Born in Logansport, Indiana. Too lazy to plow. Too slow to play basketball. Hence I was forced into the remaining Hoosier occupation, litrachoor. Saw many old men in my father's newspapers reaping as rewards of daily journalism, green eyeshades and hemorrhoids. I switched into trade journalism in the public utility and oil fields. Then back to writing sports, finding it much easier to get good tickets to sports events this way. Editor of *Golfing* and of a golf business journal, *Golfdom*. Conductor of a golf column in the Chicago *Times*. In golf scores, strictly a golfer of the people. The writhing wraith for several of the better known professional golfers. Wounded and honorably discharged in the war against prohibition."

•

Cedric Belfrage was born in London in 1904 and guarded from the facts of life at three academies and Cambridge University. After two years he went forth into the world without a degree. Then he became a press agent for a picture company at three pounds a week. He was fired. He went to New York and got a job as scenario reader with Universal Pictures. He was fired again. He then was a movie critic until 1930, when he had been ejected from four major studios. After that he became a film critic in England, got himself into trouble for his remarks and the entire film industry in protest withdrew advertising from his paper. He decided to lay low till all this blew over, and left on a round-the-world trip for a year. Then he took up business at the old stand reviewing for *The Daily Express* for a couple of years. He now lives in Hollywood, is married and has one child. He and his wife feel they want to bring their child up in the United States and they have just recently been admitted on the quota. His is the lead-off article on page 43—*Who Wants My Empire?*



Cedric Belfrage

John Randolph

John Randolph (*Professional Dog Lovers*, on page 103) says of his picture, "This was taken by a staff photographer of the TD and therefore shows a pan somewhat sulkier than it is in fact, although I will admit I am a copyreader." Apparently he doesn't get asked about his past very often, because he wrote with such kindling enthusiasm we can but quote his reply in its entirety:

"I was a delicate, sensitive child, never mixing in the rough play of my fellows, but always and ever to be found curled up in a window with a Good Book. Thus I developed the sweet temper and fine and subtle instincts with which my admirers credit me. Later I was to develop into a man of fine physique, strong enough to whip any of my colleagues although I was never able to do it. Although modesty advises me not to say so, my life has been a long struggle against a world too crass and vulgar for a nature too fine for its crude cupidity. Sometimes, sitting in my cozy library in my smoking jacket, making blue fragrant wreaths with my jimmy pipe, I wish I was more like Grandpop. They tell me, if you don't mind my using an objectionable but expressive phrase, he was a hell of a fellow. In order to gather notes on my monumental work "The Baneful Effect of Popular Periodicals and Newspapers on the Literary Style and Elegance of Language in America," I have worked on newspapers in Washington, Philadelphia, Miami and here in Richmond. On the *Herald* and the *Post* in Washington I had the opportunity to give my advice and guidance to two of your young writers, Laurence Green and Gerald Breckenridge. Whether they are any better for it, only posterity will decide."

•

Harry Salpeter, who writes about Louis Bouché this month, almost missed the deadline. He explained that he was four hundred miles away from home, in Buffalo, and his mind was even further away from thoughts of art. He was learning to drive a car, and finally got his driver's license, but he believes that traffic is a menace to him while he is driving.

Harry Salpeter

•

Arnold Samuelson, who contributed *Mexico for Tramps*, page 94, lives in Minneapolis, and says, briefly: "I grew up on a farm in western North Dakota, was schooled at the University of Minnesota and educated afterwards when I went on the bum during the depression. I am crazy about horses, the sport I love best is breaking wild broncs and my ambition is to write a good story."

•

Louis Zara has a new novel coming out sometime this month. Bobbs Merrill is publishing it, and the general idea, they tell us, is that human nature rules the people who rule the country. The title is *Some For the Glory*. His contribution to this issue of the magazine is *The Life of a Gadgeteer*, page 68.

Meyer Levin

Meyer Levin and his wife have been abroad for several weeks, and will be back in Chicago by the time you read this. They planned to go to Palestine, and perhaps to Spain. When we asked him for a picture he suggested we use his passport photo, but we couldn't do that to you.

•

Joseph Fulling Fishman (*They Was Murders in Them Days*, page 76) is a criminologist by trade. For eleven years he was the only Inspector of Prisons employed by the federal government. In 1932 he was awarded a Guggenheim Fellowship to make studies in penology abroad. And he's written articles on crime and prison for a lot of magazines, including *The Atlantic Monthly*, *Harper's*, the *Forum* and *Vanity Fair*.

•

Jack O'Connor (*The Toughest Field Sport*, page 100) has hunted big game in the Southwest and Mexico for many years. He says he has killed one record class ram. He has published one book through Harper's, *Conquest*, a realistic southern novel which, he says, got him fired from a job. He's working now on a volume on the game of the Southwest.

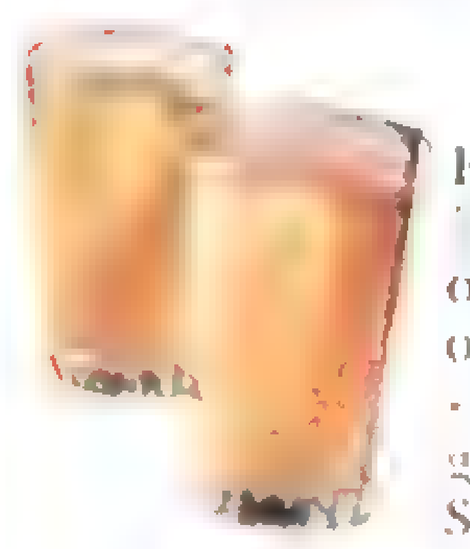
Jack O'Connor

Designed for Better Living

KEEP THESE RECIPES

MORGAN BELMONT

makes a new kind of Whisky Sour



For each drink, juice of ½ lemon · Teaspoonful of sugar · Then a dash of soda · Stir with spoon · Add 2 ounces of Seagram's "V.O." · Ice · Strain into glass.

JASPER MORGAN

prefers a Manhattan mixed like this

⅔ Italian Vermouth · ¾ Seagram's "V. O." · Ice, stir well and strain into a cocktail glass · Twisted lemon peel on top · Maraschino cherry.

HENDRICK V. DURYEA

describes his recipe for a rich Old-Fashioned

½ lump of sugar put into a teaspoonful of water in an Old Fashioned glass · Muddle well · Add light dash of Angostura Bitters · 2 ozs. of Seagram's "V.O." · Cubes of ice · Twisted lemon peel · Maraschino cherry.

THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR.

serves a Tom and Jerry made this new way

Beat up white of one egg—beat up yolk separately—then mix · Add a tablespoon of sugar · 1 dash vanilla · Put tablespoon of mixture into mug · Add 2 ounces Seagram's "V.O." · Fill with hot water.

SEAGRAM'S "V.O."

Rare Old Canadian Whisky. Distilled, Aged and Bottled under the supervision of the Canadian Government. 6 Years Old. 90 Proof.

A Whisky of Rare Distinction...

made for men who enjoy the finer things of life

The light, clean, airy taste of Seagram's "V. O." has made this fine imported whisky a particular favorite in many of America's exclusive clubs and distinguished homes.

Reminiscent of rye, yet with a delicacy of flavor that never intrudes, Seagram's "V. O." blends perfectly. Not only in all types of whisky cocktails...but with soda as well.

Matured six full years, "V. O." is one of America's outstanding whiskeys...truly "designed for better living."

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IT'S SMART TO SAY **Seagram's "V.O."**

a Fine Imported Whisky

Seagram's
"V.O."
Rare Old Canadian Whisky

"The Strenuous Life"

The Chicago Daily News Building

The Chicago Daily News was the first newspaper in Chicago

—to publish a sworn day-by-day circulation statement

—to place advertising upon a fixed rate basis without concessions to anyone

—to give all advertisers equal opportunity for "position" in the paper

—to use the Linotype machine

—to adopt the "Hi-Lo" system of stock table composition

—to establish its own foreign news service

And primarily through its advocacy were established

—the Chicago sanitary district and sanitary canal

—the postal savings bank system

—the parcel post system

—the Cook county forest preserves

> *"... I wish to preach not the doctrine of ignoble ease, but the doctrine of the strenuous life ..."*
>
> THEODORE ROOSEVELT
> *in Chicago, April 10, 1899*

THEODORE ROOSEVELT did more than preach the doctrine of the strenuous life. He lived it.

So has The Chicago Daily News.

For it has been actively interested in the welfare of its readers, its city, its state and nation during the whole of its sixty-one years of life—a period embracing peace and war, prosperity and depression, great growth and change; a span of years charged with events that tested the mettle of men ... and newspapers.

We who are close to The Chicago Daily News believe character and service have carried it through to its present reputation—a reputation admired and respected by newspapermen everywhere.

We would point to its founding two days before Christmas, 1875, armed with principles and the strength to abide by them. Its columns always have been clean. It has aimed to be accurate in its news reporting and fearless in its editorial expression. It has maintained strict advertising regulations.

■ ■ ■

Over 430,000 able-to-buy families welcome The Chicago Daily News into their homes every week day evening . . . and without the influence of prizes, premiums, or any other artificial stimulants to circulation growth. Yet there have been twenty-five circulation gains in twenty-five consecutive months.

More major advertising records have been won by The Chicago Daily News than by any other newspaper in Chicago—morning, evening or Sunday*—testimony that advertisers find space in its pages a profitable investment.

* *Sources: Advertising Record Co., Media Records, Inc.*

THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS

With the most valuable circulation in the city

Chicago's HOME Newspaper

■

DAILY NEWS PLAZA, *400 West Madison Street*, CHICAGO
NEW YORK OFFICE: *9 Rockefeller Plaza* • DETROIT OFFICE: *4-119 General Motors Building*
SAN FRANCISCO OFFICE: *Hobart Building*

Shirts by Marlboro

"Gentlemen: they want the shirts off our backs—but, we won't give up our Marlboros!"

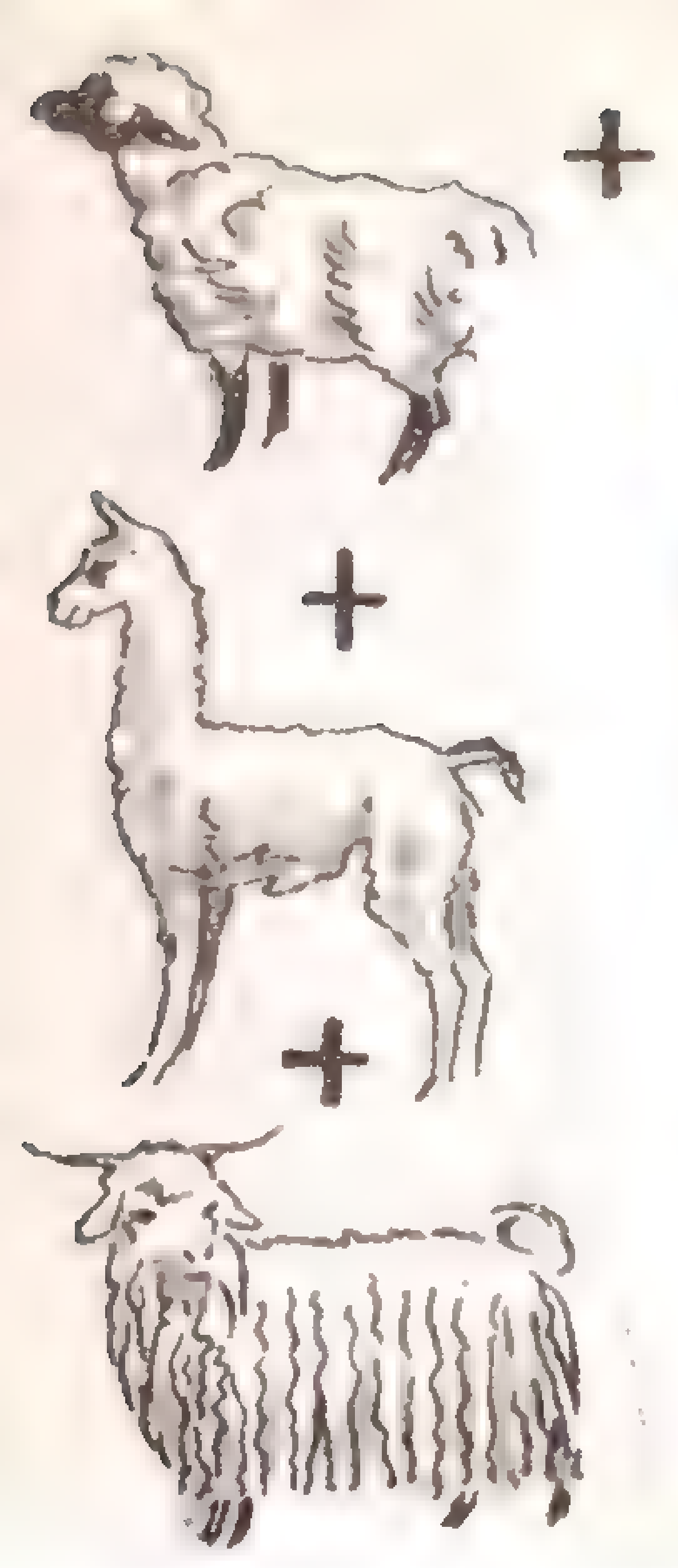
THE BUSINESS of this conference is over before it starts. When it's a question of parting with a Marlboro Shirt—it's out of the question!

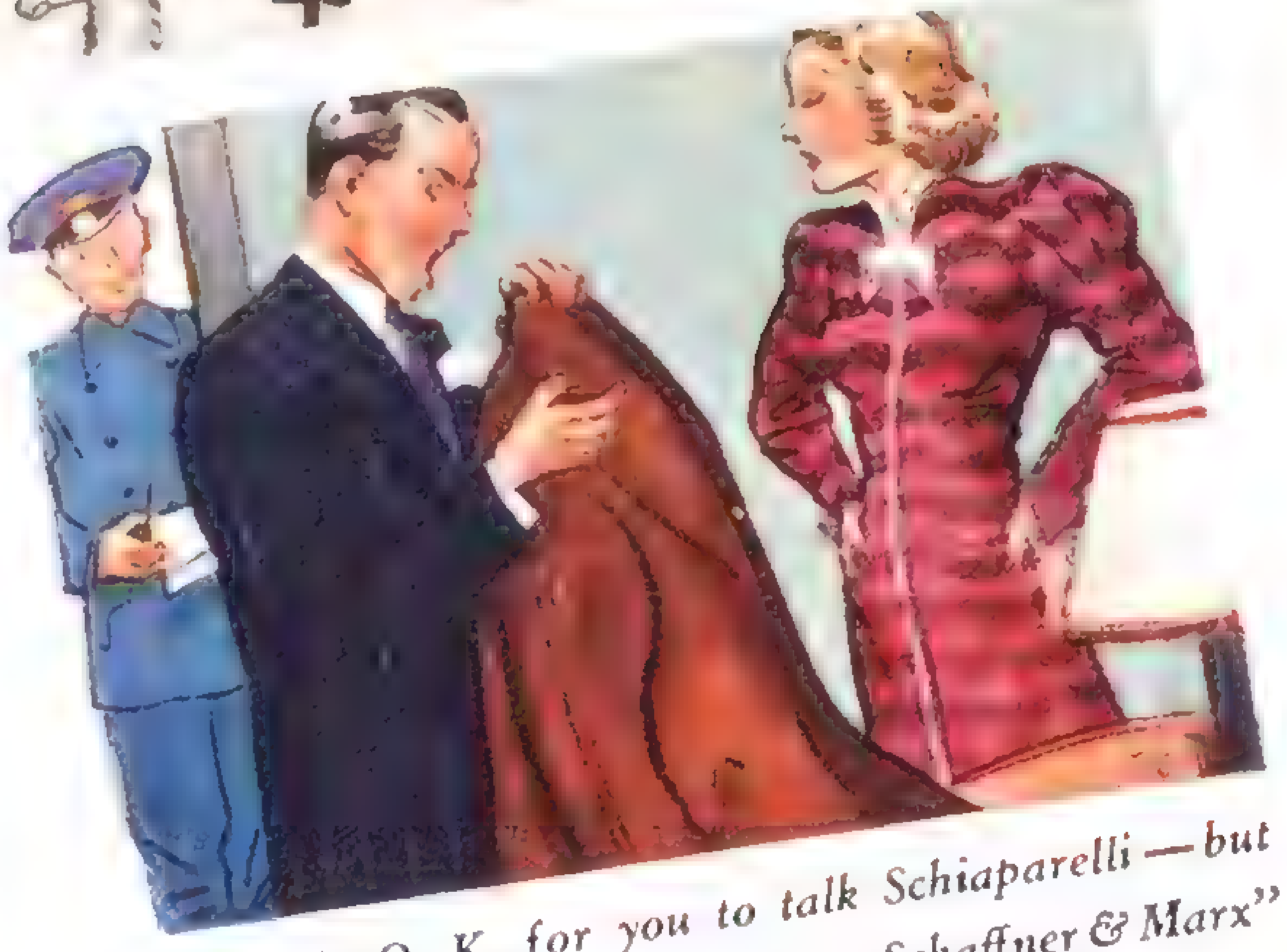
You can't blame these smart looking boys for taking such a firm stand! And if we may add an observation of our own—we think there's a lot more to Marlboro's nation-wide popularity than exclusive fabric styles. Marlboro's good points are "tailored in"—customized workmanship, expensive construction details and Marlboro's improved Trubenized STA-NEAT collar and band—at popular prices.

See these smart Marlboro Shirts at your favorite store—and be sure to ask for them by name!

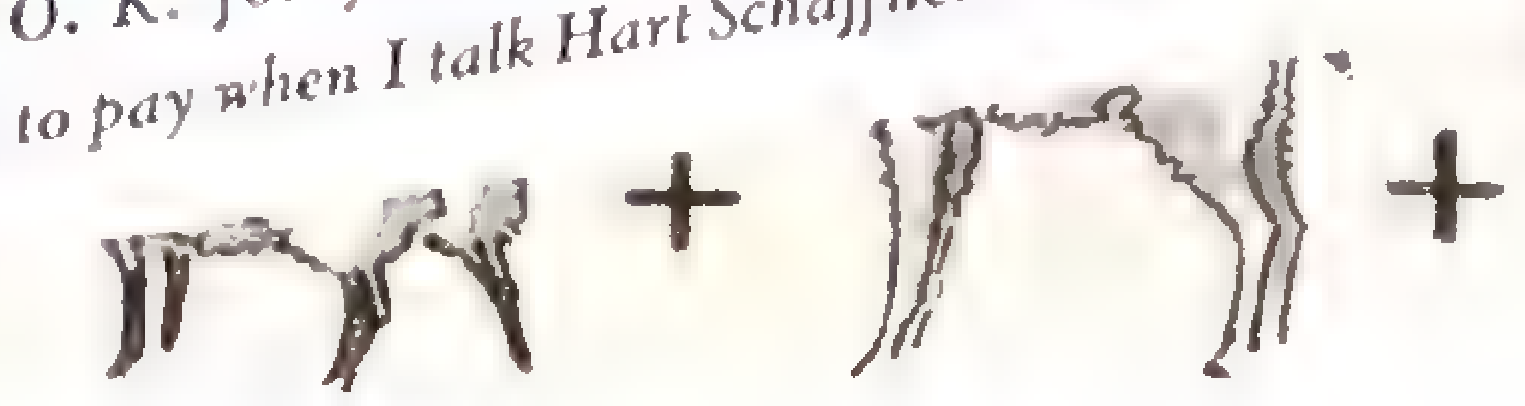
MARLBORO SHIRT COMPANY, INC., BALTIMORE, MD.

☆ *Around this board table are a few of the many new Marlboro ideas for Fall—*
Panama Checks, Sport Plaids,
Random Twists, New Clipper,
Cord Tones
Campus Scroll, Twin Circles,
London Towne, Gloray,
Pace Path





"Sure, it's O. K. for you to talk Schiaparelli — but there's hell to pay when I talk Hart Schaffner & Marx"



= Rambler
+
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Rambler

THE PERFECT COAT!

If the little woman dares let out a squawk about your new coat this fall, you can put her in her place by merely whispering the price you paid for Rambler.

For Rambler is phenomenally priced! More important, it's the original three-hair coat—and three hairs are better than one.

And we don't mean red, brunette, and blond — that's another story! We mean **WOOL, MOHAIR AND ALPACA** —the three famous hair fibers that combine to give snug warmth, long wear, and light, suave luxury to this great Rambler coat.

Better put down your Esquire right now, and look at the rest of the cartoons tonight. Your local Hart Schaffner & Marx dealer has this marvelous coat ready for you to slip into. Why not see Rambler today?

HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

THE TRUMPETER LABEL

A 50th ANNIVERSARY
1887 1937
VALUE

A SMALL THING TO LOOK FOR . . . A BIG THING TO FIND

Who Wants My Empire?

Britain's far-flung possessions, that show so proudly on the map, are just a pain in the neck to the average Limey

by CEDRIC BELFRAGE

• ARTICLE •

IT IS now almost twenty years since the great imperialisms of the world last divided up the colonial swag. And every day there are more complaints from people whose sleep is being disturbed by the howling of the Have-Not wolves around the great mansions of the Haves.

That the cry comes from the heart, there is little doubt. Nor does it take a graduate zoölogist to observe that it is also a mating-call: the Fuehrer, listening from afar to the Duce baying the moon of conquest, takes up the dirge and these two lonely hearts beat as one.

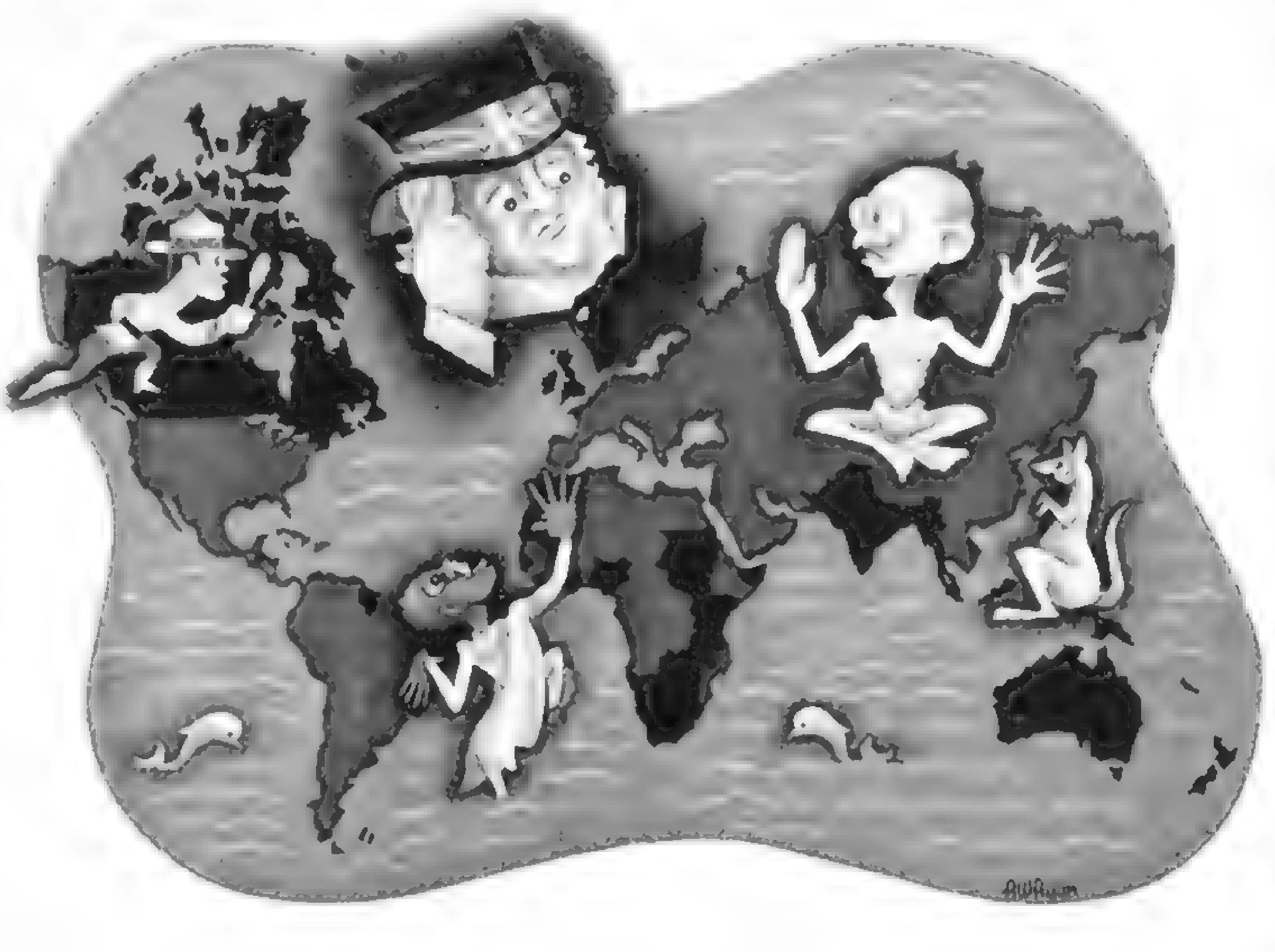
Americans, of course, are simple folk and cannot be expected to understand what all the racket is about. They used to have a crumb of empire in the Pacific, but they decided to give it back with a pound of tea of the Filipinos, since when their standard of living has continued to be the world's highest. Ordinary, accepted laws of imperialist economics do not apply to America. Ask an American to explain it and he murmurs some nonsense about better mousetraps. Ask an economist of the Have-Not pack and he'll tell you Americans are mad, and it's all a Jewish conspiracy anyway.

But an Englishman, as joint legatee of history's biggest empire, is expected—if he has a spark of decency in him—to burn with the blush of shame. Look at him sitting dog-in-manger-like on all those tasty raw materials, those ripe markets, those delectable population-outlets. And look at the wretched Germans and Italians, packed so tight in their cages that they can't even *Heil* or *Viva* without knocking several hats off, begging in common humanity's name for a little air to breathe. Look at the children of these raw-material-starved lands whimpering over the empty bowls that steamed, once, with luscious stews of antimony and manganese sauce.

But we English have hearts of stone. We don't feel as bloated, nor as callous, nor as ashamed, as we should. We enjoy a dish of raw-materials or markets as well as the next man. As for population-outlets, we go for them (if we can find one) like an American striker for a piece of factory floor. But you must pardon us if the best we can register, as the wolves howl, is bewilderment. We look at the statistics and see that our country, whose flag waves over a quarter of the planet, is more densely populated than any other except Egypt. We note, if our stomachs have not already done it for us, that more than fifty per cent of us* are suffering from malnutrition.

What does the possession of an empire heritage actually mean to the average legatee-in-the-street?

Well, few of us ever see this noble legacy of ours. We are dimly conscious that it is there; and we're kind of proud of it, though we can't imagine why and we hide this emotion behind jests about our "white man's burden" and the pukka sahibs whose job is to carry it. As George Orwell has noticed, a quarter-century ago no Englishman could laugh at the Spirit of Kipling and get away with it. Today no Englishman, except in Parliament or when writing to the *Times*, can *not* laugh and get away with it.



We have learned in school, by means of maps heavily blobbed with red, that our heritage covers a quarter of the inhabited world and takes in a quarter of all humanity. We gather that in Australia there are kangaroos, and bits of wood that come back at you when thrown. That in Canada the police ride on horses and intrepidly pursue desperadoes through pine forests. That in South Africa there are Boers, fellows with a tendency to be un-British who have had to be shown where they dismount. That India is a sultry welter of maharajahs, mahouts, mysticism, monsoons and mahatmas.

Beyond that we know little, and which is odd for people coming into such a fortune in outlets, markets and materials—we don't much care.

There is one type of book that most London publishers won't even consider, so certain would be its failure: a book about the empire. And when the English public yawns unashamedly in face of Lord Beaverbrook's Empire Free Trade inspiration, nobody is surprised except Lord Beaverbrook, who is Canadian.

Indeed, if you stopped a Plain Limey in the street and asked him, he couldn't begin to tell you what value the empire has for him personally; nor what difference, if any, it would make to him if the red places on the map were sky-blue. The empire is a vague sentimental abstraction, something to soften the heart of an Englishman at such times as coronations when the streets are filled with queer fish in turbans, awnings and petticoats. The *Encyclopedia Britannica* sums it up nicely: "It is an aspiration rather than a reality, a thought rather than a fact."

But suppose that a Plain Limey, with no capital except the will to advance and fulfill himself, is inspired by the map-makers' bountiful use of red ink to inquire into the possibilities of realizing something tangible from his heritage? Then he begins to find out just how much pork and beans a man can buy with an aspiration.

His paper draws for him a picture of Germans and Italians, plain working people like himself, eying with almost uncontrollable jealousy the great wealth of raw materials that he and his fellow-inheritors possess.

Our Plain Limey feels like a naked man who, since everyone voices admiration for the cut and cloth of his suit, can only conclude that he must be crazy.

He thinks of the imported raw materials of which he is a consumer: timber and iron for his house, tungsten for his lights, cotton and wool for his clothes, hides for his shoes, foodstuffs and their tin containers. These are all produced in his empire and so are part of his heritage. But somewhere other men have worked to produce them, so he cannot have them without giving in exchange money, the equivalent of his own work. True, some of the things have been produced by native labor in the heritage countries, which makes them cheaper than they would be if produced by English workers. The native worker's loss in low wages is to that extent our Limey's gain.

But could it not likewise be the gain of people in countries unblessed with a heritage? He has never heard of a business man of any nationality being bashful about selling to anyone with money to buy. He has even heard of cases where a man with goods

Continued on page 254

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*Sir John Orr's statistics, 1936

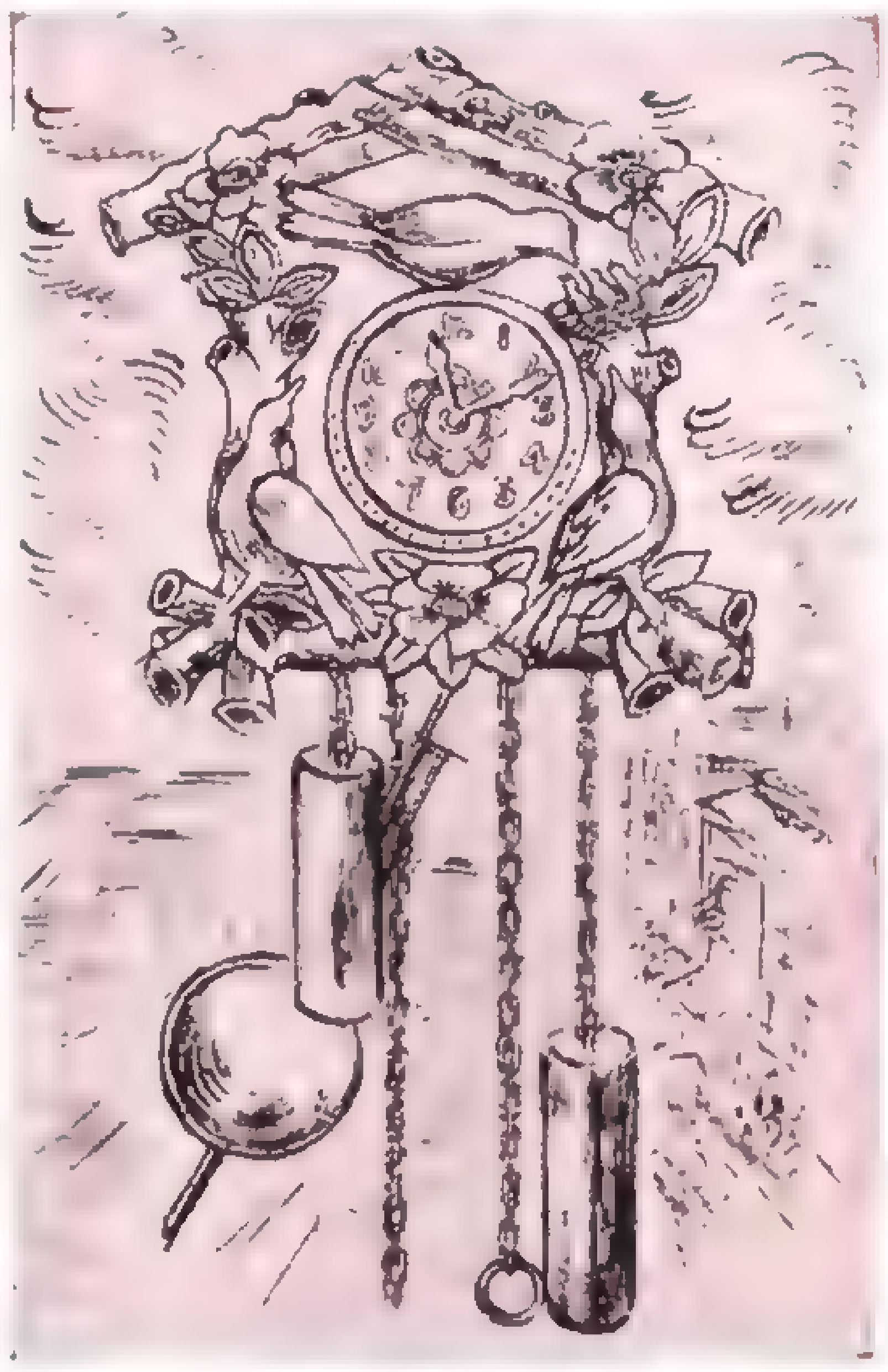
Warrior's Return

He had been like a child in his sickness, safe and secure, and recovery restored him—to what?

by BENEDICT THIELEN

• FICTION •

Split fractions of seconds apart, all the clocks in the store began striking the hour. Sitting behind the counter, he waited until the last one had struck, then got up and began to wind the clocks that hung on the wall behind him. When he had finished, winding up some with a key, pulling up a weight on the end of a chain on others, he walked to the rear of the store to get his hat and coat. As he came back he turned out the lights one by one, leaving only the dim ceiling light in the center of the store. As each light went out there went out with it some reflection or highlight from the round staring clock-faces on the wall and from the silver and jewelry in the cases, until in the dusty dimness of the old store there were left only a faint blur on a silver platter, a splinter of blue and red from the facet of a jewel and, behind them, a streak of light which was caught and lost, caught and then lost, in regular rhythm, by the swinging polished pendulum of a clock the rest of which was in shadow.



For a few seconds he stood by the door listening to the mingled ticking of the clocks, quick and hurried for the small ones, long and deliberate for the large ones, then he went out and locked the door behind him.

Outside, as he felt in his pocket for the keys to the car, he glanced back at the sign over the door, E. L. FLETCHER & SON, and noticed again how tarnished the gold letters were and how dusty and dull the background of black on which they were set.

It was a good thing, he thought as he got into the car, that his father had never seen the state to which the store would some day come, with a worn and tarnished sign above the door when in the old days they used to have the lettering gilded regularly every spring so that it was always neat and shining. And it was a good thing too that Mama had never seen it either, Mama who couldn't stand for a trace of dust or tarnish anywhere, who was always in the back room of the store polishing up the silver when she had a moment to spare and who would go around the store a dozen times a day with a frown on her face, looking for a speck of dust that might have got caught between a jewel and the prongs of its setting.

A car swerved out of a side street and he jammed his foot down on the brake, feeling the cold hollow leap up, gouging, into his stomach as he did so. A freckled face grinned out at him from the other car for a second. He lessened the pressure of his foot on the accelerator, going more slowly, waiting for the hollow to disappear from the pit of his stomach.

Now it was all a matter of speed and people had no interest in anything that wasn't fast and flashy. Quality and workmanship no longer counted. Once they used to drive up slowly to the store in shining victorias or broughams drawn by their own horses and come in and chat while picking out some fine clock or piece of silver for a wedding present or a stone in a special setting for Christmas. They had real taste and they were ladies and gentlemen who knew quality when they saw it and knew what a hallmark meant. If he was in the store they'd pat him on the head and call him Eddie and they'd look in and say hello to Mama in the back room where she was polishing the silver. The ladies wore jewelry and the men wore rings and watch-charms and scarf pins, and their houses were filled with beautiful clocks and silverware and glass. But now they lived in two-room apartments and bought their knives and forks in the Five-and-Ten and bought electric clocks that would stop whenever the current stopped, which happened often in summer. And if they ever did come into the store for something they wanted it to be of this new chromium stuff without any decoration on it, instead of Sterling, chased by hand, by skilled workmen.

In the center of town the traffic was thicker and as the cars drew close to each other and others came out unexpectedly at intersections the hollow, cold and twisting, rose again in his stomach and the palms of his hands became damp with nervousness. There was a feeling of winter already in the air, but it was not the brisk cold winter air that there used to be, when the snow was deep and people drove up to the store in their own sleighs, the horses steaming, and the footmen lifted the fur robes and the ladies stepped across the cleared sanded space of sidewalk to the door. It was all different now and in the winter air there was no sparkle or joy but only a reminder of the dying year and a foretaste of approaching death.

The house, when he went in after driving the car into the garage, seemed empty and he stood for a moment in the front hall by the big mirror, listening to the silence which was broken only by the ticking of the hall clock. As he listened he saw his face in the mirror. It looked grey and old in the light from the chandelier above his head, and he felt old—older, even, seeing his own face, than he had driving home with the traffic whirling dizzily about him and the cold sense of approaching winter and age in the dark air.

He called to his wife and a moment later she opened the door of the kitchen and looked out.

"Oh, I didn't know if you were here or not," he said. "It was so quiet."

"I'm almost ready," she said. "I'll be ready in just a minute."

He glanced into the room beyond her.

"Junior just 'phoned he won't be back till late," she said. "And Edith's gone to that party with the Meyer girls, I guess you remember that."

He went upstairs to wash his hands, his footsteps sounding loud in the empty house. When he came down again his wife was just putting supper on the table.

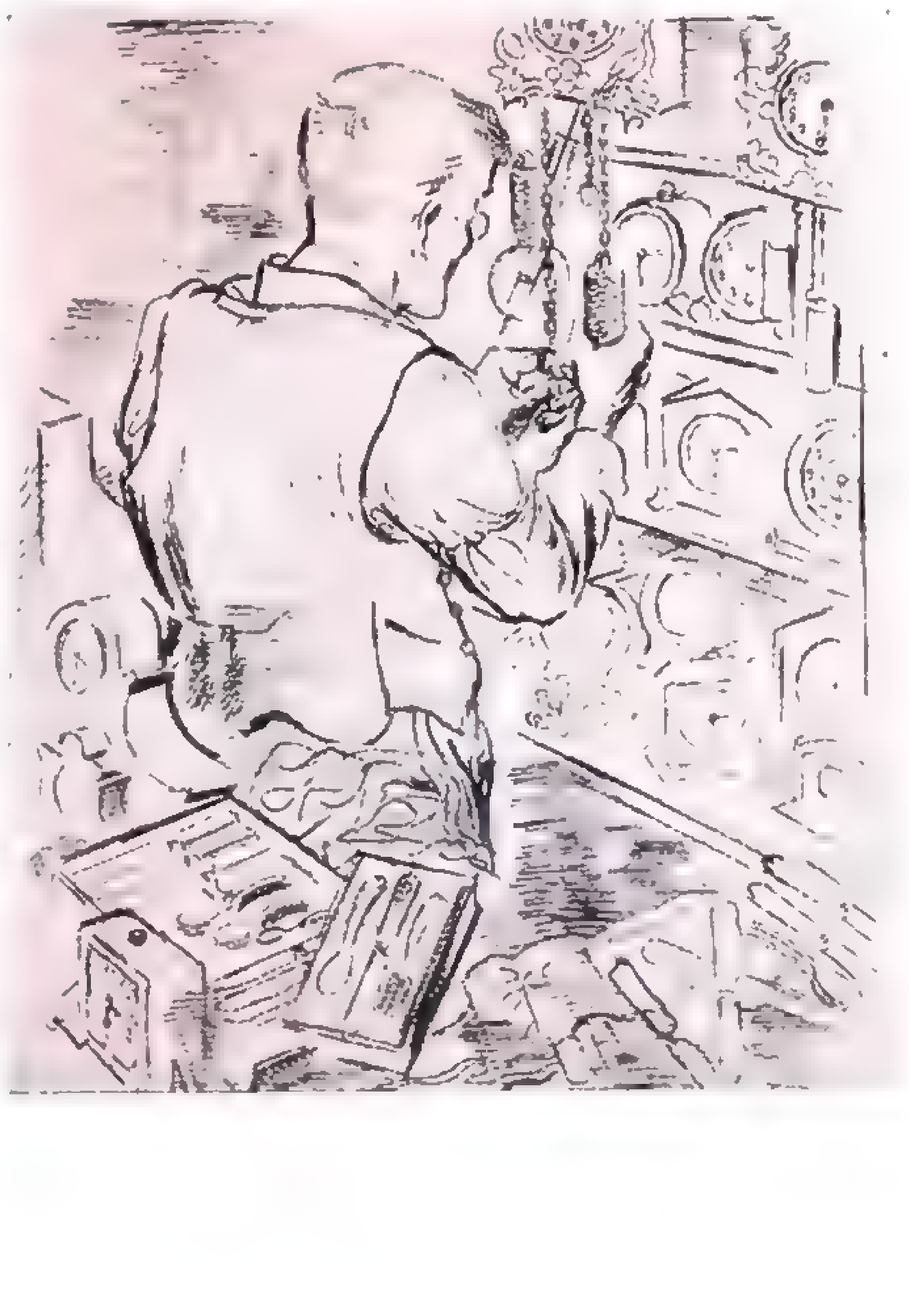
"You'd think they might stay home some of the time," he said as he sat down and unfolded his napkin. "It certainly is great, having a family, when they never seem to find time . . ."

"They're young, Ed, you have to remember," she said, taking the plate which he passed over to her.

"I don't think I'll have any of the potatoes," he said.

She looked up at him reproachfully.

"Why, I made them specially for you."



"I know. But they're fried. I don't feel like anything fried tonight."

She lowered her eyes.

"You know," he said. "I like them, but I just don't feel like them tonight."

"I wish I'd known . . . " she began, then stopped.

"Oh, well, all right, I'll take some." He reached over for the plate. "Well, I suppose they are young and all that, but when we were young we stayed home at least some of the time, you know that as well as I do. Why, I remember how Mama . . . "

"Oh, we forget about how we felt when we were young," she said. "It's not the same."

"It certainly isn't." He shook his head. "Nothing's the same. I don't know . . . "

"Well, that's the way it is," she said. "Times change . . . "

He laid down his knife and fork on the plate and looked at her for several seconds, steadily. Then he said:

"I don't know where it's all going to end. I mean, nobody buying anything any more. People don't seem to care about the things they used to care about: fine silver and jewelry. Why, the stuff they sell nowadays . . . "

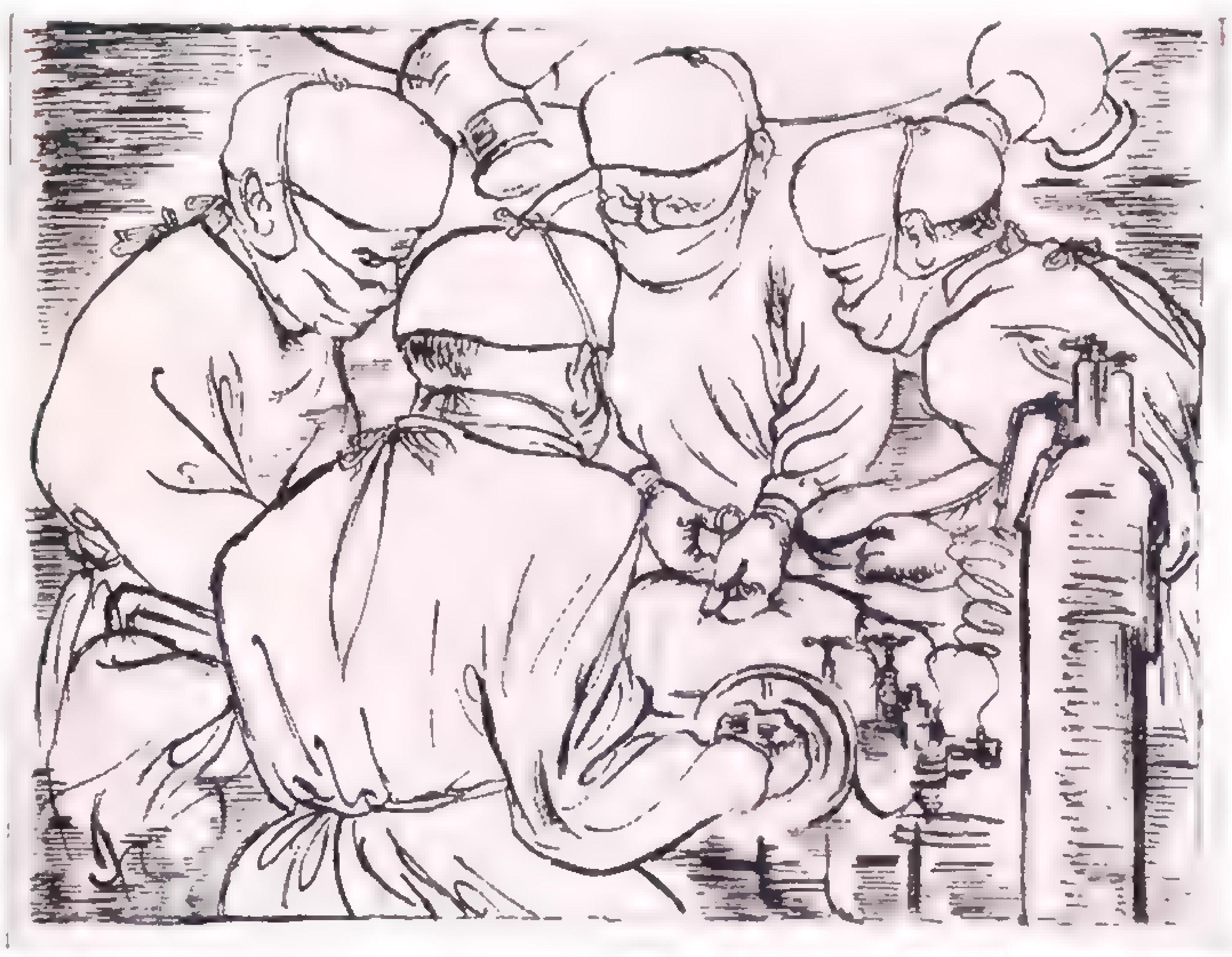
"I guess people just haven't got the money," she said.

"Oh, it's not only that. Everything's different. Even if they do have the money they don't know what to do with it. Why, you remember how people used to come in the store, year after year, the same people, and . . . "

"Did you . . . I mean were there many people in today?"

He gave a short hard laugh.

"A colored servant girl came in and bought a dollar alarm-clock and some Catholics bought two of those German silver medallions. That's about all. Unless you count a fellow with a watch to be repaired and you know how much we make out of that, having to send it out now, the way we do, instead of having our own man like we used to."



DRAWN BY [illegible]

She sighed and said, "Well, it'll probably all come out all right. Why, it's got to . . . "

He looked at her without saying anything.

When they had finished supper he helped her clear the dishes off the table, then went into the living room and sat down to read the paper. But he found that he was reading the same sentence again and again without understanding what was in it, and that this Present, which was the newspaper, was obscured by the dead but living Past and by the not-yet-born but dark and terrifying Future.

When his wife came back into the room he got up and turned on the radio and, although there was little on the programs that evening that either of them particularly cared for or enjoyed, still it filled the silence and they left it on, sitting there together half listening to it until it was time to go upstairs.

But then, in bed, with the lights out and the house around him still, and the cold air slowly flowing across the window sill into the room, the thoughts and the memories returned restless pictures before him in the darkness of the ladies and gentlemen in their carriages, and the hurry and bustle at Christmas time, and putting the jewelry in the small blue or red plush boxes whose lids snapped open when you pressed a round mother-of-pearl button, and sliding the polished silver into dark red flannel bags before wrapping it in tissue paper for delivery, and Mama busy seeing that there was no speck of dust or tarnish anywhere, and the day they added the words & SON to the E. L. FLETCHER on the sign, and the old-established business of which he then became a member and of which he would some day be owner, and the secure future. For a long time he could not sleep, but finally the pictures slowly blurred, then faded, then became vivid again but distorted, going on, in sleep. In sleep a grinning freckle-faced boy threw handfuls of gentlemen's scarf pins out of an automobile that was made all of blinding chromium and the pins formed a mountain in front of him as he drove along in his car, and as he tried to steer around it another car dashed out of a side street with the words & SON painted on its side in bright gold letters, he swerved to avoid it and the cold gouging hollow leapt up into his stomach, grinding, and he awoke, his hands wet with fear.

For a few seconds he was conscious only of the beating of his heart and his quick breathing. Then he realized that the pain of which he had been dreaming was actually there, twisting in his stomach. He lay wide-eyed, feeling the pain, waiting for it to go away, but it did not go away and, besides, this was a different feeling from the mere hollowness that had been there before. This was sharper and more penetrating, as though a twisted and rusty knife were being driven in spasmodic thrusts into his belly, low down to one side. Involuntarily, he gave a groan.

His wife stirred at his side but did not wake up. He started to get up but a sudden violent thrust of pain pushed him back on the bed, nailing him down like a driven spike.

"What is it?" his wife asked him, her voice blurred with sleep, then, suddenly, clear and fully awake as he gasped and she repeated, "What is it, Ed?"

"I don't know," he said tightly, pressing his hand against his side. "I've got this . . . this pain . . . here."

"Wait." She got up out of bed. "I'll get you some bicarbonate."

"It's all right, I guess. Only . . . "

When she came back with the bicarbonate he drank it, then lay back on the bed waiting for the pains to disappear. But they did not go away and in the light which came from the bathroom he could see his wife's anxious face looking at him.

"Oh, dear," she said presently, "I shouldn't have made you eat those potatoes. If you . . . "

"It's all right. It'll go away."

But as time went slowly on he became filled increasingly with jets of intense sickening pain, stabbing into him, and then with fear at the pain, so that when she said she'd telephone for Dr. McNeill he did not protest as she had thought he would.

When the doctor arrived he examined him only very briefly, then drew his wife into the bathroom and closed the door behind them. A short time later they came out again, Dr. McNeill rubbing his hands briskly together and his wife dabbing her eyes with a handkerchief. Ed Fletcher glanced up at them, then lowered his head as the pain plunged again into his side.

"Well, sir," said the doctor, "we're just going to make you take a little vacation, Mr. Fletcher. We've decided you need a little change so we're just going to take you away from here and put you in a nice hospital for a few days so . . . "

"Oh, does he have to go to a hospital, Doctor?" said Mrs. Fletcher, tearfully. "Couldn't we . . . "

"No." The doctor shook his head. "It'll be better in the hospital. Now if I can just use your telephone . . . " He turned around for a moment when he got to the door. "Now don't you worry, Mr. Fletcher, you'll be as fit as a fiddle in a couple of days. You . . . "

"But listen . . . I can't . . . who's going to take charge? . . ."

"Now don't you worry about that. You just lie back and take it easy. We'll take care of everything. You haven't got a thing to worry about."

"Yes, that's right, Ed," said his wife coming over to the bed and touching his shoulder. "Everything'll be all right."

"That's right," said the doctor. "You just close your eyes and take it easy. And try not to move, please. Just take it easy."

From a distance, across the pain-filled darkness before his closed eyes, he heard the doctor calling a number on the telephone. He started to raise himself from the bed but the pain, crashing, drove him back, and he felt himself cowering before it like a man who has been smashed in the belly by a fist. As he lay there, shrinking before the pain, willing now to be motionless and bowed before it, a kind of calm began to creep over him and a slow feeling of secret satisfaction, born of the realization that he could triumph over pain by submitting to it. There was nothing he could do to still this inner screaming of his flesh, nothing, except to lie quite still and let these people around him take care of everything as they had said they would. There was no longer any Past in life, or any Future, but only this Present, the

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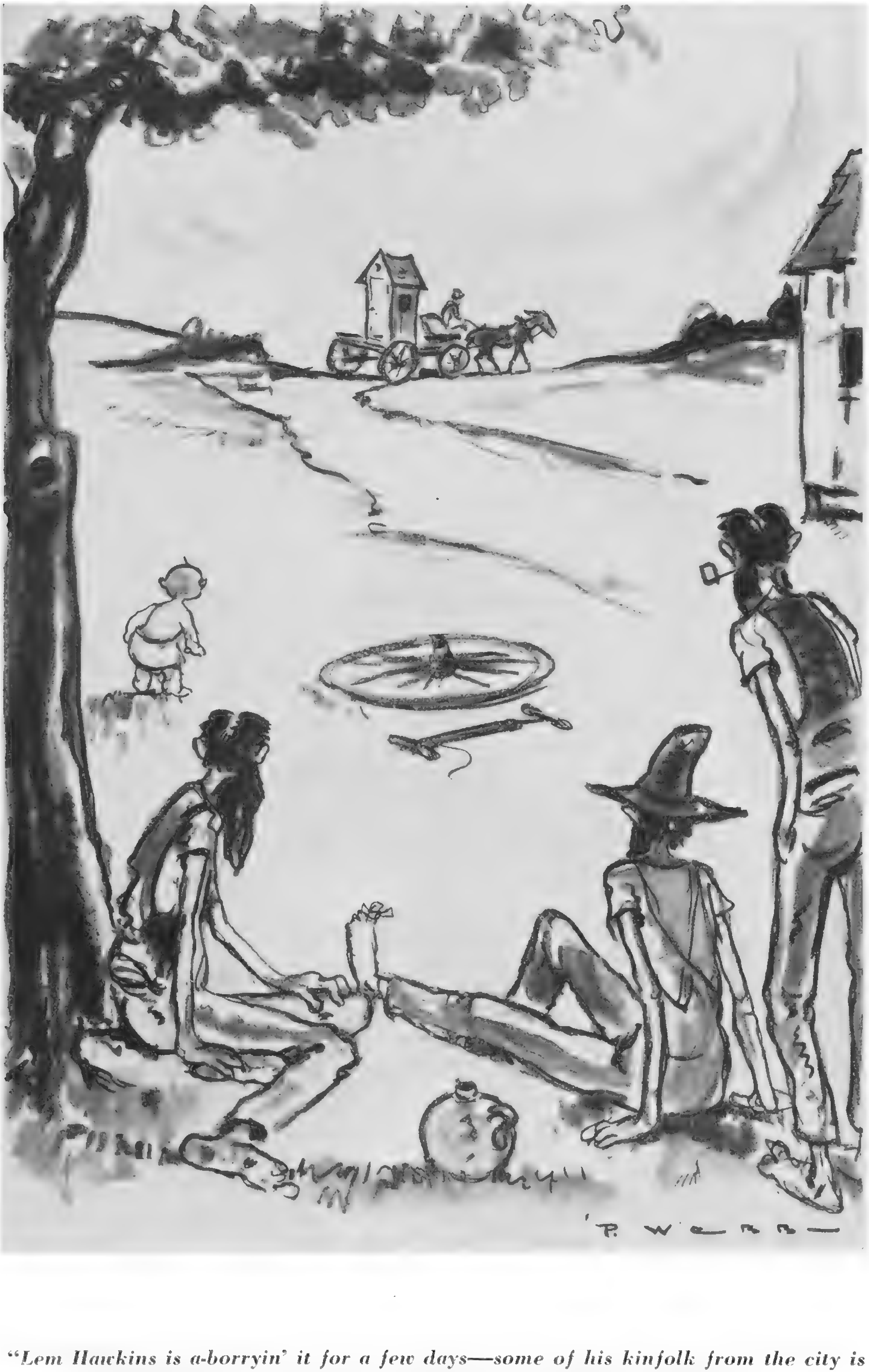


"Lem Hawkins is a-borryin' it for a few days—some of his kinfolk from the city is avisitin' him—Ah reckon Gran'pappy 'll be mighty mad erbout it."

Spanish Diary: Coast Road

The wine and food were good, and things seemed cheerful in Sitges—except for the five young men

by JOHN DOS PASSOS

• ARTICLE •

Getting off the train from Paris early in the morning at Perpignan I stood on the platform blinking from the violet impact of the clear light of the Mediterranean coast; for a second the light gave me the same feeling it had during the war nineteen years before, driving an ambulance down the Rhone valley road when the rain stopped just before we got into Montélimar; there were the planetrees with their sunmottled trunks, the light dust, the creamy rusty colors of the stucco houses, the violet brightness dazzling after the dim greys of northern Europe. It's a light that goes with the smell of figtrees and dust and rancid oliveoil. I checked my rucksack that was bulging and heavy with cakes of chocolate and soap and sausage for the trip and walked in towards the town.

Perpignan still had the sleepy but not quite dead look of the small Mediterranean citystate with its narrow streets and its ancient gate and its Catalan gothic exchange building now turned into a café, but the people looked different. There were more Spaniards, a considerable ragged refugee population that obviously didn't belong to the town. At the café in the old exchange there were groups of men in dusty boinas talking Catalan in low voices. What the devil are they doing in Perpignan? Beside me at the café where I had breakfast a thinfaced livid young man was waiting for somebody, staring down the street the yellow trolley cars came from, tapping a tattoo with two grimy fingers on the marble tabletop. Under the planetrees along the little river, where an old man was scything the long fragrant grass, I passed a sunburned lighthaired young man, obviously a squarehead German, who gave me a sharp gimlet secret serviceman's stare. What the devil is he doing in Perpignan? Up on the hill in a dusty square outside of what must have been the castle in the old days a regiment of Senegalese was lined up, their faces black and shiny in the sun. Getting warm. Time to find the Café Continental.

The Café Continental turns out to be a fine place. It's where the local buses stop and has a long sealing stucco front with grapevines on it and behind it a narrow room with the bar and tables. When I ask about the trucks and show the letter to the barman I'm introduced to a stout absentminded man dressed in dusty black with glasses on a broad face. Yes the drivers are here. They are asleep. They are leaving at noon. The waiter shows me into a little back room where I can leave my bag when I've brought it from the station. On the wall is a map of Spain with the fronts marked out with little flags. "Ours," he says smiling, pointing to the loyalist side. We look at each other smiling, we have a feeling of being among friends. When we go out into the front room, the waiter closes the door carefully behind us.

At noon the drivers were there, both French, one a lighthaired man of thirty from the north, a husky laughing guy who'd been a sailor, the other a stocky Parisian in the forties who'd been an upholsterer and had taken up truckdriving because he'd lost two fingers in a furniture factory and couldn't upholster any more. We drank our apero and then they took me to their hotel to eat lunch, a remarkably good lunch. We all ate a lot because we weren't so sure of what we'd get across the border. We said goodby a little lingeringly perhaps, to the big bosomed French woman at the cash register and walked across town to the garage where the trucks were, huge and shiny with new grey paint. We stopped for gas and we were off down the white road that ran straight down an avenue of planetrees towards mountains that bulked grey under billowing piles of clouds; the Pyrenees.

The driver was telling me how he'd been left an orphan at nine and stowed away on a freighter bound for the Black Sea and been taken care of by the captain until he could get his apprentice's papers, and was beginning to tell about the Toulon mutiny in the French fleet, when on the ramp of a bridge over a small river a gentleman with a gallows face waved to us to stop. Le controle. The gendarme was certainly no beauty. He had only a couple of teeth and no hair and a long wrinkled face full of liver spots hung over a crooked lantern jaw, but he turned out not so tough as he looked; he was going to let us by after squinting for a long time at our papers, when a patrol of the Garde Mobile came up. Their officer insisted on seeing the inside of the packing cases with which our trucks were loaded. One of the trucks was loaded with cases of gas masks for Madrid. The other had some diemaking machinery and boxes and boxes of field telephones. The patrol seemed to get bored when they opened a couple of cases and found them as indicated, but they held us up while they sent our handsome friend on his bicycle to the next village to phone headquarters for instructions. Meanwhile they smoked our cigarettes and told us about how many volunteers attempting to cross the border had been arrested. Meanwhile the clouds on the mountains spread over the whole sky and it came on to rain. Maybe it was the rain or maybe it was headquarters but they finally rather grudgingly let us go on, telling us that they were phoning Cerbère where we were planning to cross the border and that we'd be held there.

At Cerbère while the drivers dickered with the authorities I sat a long time on a bench in front of a grey shingle beach in the light drizzle, smoking sour cigarettes, watching a little group of Spanish refugee children under the care of a gentle forlornlooking young man playing an endless slow dance and song game. The drizzle stopped, the green and slate grey headlands that crowded the little harbor cleared. On the headland towards Spain the pointed vaults of a cemetery stood out sharp against the sky in the washed glass grey light. Between the fishing boats painted blue and yellow and dull red and black drawn up on the shingle a couple of thin hounds were rooting for dead fish. An airplane passed flying low far out, towards Spain. A few old men came out of the café and looked apprehensively at the plane, shading their eyes with their hands although there was no sun. Loyalist? Fascist? The plane disappeared behind the headland of the cemetery. A train came hooting out of the tunnel. It came on to rain again. A sad faced woman in black

Continued in center of page 202

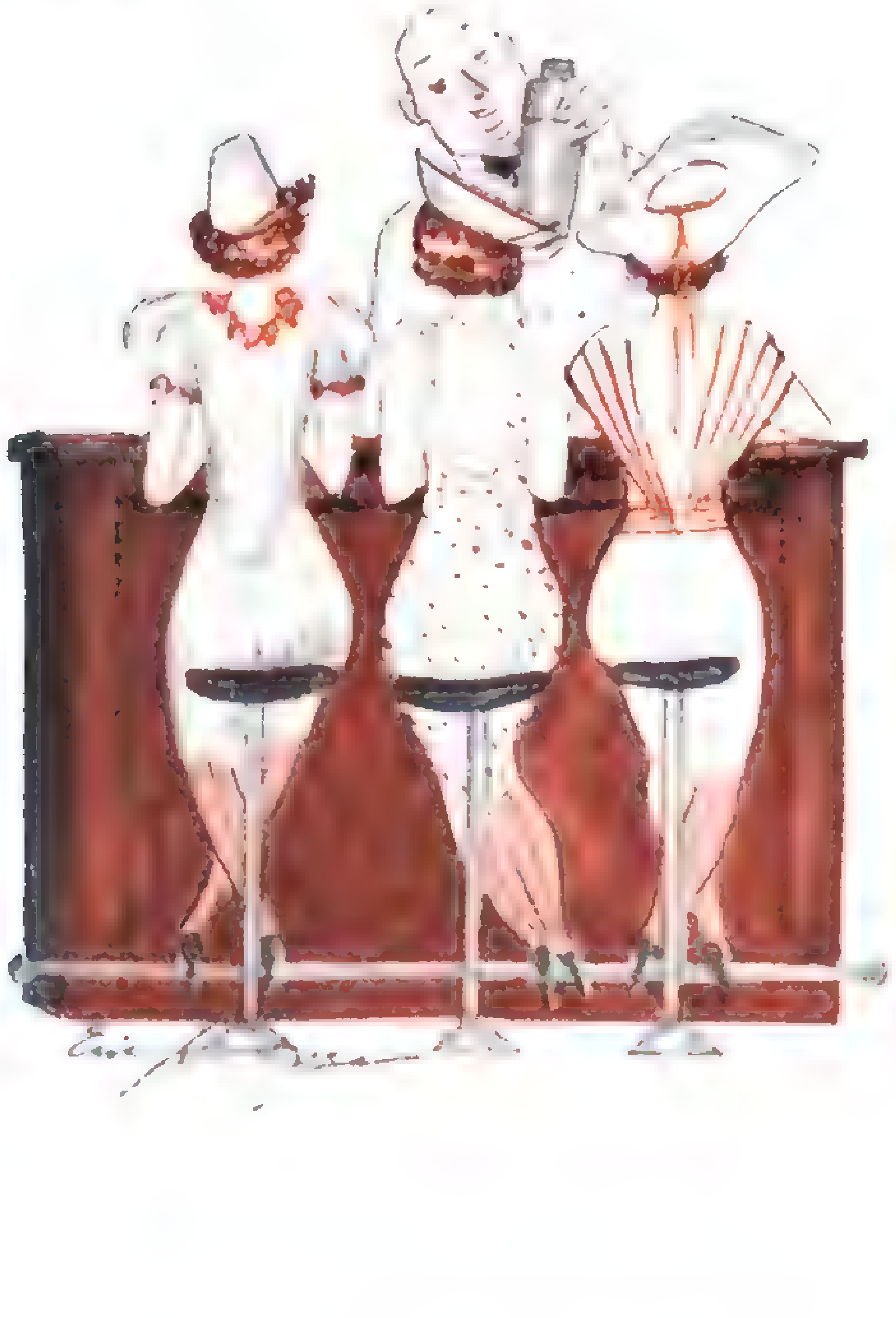
Rhapsody for a Girl on a Bar Stool

by PETER DE VRIES

DRAWINGS BY ERIC LUNDGREN

I have the scene enameled on my brain:
You perched on a bar stool like a frog on a rock
Your hat perched on your head like you on a bar stool:
This being one of the swankier joints looks like something confused
Between a hotel lobby and an aquarium.
And life is a wilderness of chromium.
What do you think I think of this, the barren glitter, the yellow and blue.
The silver plaques of slit-eyed girls in chic repose,
The vases with the yellow rose;
That blonde who waits beside the potted palm
Attenuates the afternoon in sips,
Writes with a key upon the tablecloth
And every twenty minutes touches up her lips.
And that one there who smokes a lot and calls for rum
And talks a lot and punctuates her sentences with gum.
What do they think of this, and all the thousand rigid scenes?
Why, they think life's quite simple after all
Best lived when taken lightly, like a word upon the lips.
Know how to pronounce it if you don't know what it means.

This is Saturday afternoon. Saturday evening?
Oh we'll wind up here at Crale's again, I know, at Crale's again.
The jazz reiterated through the drink and drinks,
The whimpering violin complaining to the clarinet that he is overworked.
The bass drum grumbling to the horn that he is underpaid
The stuttering of cornets
Cigarettes
With my regrets
And tomorrow (and tomorrow and tomorrow) sipping penitentially at cool tomato juice.
Yes slip me your hand Lorette. We've crossed the wilderness of words.
You are stronger than giants and more frail than the seafoam the moon finds drifting at the sea's edge
And cool and curing as the breath from the cool caves by the wet rocks and the first things.
Lorette! The whippoorwills drop silver notes
At night in secret valleys
And somewhere is a cool and greenwood with a stream
And with an incense, from the earth's heart, evocative and strange
And silence cupping all the seasons of the long world
And all the loneliness of Time.
Look upward to the starshot trees
There shall be joy as bright as pain
To burn the moment on the memory.
Lean back your head and let me lay my lips
Upon the bloodbeats in your throat.



. . . among the mirrors and the plaques.
Among the smoke of men in slacks . . .
"There's that couple again."
Do you know where I have been?
I could not tell you this, my mouth is already stopped with mountains.
You are a hat again, an angle and a sleek coiffure.
"They have just loads of fun it seems."
He could not love her half so well
Loved she not liquor more.

Before we end up here at Crale's again tonight what shall we do?
Before the night begins
And after the evening dies.
We shall for two hours thresh in rhetoric, and you
Draw on your gloves while Hamlet dies.

What can the modern girl do that her grandmother couldn't? Perch on stools.
Girls don't look bad perched on stools, their fannies spread out plumply in a row. They take to that sort of perching quite early and quite naturally. the sweet young things, the tantalizing things, throwing the arch and teasing glances across the cherry-cokes after the high school football games.

You are the tenderest loveliest sweetly scented thing
Of all the buds of girls I ever saw
But I have sipped at years I should have gulped
And took my adolescence through a straw.

She presses my hand again, leaving me more alone
Among the tinted mirrors and the busy bar.
Do you know the secret pang, the stab of fear,
The shadow that thickens in the late twenties?
Life is flight, years are the shadows of wings
And I know the peril of a brief look back.
Shall we go hand in hand along a winding road against a sun
Like in a woodcut on a jacket for a book?

There is a garden I know remembered out of the perished time
Flung into mind in the chance whirl of things
By the beautiful the streamlined bar
A garden none other will ever know, not the lady who owns it.
Ah Mother! Mother! this is the best of them,
The nook where the high magnolia waves and waves
Where all remembrance comes at last to rest, to weep and yearn.
This is the brightest and most lost,
The cakes and flowers at Tremayne's one placid afternoon.
Your hand smoothing away my child's fright,
Your voice low and mingling, in the sun and on the grass
And in the bee-spun peace.
Shining I keep it and treasured, inviolable.
A chalice to drink longing and peace, joy and sadness forever.
Sleep in the grass, my mother,
In the imperishable peace, where the niched angels muse and wait
For the trumpet sound.
How still these memories lie, like composed and considerate ghosts
Then stir and rise and walk about to haunt and burn.
A shred of song, a word, goes down the web of nerves and then . . .
Upon what casual things what infinite hungers turn!
I shall go back, to the unwinding road and the calm
To the first, far back to the first,
The morning, the Twenty-third Psalm.
Your hand is soft. There is a hunger not appeased
Nor ever known
By living two by two.
What shall I do at the treacherous hour
After I climb the stair
With no more voices, no more violins
To make the heart digress.
Could I let down my hair
And tell my Aunt Distress.

Is it you that I have heard and seen?
A rustling in the aisle, a white a drifting whisper, a veiled and floating white, a thing like seafoam on the sea, a stir like faint wind in blossoms.
And for me, waiting, the tremulous and incalculable moment,
Life and the world and the days and the nights whirling to a point.
The bright and goldlit apotheosis, germed not now with mockery.
The instant, is it, when I know that God has made you mine.
When all the streets we walk and the days we live
And the work we do and the songs we hear
And the fires we light and the nights we sleep or go unsleeping
Shall burst once into that tremendous bloom and white fire and revealing
That trembles on the edge of my confusion.
The white swell to the sacred moment.

And after that the debts.

Can we get along on what you make, you or she would ask me doubtless.
My darling dove I shall be strong and cunning.
And we shall squirt from drives in custard Cadillacs.
Unreel our honeymoon among the hotdog shacks
Out to the golden land
That leads to the sun and the moon and then back home
To friends and evenings
Among the mirrors and the plaques.

How Good Is Nippon's Soldier?

Officials shout about patriotism but recruits go right on playing sick and regulars are arrested for deserting

by ALBERT PARRY

• ARTICLE •

Prevalent in the West is the mental picture of the Japanese soldier as a splendidly irresistible warrior. He marches to whatever distant horizons he is ordered. He suffers heat and cold, hunger and wounds with no thought of complaint. At a mere reminder of his country's need he performs astounding feats of heroism. He fights and dies gladly like his forefather, the samurai, or dumbly as an obedient modern automaton. Because it is the common soldier rather than his officer that usually decides the fate of a war, it seems that in any new conflict Japan is destined to win once more, as she has won in the three wars fought since her awakening eighty years ago.

When we examine the sources whence springs this extraordinary reputation we find that it is official Japan who tells us most persistently of the superior qualities of her soldier. Singular is the reason given for the qualities: it is, you see, the national religion of today's Nippon. Discipline is common to all armies, points out Tatsuo Iwabuchi writing in *Contemporary Japan* of Tokyo for December, 1935, but in the mikado's armed forces the idea underlying discipline "is entirely different from that in foreign countries": abroad, commands are merely given by those in authority; in Japan, they are more than commands because they are issued "by the superior officers in accordance with Imperial wishes and taken by the lower officers and men as the order of the Emperor himself." The cult of the mikado is the answer: "military and naval discipline in Japan is based on national devotion to the Emperor." The latter is a divine father whose word is sacred law; soldiers of Japan "are as deeply devoted to their supreme commander as to their own father, and at the same time as reverential toward him as toward a god." Thus, any war in which the Japanese soldier may find himself is supposed to have both the immediacy of a family vendetta and the mystic height of a holy war. The command to march, shoot and die becomes a paternal order as well as a priestly relaying of the divine will.

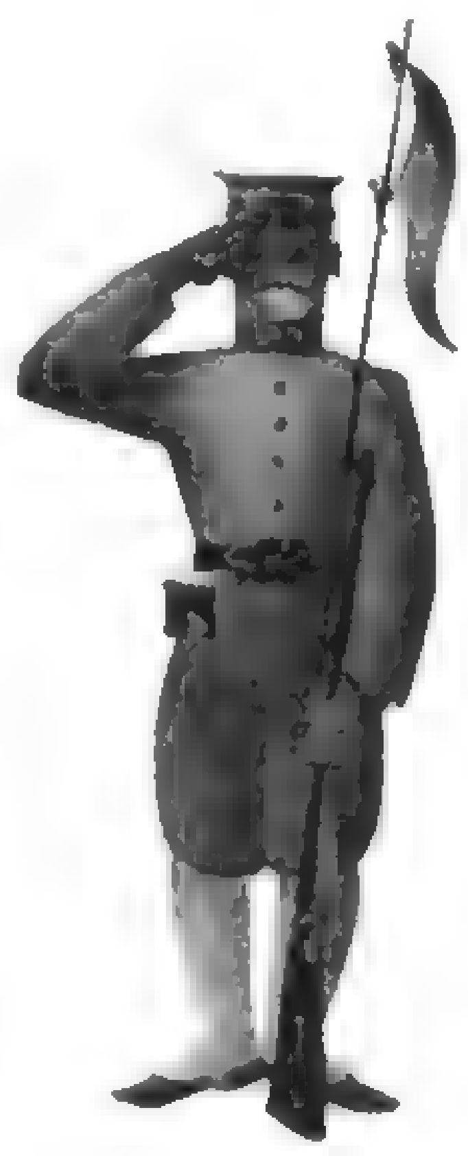
Such are the pretty tableau and lofty theory as presented by officialdom. But what of reality? Is Nippon's soldier indeed that good?

II

Even in old Japan, the profession of soldiering was not as traditionally honorable as some writers would have us believe. To samurai the contemptuous term of "rice-eaters" was often applied. The epithet meant that the awesome warriors were little else than consumers of food, that as producers they were a negligible quantity.

In modern Japan, the popular reputation of the army was enhanced as the result of the wars of 1894-5 and 1904-5, but all too soon after the Portsmouth treaty it was found necessary to teach doctrines of patriotism not only in schools but in the army and navy as well. For, alas, recruits reported at the posts with decreasing willingness. According to A. Morgan Young, author of a volume on the Japan of 1912-26, the novelty of belonging to the victorious forces soon wore off. The authorities instructed friends and kin of recruits to stage joyful processions with lanterns in honor of the lads, and this was duly done, yet the young men's evasions and desertions multiplied.

A war minister publicly denounced the recruits' unpatriotic behavior. In 1913 a Buddhist priest was prosecuted for selling amulets and prayers against conscription. Similar action was taken in subsequent years against other priests, Shinto as well as Buddhist. Yet, when Japan's insurance companies began to sell policies against conscription, the government raised no objection, presumably because it was the legitimate task of such companies to accept *all* kinds of risks.



The war against Germany, taking the form of the siege of Kiaochao, was brief and easy enough, and thus did not evoke any appreciable dissatisfaction among the soldiers at the front and the masses at home. But the Siberian adventure of 1918-22 was a different matter. To quote Mr. Young: "Bitter complaints were made, especially by some of the high military officers, of the lack of popular patriotism. Troop trains started from the Japanese garrison towns without a single cheer, and there was no enthusiasm for intervention anywhere." Rice riots swept over Japan. Unrest rumbled among industrial workers. Demands for reform were made with an unprecedented vigor, among them for reform in the army.

The soldier was regulated to a degree unknown anywhere else, except possibly in Prussia, whence much of Nippon's military edifice had been borrowed. Even the length of the private's haircut was prescribed, as were the exact distance of his desk from the window and his own posture while he sat in the barracks reading or writing. One of the results of this over-regimentation was that too often a Japanese soldier could neatly solve a routine blackboard problem but was lost in the field where an emergency called for quick and original thinking.

Following the Siberian expedition, the authorities revised Japan's service book by dropping or at least relaxing some of the detailed instructions. And yet, unrest in the army continued. Rightly or not, the authorities blamed most of it on the Communists. Beginning with about 1927, and well into the present day, the supreme command of the Japanese army has been stressing the need of vigorous anti-Communist sermons as part of official schooling of soldiers. In 1928 the academy of the general staff and the naval academy inaugurated special courses in social sciences to train officers for the anti-Marxist propaganda among soldiers.

One reason for this activity was the fact that new human material was coming into the army and the navy. Despite all the filters established by the authorities, soldiers were made of farmers and workers, of artisans and students who had partaken of unorthodox political views in their civil life and were now bringing into the fighting forces an attitude toward the existing regime that was not exactly reassuring. The schools of Japan particularly refused to toe the mark. In 1923 a reactionary minister of education introduced compulsory military training for school boys and youths beginning with the age of twelve. The students of the Waseda University, noted for its liberalism, responded with a series of persistent strikes.

Unwillingness to serve in the army and the navy appeared to grow most alarmingly. Frank H. Hedges, a newspaperman living in Japan, questioned within the years 1925-31 about a hundred Japanese youths, nearing the age of twenty, as to whether or not they wanted to serve. Only two answered affirmatively, the rest voicing an emphatic denial. The two who wanted to be soldiers came from small resort towns on the seacoast, where they served in hotels and heard stories about great cities and strange lands. They thought that to be taken into the army would be the best way to see the world. Mr. Hedges also reports that in all the ten years he lived in Japan he met only one youth who would not wait for

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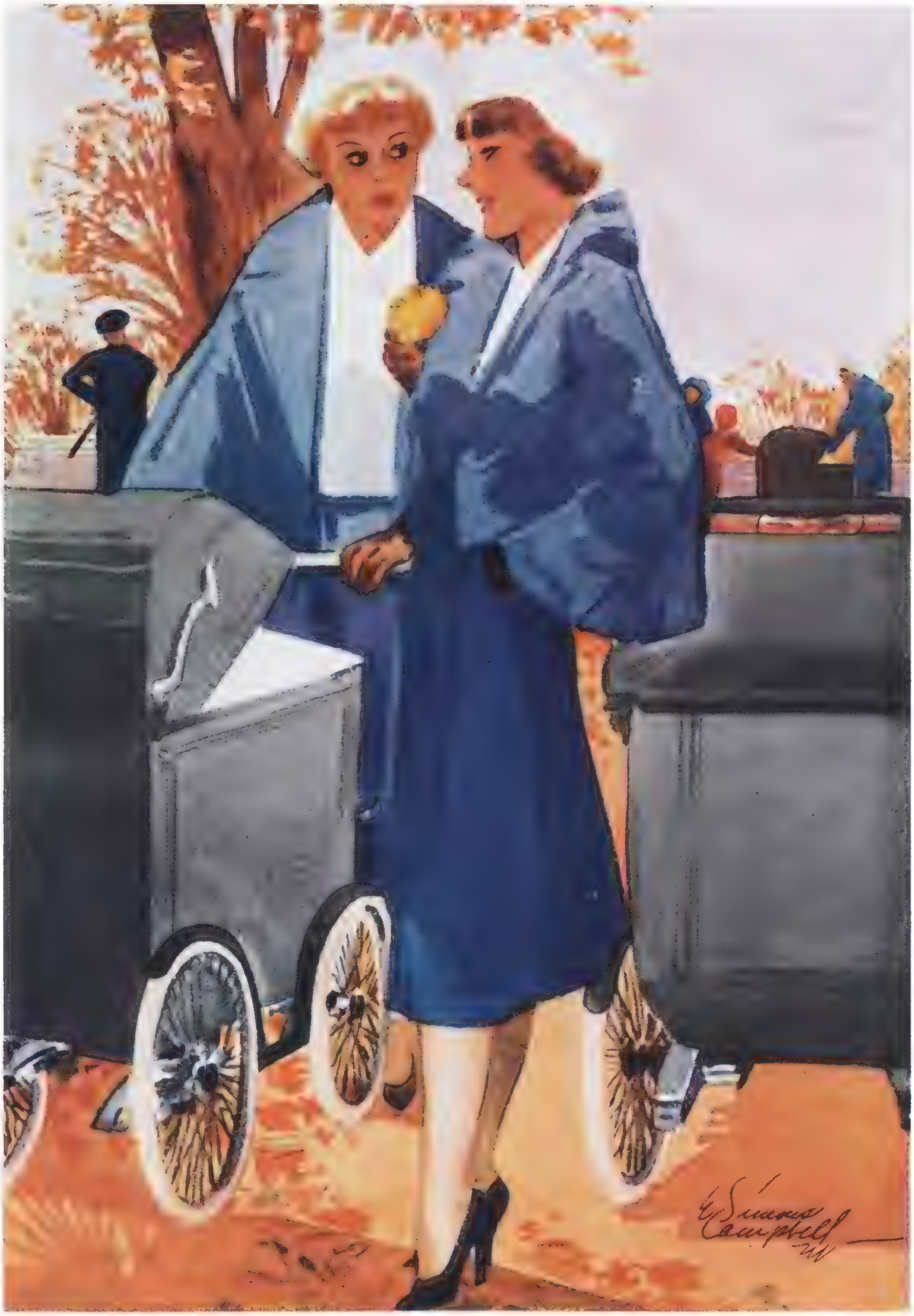
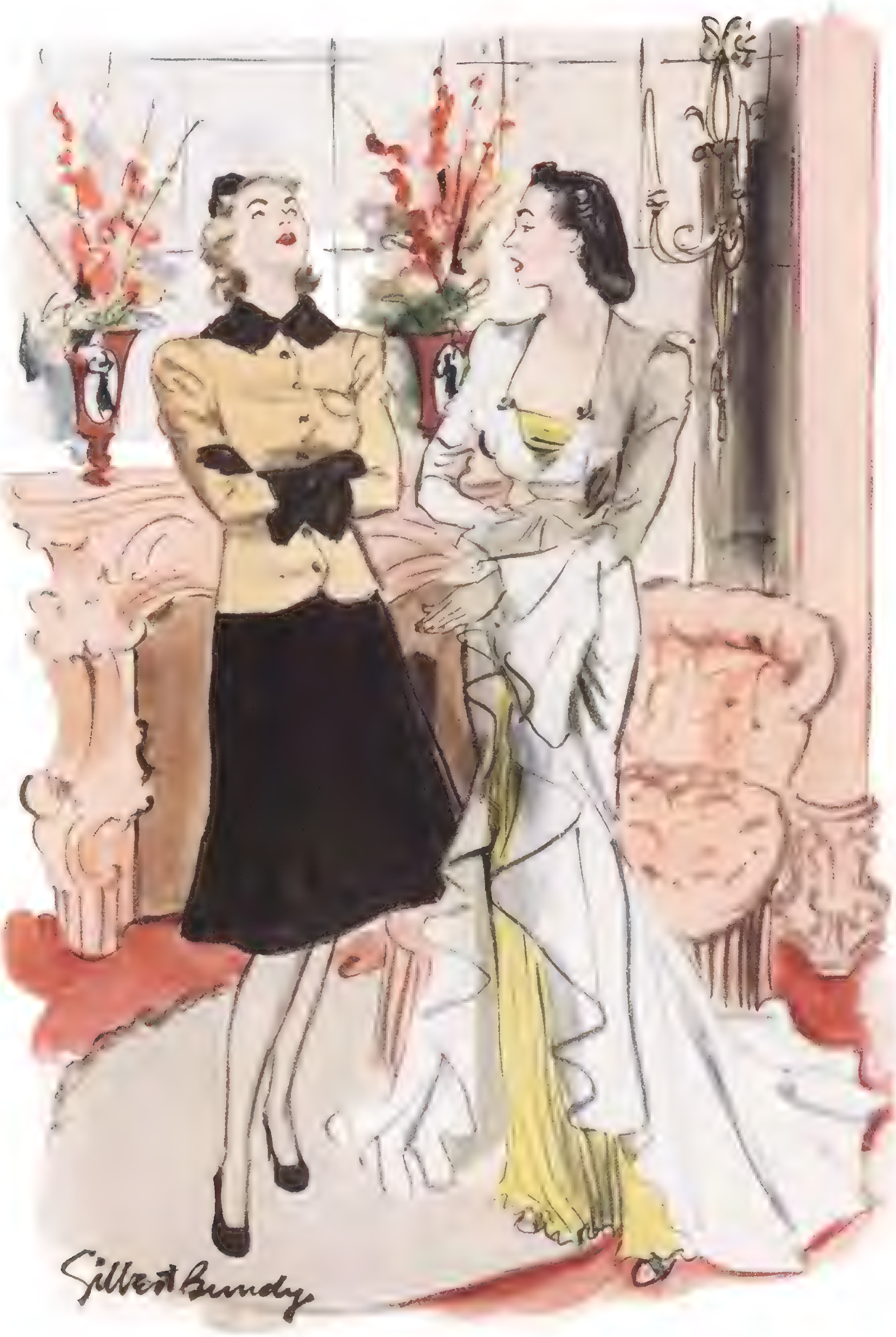

E. Simms Campbell

"No more babies for me—I'm getting married tomorrow!"



"But when I marry it's going to be for love"

Hollywood Honeymoon

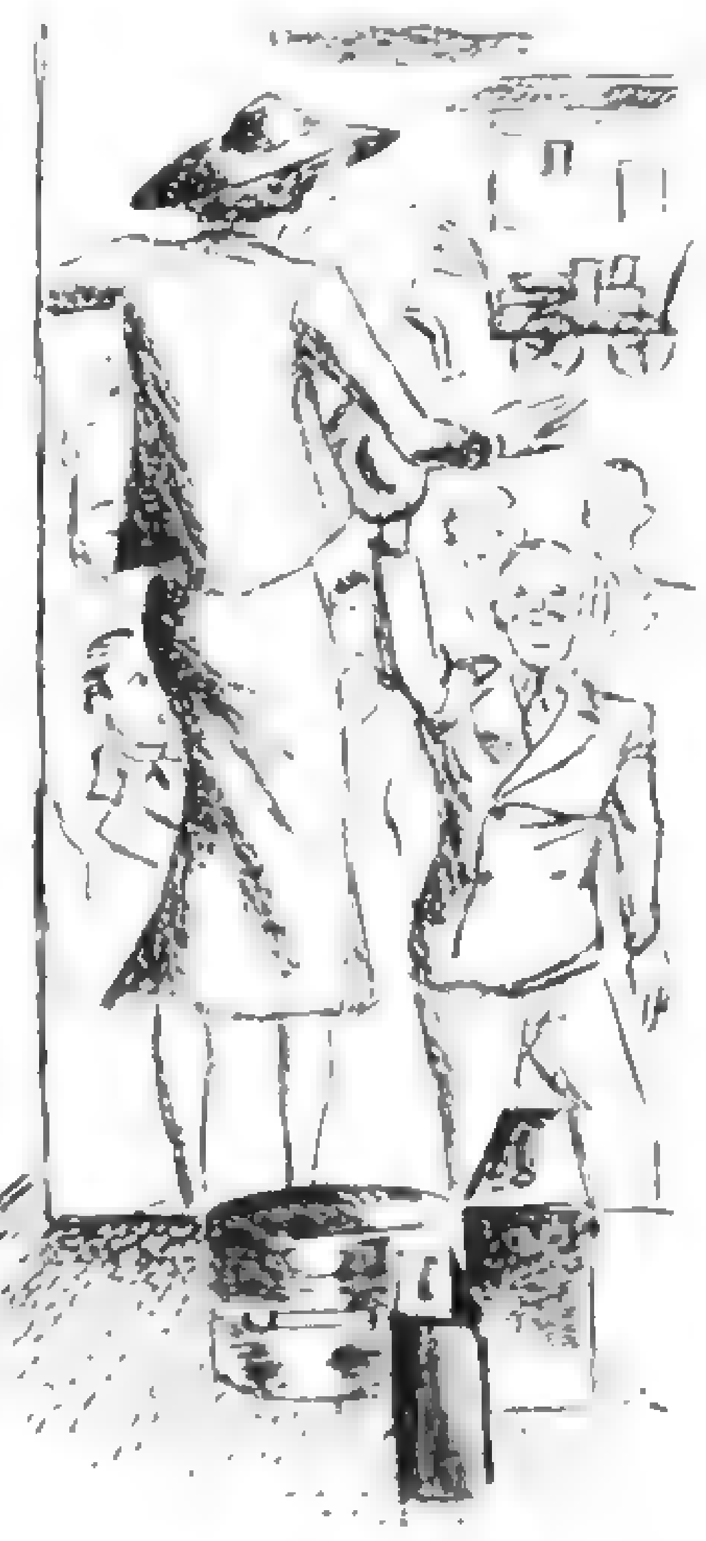
The boys on the staff agreed it was high time that Sally learned something of what is called Life

by FRANK SCULLY

• FICTION •

Though it always turns out that the innocent young thing, who has just been signed by a Hollywood producer for a seven-year build up, has been married and divorced before she was sixteen, that is not always true of newspaper girls.

Whether that's because at fifteen such girls are so intensely wedded to Keats and Homer and Dante and Milton and Eddie Guest that they haven't time for romance, or whether it's because the boys at that age don't like to hurdle a mind in order to get to an armful of loving, is hard to say. But a surprising number of such girls come into the newspaper world as innocent of the world as the virgin forest from whence came the wood pulp which makes their newspapers.



Most of these girls, of course, go the routine way before they're thirty, but Sally Selden was thirty-four and was still a starched and lovely thing, untouched by the rapacious maulings of mankind as if she were a columnist's typewriter on which the letter "I" was broken.

She was a pretty girl—prettier at thirty-four than most beauty-winners at half her years—but there was a serene Mona Lisa repose about her that just stopped every male dead. She was known from coast to coast as the hottest femme picture chatterer in a business which has developed the writing of these dry seduction notes into an amazing allure. Who was That Way about what star, and whether it was the Real Thing this time, never sounded so much like the real thing till Sally of Newspaper Alley laid it on the linotype.

Male stars in New York from Hollywood were so grateful for all she had done for them that not content with sending her everything from gold clocks to scented pictures of themselves they always looked her up as soon as they registered, determined to give her a thrill of knowing what it meant to be kissed by the guy who had made Garbo, Harlow, Crawford, Lombard, West and Dietrich limp with love—all in one year.

But, incredibly, nothing ever came off. They broke in on Sally, they gave one look at her lovely face and her limp blue eyes, and evil designs went out the window. They fussed around like schoolboys, shook her hands trying hard to let go, became garrulous as old maids, told her all the Hollywood dirt as if they were oil wells and she had tapped them, and then went off promising they'd call her tomorrow.

From then on, miles ahead of the pack of chatterers, Sally would coast along, and when she ran a little low on exclusives she would call her stars back. She had the same appeal over the phone as she had in her copy. She was overboard with allure. Again the stars would forget they were gentlemen and date her for luncheon at the Colony. But one look at those eyes and they'd go limp again.

The boys in the newspaper office had been watching this for years. At first they were worried for fear somebody would seduce Sally. As time and the river went on they began to worry the other way. And it was straight worry. It wasn't mixed up as most worries of that sort are nowadays. She didn't begin telling other girls what soft and lovely skin they had to touch. She just kept to herself and kept giving everybody's secrets to everybody else. People read her more believingly than they read Winchell.

But no newspaperman thinks that a woman's noblest function is glossing over the sex-life of movie stars and calling it romance at so much a column. Even if fifty-six papers are in her string and she makes $425 a week, while most of the mugs around her can't top $85, the mugs still feel superior to her as long as they've known life and she hasn't. The staff, to a man, was worried about Sally. Ten of them were discussing her at a draw poker game when time was taken out for a drink.

"Something ought to be done about it," said Thomas who covered criminal courts and could afford to be dull.

"Quit worrying about her, she's in fine shape," said Markham who covered sports and never saw anything to worry about if the old condition was in the pink.

"Fine shape!" ad-libbed Perkins who was always smart at repartee from having talked to so many celebrities while covering ship news. "Why, the gal's gorgeous!"

"Cut the cards," said Eddie Sawtelle who wrote bitter theatrical notes and got smarter cracks in an inch than the playwright of the same name, who was his *bête noire*, did in three acts, only nobody but the copydesk read his cracks, and not even these boys half the time.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said Perkins. "Let's make this one a jackpot and the winner takes Sally on a three-day bender."

"If you really want to do something sensible," said Thomas, "let's each put ten bucks in the kitty and draw straws. The guy who gets the shortest straw is 'it.' "

"I don't think you should bandy a gal's good name around this way," objected Sawtelle.

"Be your age, Eddie," said Perkins. "This will be the making of Sally."

"Well, I for one don't want to make her," said Sawtelle. "She's a nice girl and you're a lot of lice. You should be angeling shows, for a cut in the chorus girls."

"Do you want her to die an old maid?" Perkins demanded.

Sawtelle said no, he didn't.

"Okay, put up your ten bucks, and pray you don't get the short straw," said Perkins.

They took ten straws from a broom. Some put money, some put checks, some I.O.U.'s into the kitty.

Sawtelle prayed one minute to be spared this ordeal and prayed the next to be the lucky man. He wasn't married and winning wouldn't have been as complicated for him as for some of the others, but even so he didn't want to go gigoloafing around financed by a syndicate with highly moral attitudes about flowering womanhood.

"Sawtelle wins!" shouted Perkins.

Sawtelle looked at his straw and then at the jackpot. He couldn't think of a smart crack to save his neck. He had a feeling that he had been framed. He hadn't been watching closely. He had been thinking.

"You get ninety hours," said Perkins, "and if Sally doesn't come back with a new

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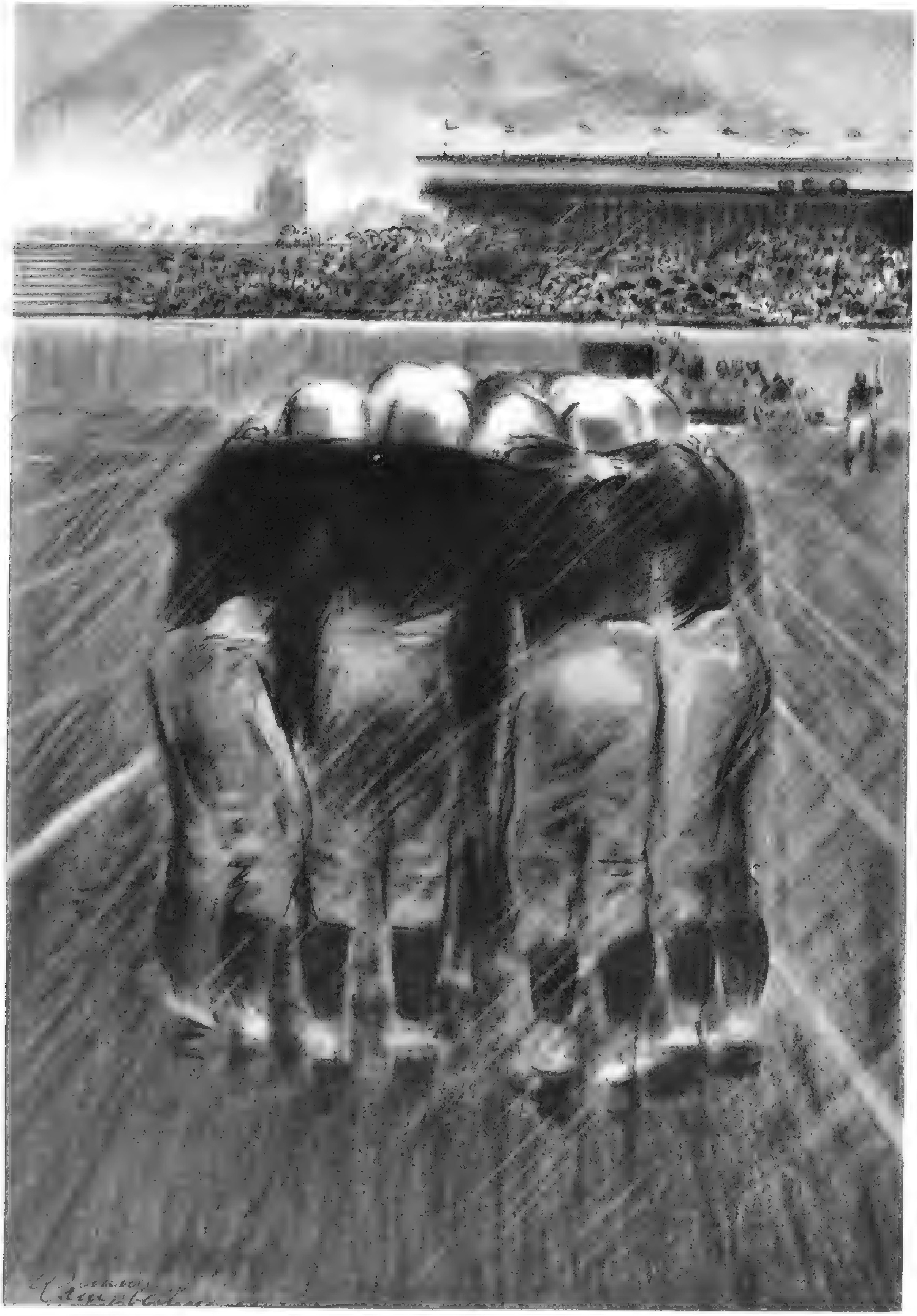


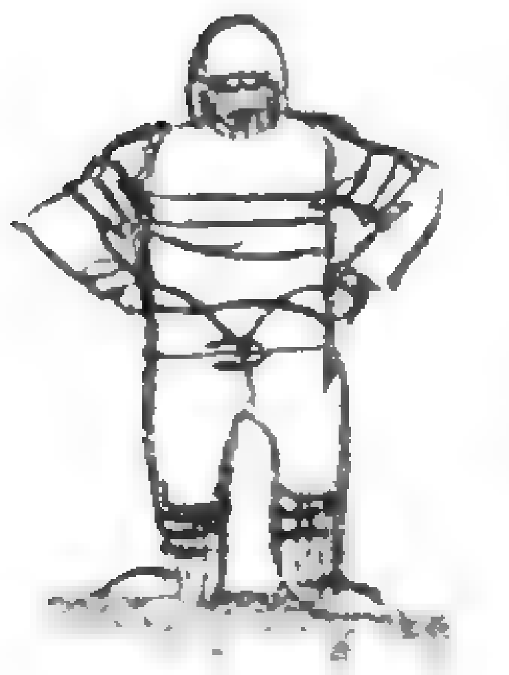
"Got that? . . . 2-8-4-7 Hilldale and ask for Mable."

One Second to Make Up Your Mind

Tip-offs from the Bears' coach to explain the increasing demand for football men who also have brains

by GEORGE HALAS

• SPORTS •



Jim Thorpe, Bronko Nagurski and Red Grange sat together on a bench in the dressing room of our Chicago Bears early this year out in California. Looking at them, I thought, "There's an entire backfield, even without a quarter." If Ernie Nevers, George Gipp, Dutch Clark and Paddy Driscoll had been present, my all-time, all-star set of backs would have been complete. That is based on personal experience with or against all of them on the field of play.

For example, the only really top-heavy defeat our Chicago Bears ever suffered, a score of 40 to 7, was administered by Ernie Nevers' team and Ernie personally scored each of the forty points.

All of them—Nevers, Thorpe, Gipp, Clark, Nagurski, Grange, and Driscoll—had hair-trigger football minds. No one of them went into action on any play with a question mark in his brain.

Now, one second is a mighty short space of time—a mere wave of the hand. If you had to make up your mind to change jobs, buy a house, get married or unmarried—all in one second—to say that you wouldn't like it probably sets a new high in understatement. But in the football game you watch this week end, the issue may be decided by a right or wrong decision, arrived at in the twinkling of an eye.

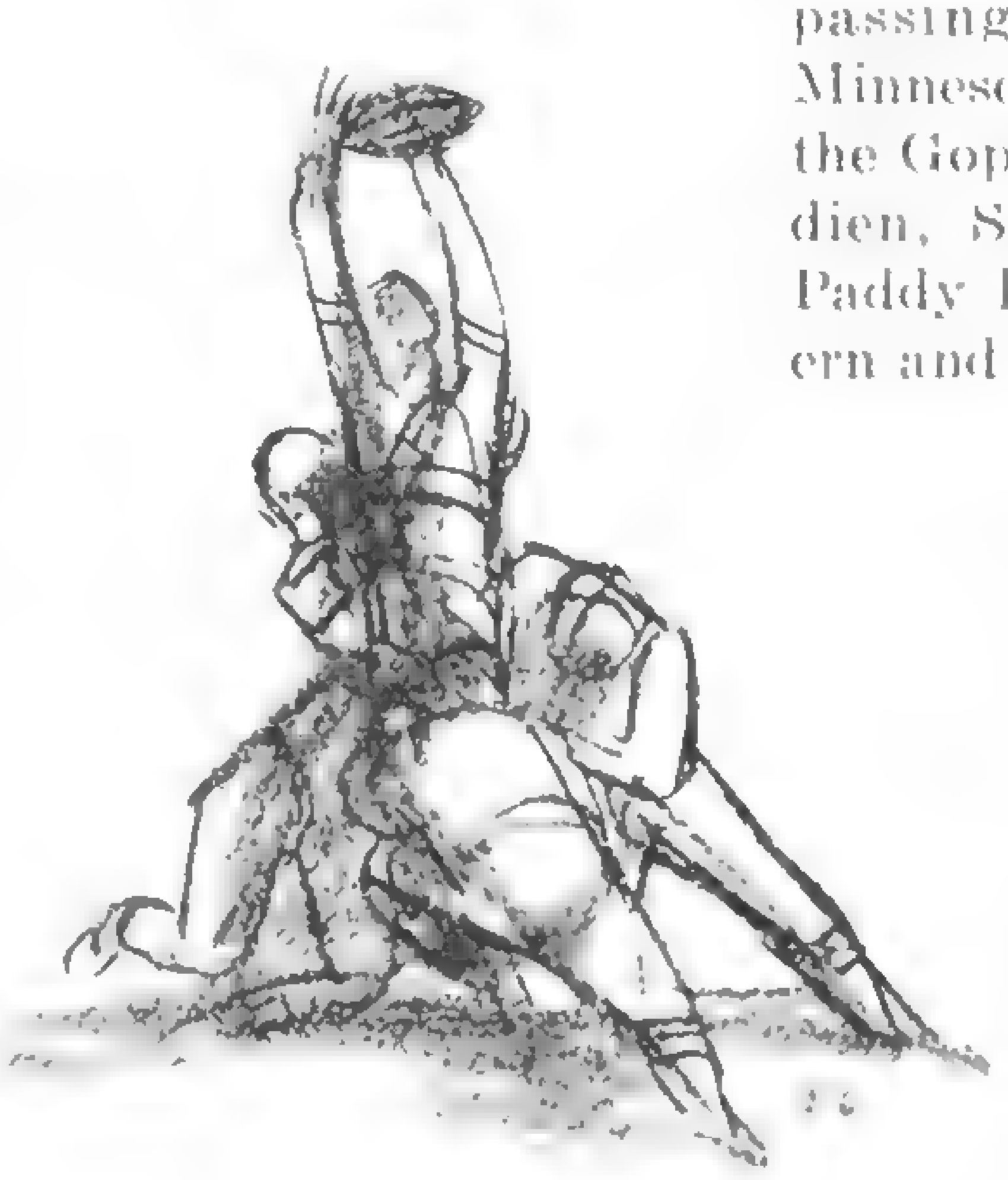
This decision will be made while twenty-two men are in motion and the movements of eleven of those men are cunningly contrived to deceive one or two key men on the defensive team. We are in an era of deception in football and presently we'll cite examples of how tough it is to make one of those one-second decisions, with very little evidence on which to base judgment.

I don't refer to decisions made as a result of a tip-off of the coming play, resulting from reading the intention of the attacking team by its formation and the placing of key men. Such tip-offs are not uncommon in football, a result of careful scouting.

For example, word has gotten around in coaching circles about the defensive methods which have often proved successful against the Notre Dame system of offense. Most coaches know about them, but they are far from public knowledge. For instance, the attacking direction of scores of high school and college teams which rigidly follow the basic Notre Dame style of play, can be forecast by the movement of the quarterback. If he goes to the left to block, the play will also go that way, ninety-nine times out of a hundred. If he blocks on the right side, the ball carrier will ultimately try to break through on that side.

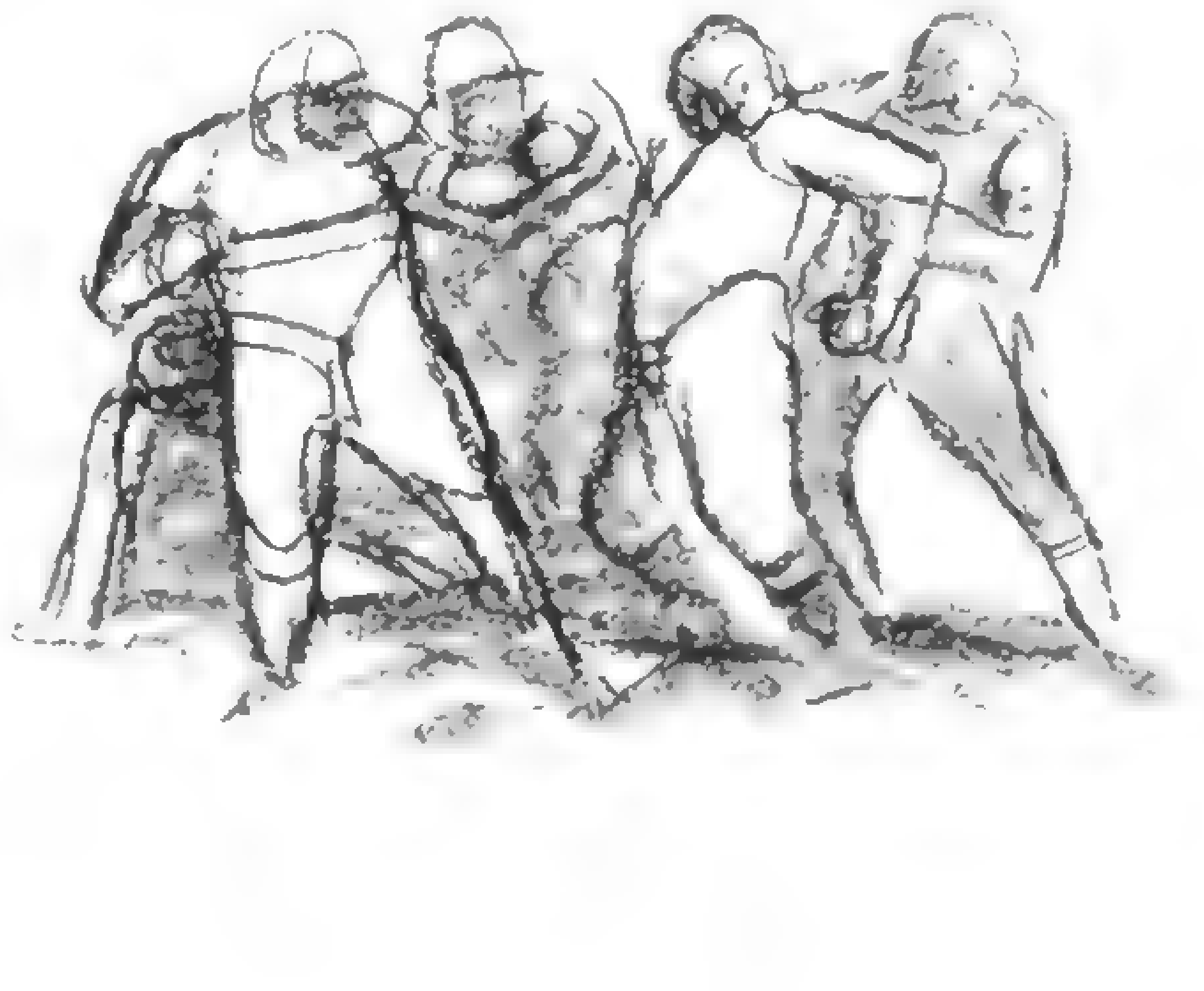
Also, the defense of many teams against high school and college elevens using the orthodox Notre Dame style, is guided by the position of the fullback just before the ball is snapped. If he is in one spot, they can reliably forecast the point and method of attack. If he is in another spot, they know what to expect with considerable surety.

Lest Notre Dame followers think I am revealing secrets precious to Elmer Layden, Noble Kizer, Jim Crowley and others, I hasten to add that they would yawn if you told them you had just read how to stop Notre Dame. They would also probably add that the Notre Dame system is still doing all right.



For that matter, every top-flight coach is conscious of the probability that the opposition has discovered tip-offs in his attack. For three years the Chicago Bears led the National Football League in yardage gained. In 1936 we dropped to second place. Our operatives reported that the other teams were reading our offensive cards. Our offense has been markedly revamped for the current season. Tip-offs, as they are known to the trade, are carefully guarded by the coach who makes the discovery. The trouble is that the coach usually has two or three friends in the profession to whom he passes the word along. Eventually, therefore, some coach, after an involved ritual in which he pledges utmost secrecy, is given a tip-off which eighteen of his fellows have already bestowed upon him with the same hushed accents.

Right now, in a confidential aside, I am going to pass on to other coaches in the National League a tip on something we discovered about Ernie Pinckert, of Southern California, now with the Washington Redskins, formerly the Boston Club. Long ago we found out that when Pinckert assumed his offensive stance with one hand on the ground, his assignment was to block our end or tackle. When he lined up with his elbows on his knees we knew he was going to carry the ball on a reverse.



And now, let's get on with the proposition of making a decision in one second. Inasmuch as most football shoptalk begins or ends with Jim Thorpe, the big Indian may well be used as our takeoff.

One day our Hammond professionals were playing the Canton Bulldogs who had Thorpe in the lineup. Our team included the famous Wyman-to-Baston forward passing combination from Minnesota and also Hauser of the Gophers; Shorty Des Jardien, Stagg's great center; Paddy Driscoll of Northwestern and others of like caliber.

Well, we worked the ball down to Canton's one yard line, fourth down and goal to make, with big Jim backing up the Bulldogs' line. Our quarter called for a buck inside the opposing tackle by Gil Falcon, our 235-pound fullback, who had a terrific charge. As the ball was snapped, I got a good blocking angle on the Bulldog tackle moving him out while Hugh Blacklock, our own tackle, drove in Doctor Spears, the adjacent opposing guard. Seeing the vacancy thus created, Jim Thorpe threw his body into the hole without waiting for the play to develop. Wow! He crashed into Falcon about a yard on our side of the line of scrimmage and knocked the giant fullback back an additional three yards.

Taking over the ball on downs, Thorpe punted out of bounds on our nineteen yard line. One moment we had been knocking at the door to a touchdown; the next we were eighty-one yards away. It was very discouraging to a bruised, tired team.

This isn't a Jim Thorpe article but it is hard to get off the subject of the big fellow. I can testify that he had a double quota of the milk of human kindness; with all of his power he was never deliberately cruel. As evidence, I cite a game wherein he had the opportunity to crucify me, but didn't. That was when I caught a forward pass in Jim's defensive zone, fell, and tried to crawl forward an extra yard or two. Under the present rules, as you know, the ball is dead when any part of the ball carrier's body, other than his feet, touches the ground.

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We Wuz Robbed

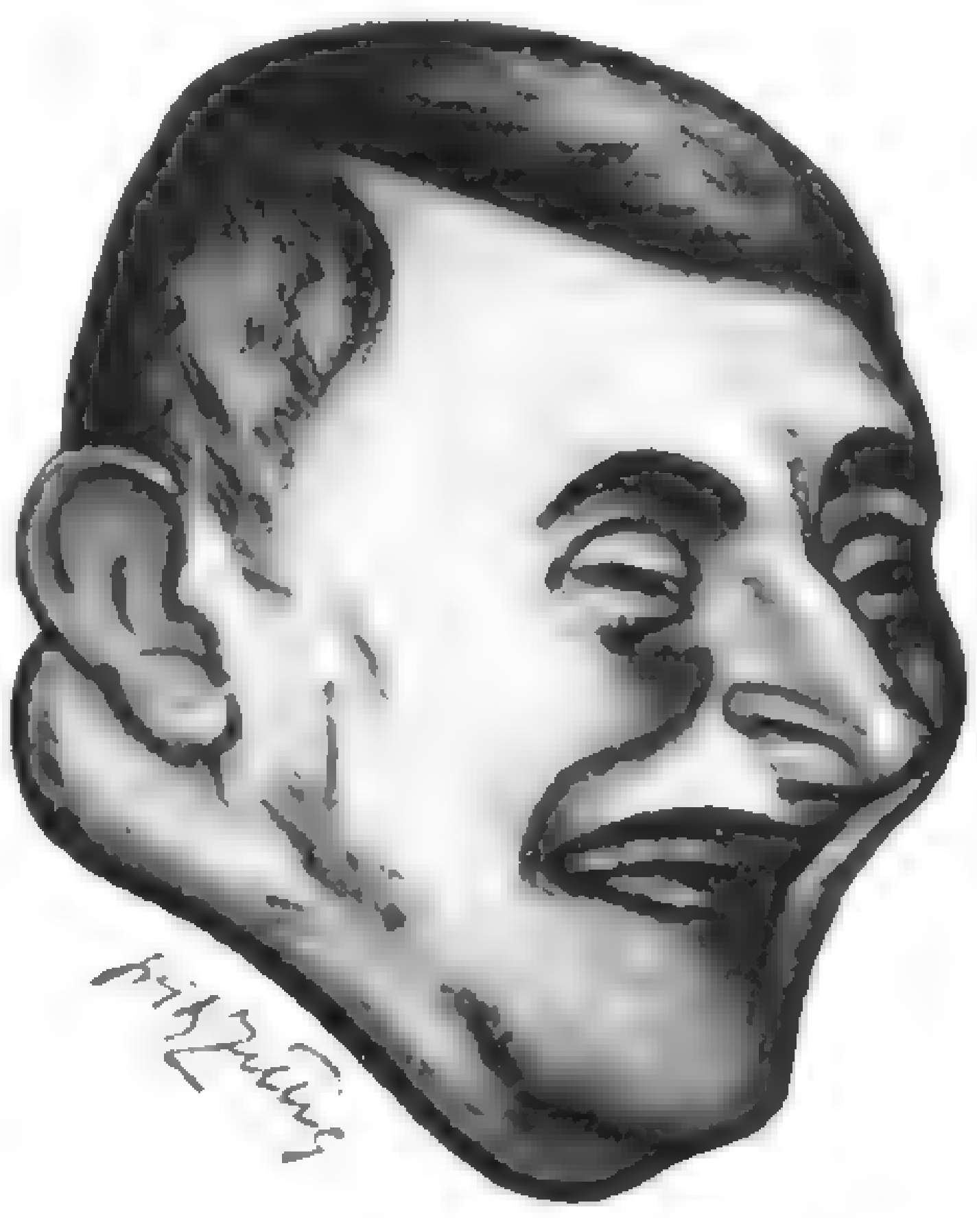
When a fighter has Joe (Yussel) Jacobs for manager, he doesn't need to worry about publicity

by THOMAS CALVERT McCLARY

▪ ARTICLE ▪

You might think that the most important thing in the universe to manager Joe (Yussel) Jacobs is the burly Black Uhlan, der Max Schmeling. But Joe's trick store teeth hold the honor.

Without his teeth, Joe is "less than nothing." He can't talk. When he says, "*Fifty grand*" it sounds like "*Five.*" This is very bad psychology to spill on sports writers, boxing commissions, and particularly fight promoters and other boxing managers. No teeth, no talk; no talk, no fight; no fight, no Schmeling. And no Schmeling, no Yussel doing cartwheels along the tight-rope of a German idol and Nazi Government on one hand and a very largely Jewish controlled and Semitic customer American boxing business on the other.



It is a ticklish situation, but Joe Jacobs does not tickle easily. He would rather talk. He does talk, wriggling in and out of dizzy international complications which would make a Talleyrand or a Metternich tremble. If there are no complications, Joe talks anyway. He is accused by uncouth gentry of the newsprint of even talking in his sleep, and that with a big cigar in his mouth. According to legend, the cigar lights up every time Joe thinks of a sum of money over fifty grand. That keeps it burning steadily.

For years, Joe had his special 3-for-$1 brand made by Old Man Melse at Thirty-seventh Street and Eighth Avenue, New York City. When old Melse died a few years back, Joe's friends almost drove him screwy until he hit on another brand of cigar which they enjoyed. Melse's cigars followed Yussel all over the world and gave considerable trouble to secret agents in countries where it was feared the tightly wrapped stogies might hold secret missives. Finally, in desperation, Joe made official complaint that either the secret agents stop looking for secret messages or else learn to re-roll cigars properly.

Sports writer Walt Stewart was the first to time Joe's smoke—under ordinary circumstances, twenty-eight minutes flat to the cigar.

During crises with the State Boxing Commission, Joe envelops himself in a one-cigar smoke screen in twenty-three minutes and thirty-nine seconds. His oratory at such times is seven words per minute faster than Floyd Gibbons' record and the volume of noise he makes has driven more than one promoter to sign contracts in ear-splitting, numbed defeat.

Joe's teeth are reputedly his sole conscience, holding him back from too much high wassail at which sport he is the undisputed night club champion.

The higher the wassail, the more Joe talks. When he works up to the fifty million dollar gate point the teeth give a metallic (gold) ping and hit the canvas. Sometimes Joe keeps right on hollering and awakens next morning with that terrible empty feeling in his head.

This is far worse than a mere thick head, for which he drinks pitchers of milk. Joe can't make the telephone operator understand that he wants long distance and a fresh box of cigars. And Joe without cigars and a long distance telephone voice is something terrible to behold. He rants and raves and jumps on his bed. He manages to bellow only one understandable sentence on which he is exceptionally well practiced: "*We wuz robbed!*"

Joe claims to draw complete blanks during tall wassail. It is recalled that Tex Rickard once brought up the previous evening's negotiations.

"I can't remember nothing," Yussel claimed. "I drew a blank."

"Is that so?" asked Tex with the well-known conscience of the sporting gentry. "Well, you agreed to pay me fifteen grand to settle the matter."

"Yi, yi!" Yussel yowled. "I can't remember nothing, but it was nine thousand!"

By mid-afternoon, Yussel's teeth always show up. Bartenders and taxi drivers from the Bronx to the Battery know them by sight. Sports columnists whisper that Yussel has his name and address engraved on the back. Very likely, these are embittered pals who once had blonde girl friends, for introducing a blonde to the cherubic Yussel is like mixing water with water.

One jealous scribe once beefed to the point where Joe's sense of justice and truth was deeply stung. "I took her out when you was busy and sent her home, didn't I?" demanded the injured Joe.

"Yeah," grumbled the soured scribe. "You sent her home. Two weeks later!"

Joe is still injured by such an attitude. "I can't understand it," he wails. "It was all in fun. We had a swell time. Besides, it was only four days. He could trust me like a brother."

Bachelor Yussel is a favorite of the Broadway belles, the Waterloo of more than a few millionaire playboys. Nobody has ever out-grabbed Yussel on a check. His memory for telephone numbers is elephantine.

As not even his detective brother, Casual, has the slightest idea where Yussel lives or how to check his movements, there is a sigh of relief from smartly dressed lads along the Main Stem when a Jewish holiday or a big fight looms in view. Yussel is very strict about religious days. On Yom Kippur and other holidays he absents himself from more worldly haunts. During the year following his father's death he visited the synagogue daily. His donations to Orthodox charities are large, and in the midst of chaos before a big fight he will take time off to visit the Rabbi Schick at the synagogue on Thirty-fourth Street between Eighth and Ninth Avenues.

However, he returns to neon lights with a more roving eye than ever. In the old days of his flashy dressing, such times called for a new burst of violent sartorial elegance. But of later years he has become a very subdued dresser and now wears not more than two or three blinding colors at once. Possibly this denotes a change toward greater subtlety within his nature.

In a world where front and The Big Bet are paramount business assets, Yussel has steadily climbed to peaks as manager of the World's Heavyweight Champion and one of Broadway's big money makers. If Yussel's more subdued sartorial tastes were in the nature of parsimony, there are those among his enemies (of which any fight manager has plenty) who would make capital of it. What, only nine shirts this month? He must be going broke! This is a very vicious statement in the fight world for it means a manager's judgment and hustling ability are on the skids. But Yussel need not worry about such black accusations. The felt of his spotless pearl grey Wurtz & Wurtz chapeau is of twenty- or thirty-dollar texture. The Budd label is not even worn smooth upon his luxurious shirts, and Sulka's are happy to stay open late when he is shopping.

Herr Yockups, as Der Max would fondly call him, did not achieve his enviable and dangerous pinnacle of fame by chance alone. He began on the bottom by being a Jew in a Black Irish neighborhood and by a penchant for fighting without being able to handle his fists. At least he could handle his fists up to a point, but then he would call down the curses of Semitic gods upon the infidel Irish and when he began talking his fists would go off in the wrong directions.

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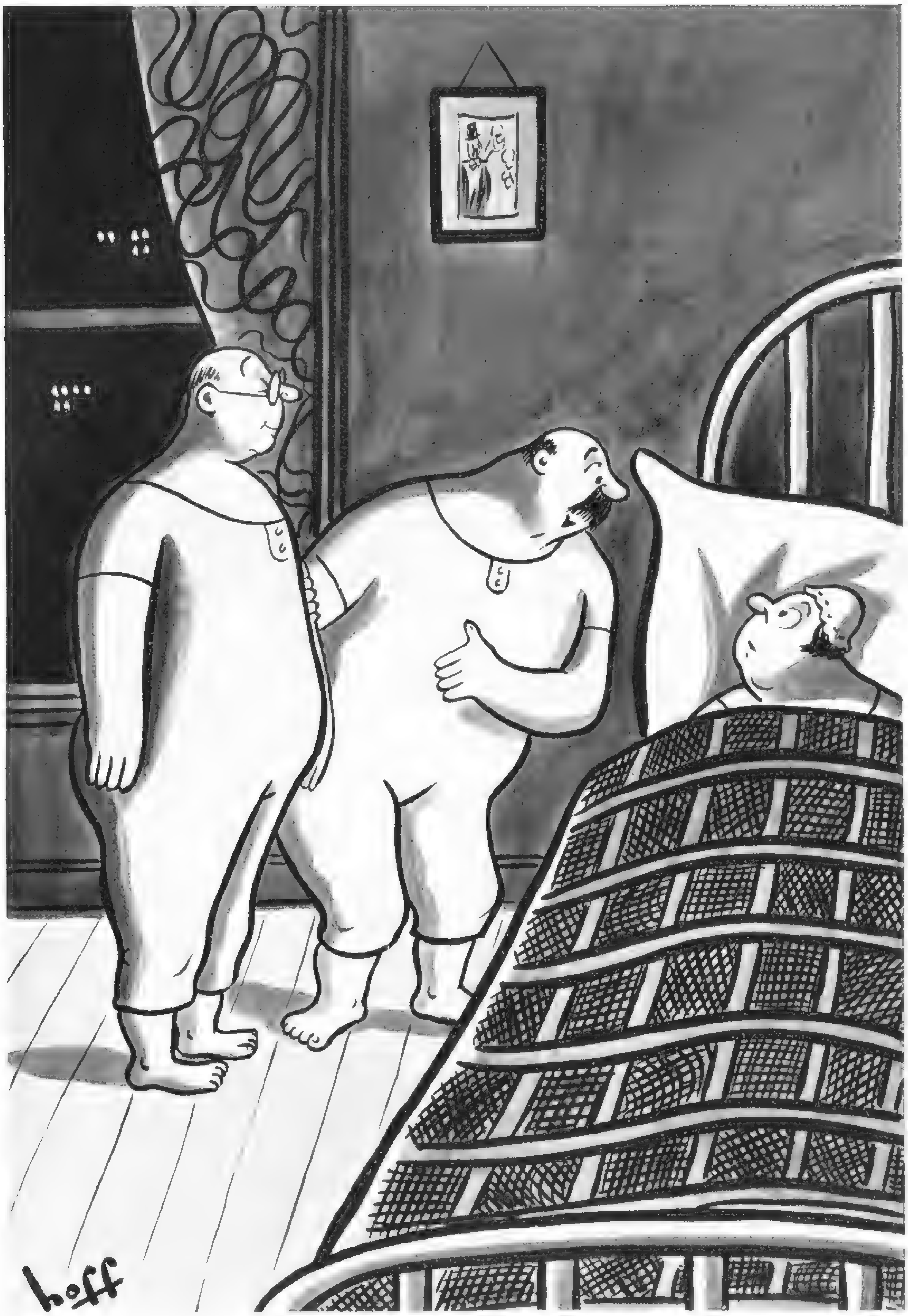
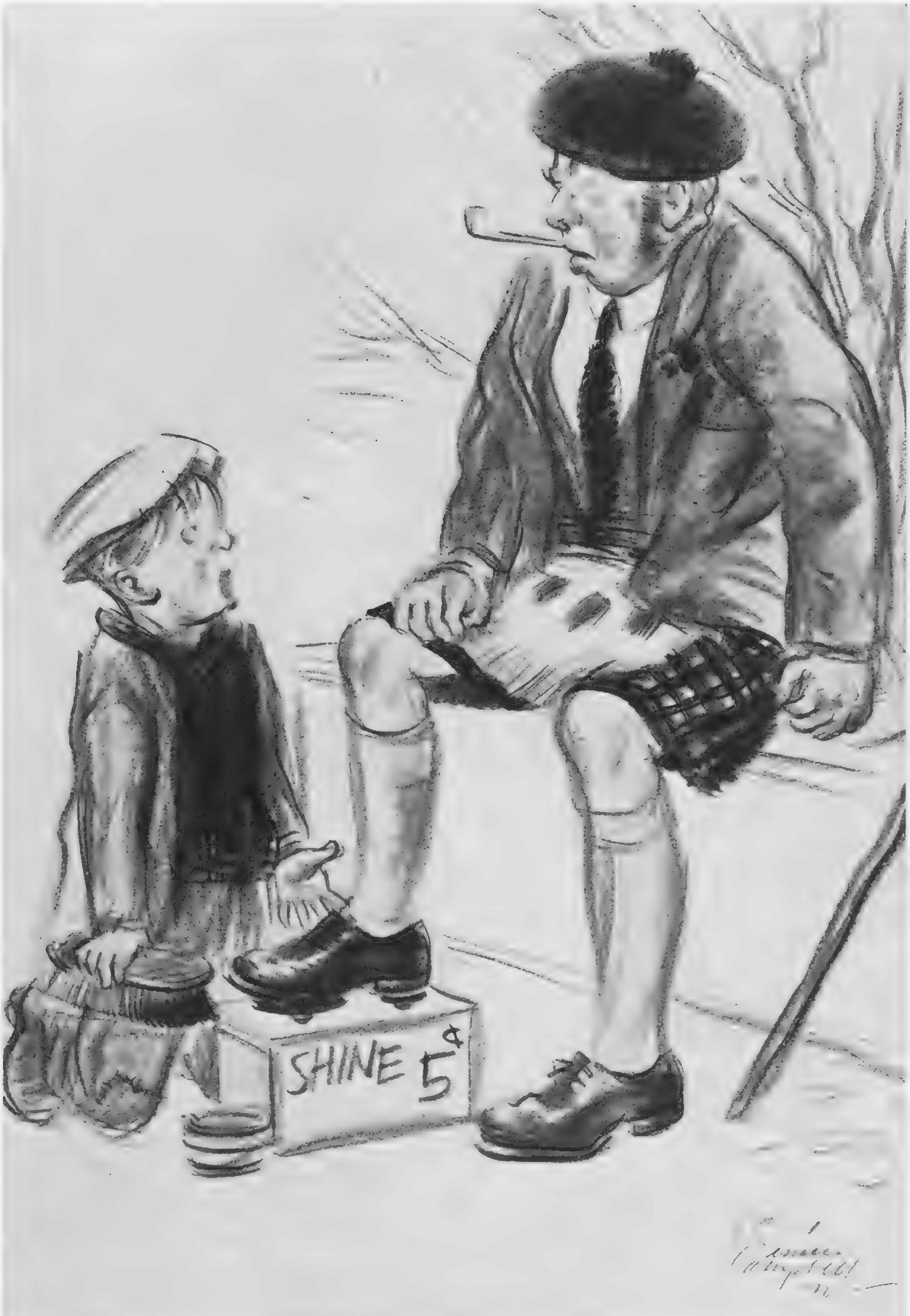


"Do you mind darling? . . . Mr. Leiber missed the last train home."



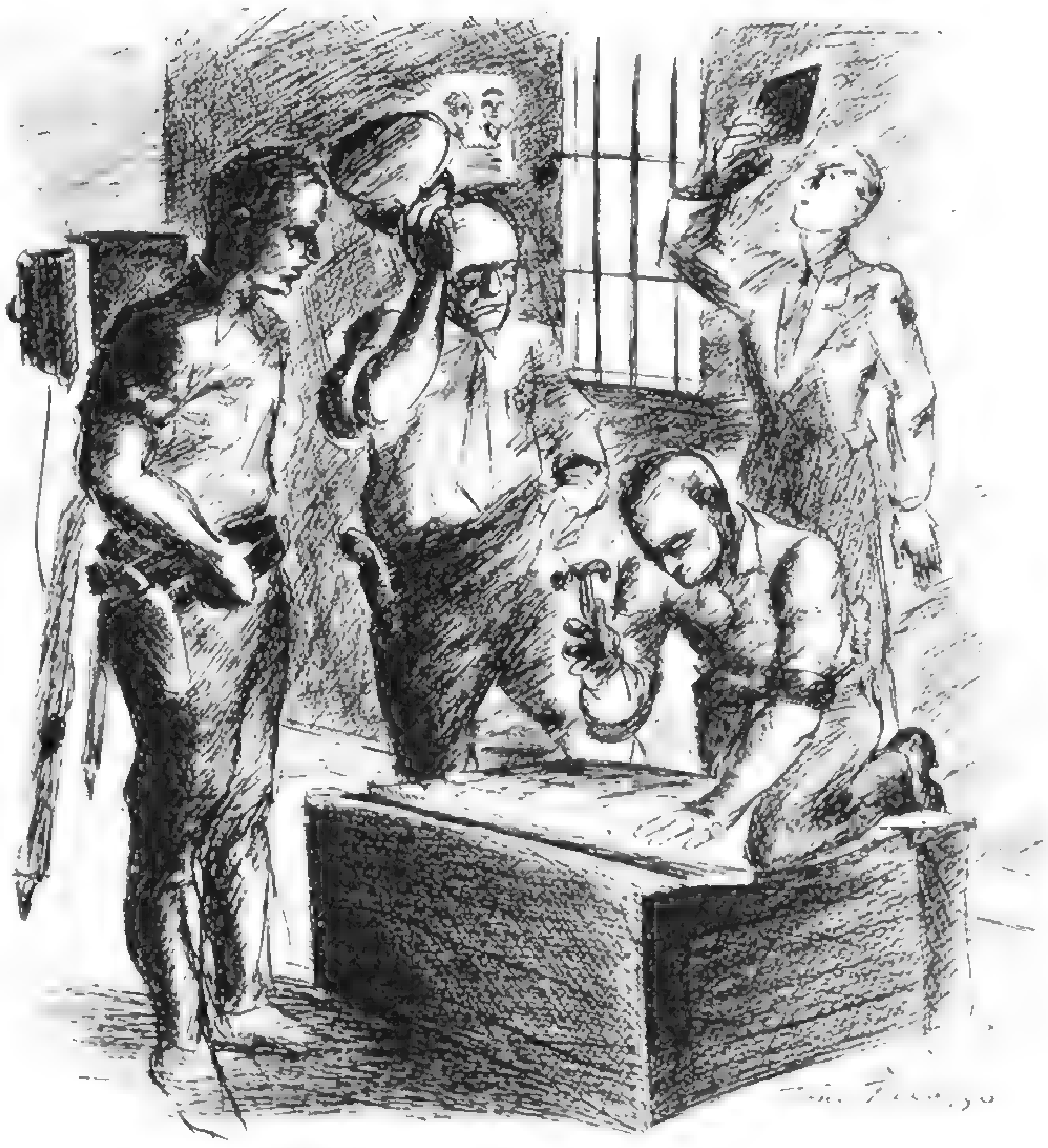
"Why get sore—I simply asked if you wore a petticoat too."

The Eerie Mr. Murphy

At first the strange little man only stopped clocks and watches but that was just the beginning

by HOWARD WANDREI

• FICTION •



No one knows where he came from, and no one knows where he is now, nor how he got there. He is a subtle man at getting about, and very dangerous in spite of his appearance. Like the Everlasting Jew, he may be the next man that passes unobserved on the street, and though he is never mentioned by name, his dreadful talent may be seen at work almost daily in the newspapers. In the past tense, the reason why something ought to be done about Murphy is plain enough, eventually:

There was not more than one hundred and thirty pounds of Timothy Murphy. His height was approximately right for his weight, but he appeared shrunken because he was shrinking from the prodigious thing within himself, his own, unwanted, diabolical genius. His head, balanced on a slim neck like a woman's, was a few sizes too large for himself. His white forehead bulged, and his round black eyes always looked frightened, as though he had just found out that he had got leprosy somehow, and his straight black hair was always somewhat mussed. His blue suit fitted him all right, but he had made the last press do for some while.

To the best of anyone's knowledge, Murphy made his initial appearance at the age of twenty-five or -six years near the intersection of Fourth and Wisconsin Streets in the city of Groveland. It was a broiling August noonday, and he was engaged in the comparatively innocent pastime of stopping clocks and watches. His method was unique.

Accosting the large and perspiring figure of a banker named Beresford, Murphy said worriedly, "Pardon me, but I wonder if you could give me the right time."

Beresford paused long enough to fish a splendid platinum watch out of his vest and gave Murphy the correct time within a couple of dozen seconds. Not much thicker than a silver dollar, the watch was uncommonly accurate and one of the best pieces money could buy.

"Thank you," said Murphy. "But I think your watch has just stopped."

Automatically Beresford glanced up at the stained face of the courthouse clock a block away.

"I'm sorry," Murphy apologized in a reedy, melancholy voice, "but the courthouse clock has just stopped, too."

Beresford thought Murphy was trying to pull some kind of stunt, because the big clock in the tower had finished bonging off the noon hour only a few minutes previously. But he remembered the insidious Murphy when he returned to his bank, hot and flustered at finding himself late for the first time in his life. That princely watch of his had stopped, never to go again until the whole works, including the stem, were replaced by the manufacturer. The giant Belgian clock in the courthouse tower had stopped, likewise, and the chimes were jammed. Men who knew all about clocks worked whole days on the courthouse giant and quit, baffled. The only time the clock ever told after that was the time of Murphy's strange visit.

Murphy wasn't fooling.

Not far from the courthouse he stepped from the curb and walked up to the front seat of a fire truck which had rolled up behind a pair of passenger vehicles waiting for a change of lights. The truck was returning leisurely from a false alarm.

"Your motor has just quit," Murphy told one of the firemen, "and you won't be able to get it started again."

The driver looked at him, noting that he was a queer little guy somewhat green around the gills, then began jamming his heel down on the starter because the motor had just quit.

"And there is going to be a terrible traffic jam," Murphy added, walking away. After the lights changed there was considerable embarrassment: traffic jammed rapidly, and the jam held for hours.

Murphy stopped two more motors later on, but mostly he confined himself to stopping clocks. Most of the clocks in the business district stopped, including electric clocks and the chronometers in jewelry store windows. It wasn't necessary for him to tell anyone when a clock or watch was going to stop, or a car motor. When it was convenient he would just make his announcement out of courtesy.

Certainly his preoccupation with timekeepers and gasoline motors was doing no one any real harm. But then something horrible occurred.

At first it was a remote drone in his ears that he was scarcely aware of. Through some accident of the atmosphere the drone became a loud lunge of sound that drew Murphy's attention to the heights of the sky overhead. It was the exhaust of a tri-motored airlines transport that gleamed like a soaring silver hawk in the sun.

It was Flight Number Six for Salt Lake City; it was perfect flying weather and the plane was in perfect condition, but Murphy groaned, "Oh, God! It's going to crash!"

Shuddering, he wiped the sweat from his face. There was no sound in the sky as he continued on his way, keeping his eyes on the sidewalk as much as possible. The plane hadn't crashed yet, but it was going to, and Timothy Murphy knew that he was the murderer of all aboard. Innocent persons.

The announcement of the crash, in which fourteen were killed, interrupted a program of dance music coming over the radio of a taxi parked in front of a hotel as Murphy passed. The music was resumed.

"That radio is going to stop working," Murphy thought dismally, "and the meter in that hack won't work from now on, either."

Therewith the radio stopped working. The cab-driver was fiddling with it as Murphy looked wretchedly over his shoulder and saw the driver open the door for a couple who had just emerged from the hotel.

Murphy felt so foul that he proceeded to police headquarters and gave himself up; if he remained at large there was no limit to the heinous things he might do. Unconsciously. He had slain fourteen with a stroke of the eye.

He said to the desk-sergeant, "I am

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When Cars Were Very Young

An old timer recalls the wonder and the glory of the first auto show, for the enlightenment of all young punks

by PAUL W. KEARNEY

• ARTICLE •

BACK in 1900, when one H. Ford was making $1,000 a year as night engineer in the Detroit Edison Company's plant, we had the first American Automobile Show in the old Madison Square Garden, New York.

That was the year when city parks were first opened to the automobile; when one ferry line decided to allow gasoline cars on their boats—provided they took the end of the lane so they could be dumped overboard if anything happened: it was the year when Fire Chief Croker bought a Locomobile Steamer and New York City had its first auto ambulance.

It was the year, too, when the Automobile Club began to post road signs from New York to Boston; when Columbia startled them by moving the engine up under the hood; when the first Motor Stable was opened on West 58th Street; when a Yonkers motorist was overcome in his barn by a "mysterious gas."

Packard, Studebaker, Olds, Autocar, Timken, Fisk were in that show. As was John Wanamaker, agent for the Orient car then, but later the first Ford dealer in New York. Among the others present were the Waverly, the Grout, the Elmore, the Northern, the Prescott, the Winton, the Stearns, the Standard. Remember?

And they were cars. No tops to scoop in the wind; no windshields to get dirty; no fenders to get bent; only ninety inches (or less) of wheelbase to park; no back-seat drivers because most of the models seated only one passenger beside the driver. The steering wheel had not yet displaced the tiller; the chain drive was chiefly used; the pneumatic tire was making only feeble inroads on the dominance of solid rubber (sizes 36x3); the odometer, enabling you to measure your mileage instead of guessing at it, was already on the market; and the new acetylene lamps (you put the crystals in a container and added water) were quite the rage.

Primitive, eh? Well, don't get snooty. We had several rear-engine cars then—the thing the automotive bigwigs are talking about again now; Packard had a cigar-shaped, streamlined racer; Daimler showed a V type, 4-cylinder engine; Locomobile displayed a car with a section cut away to demonstrate the running parts, even as in 1937; most cars had four speeds forward and two reverse; and the Quaker Gas Carriage exhibited a very flashy model in white with red running gear and pigskin upholstery.

Body types included the surrey, the hansom, the waggonette, the voiturette, the coach—none of which you have today—and of innovations there was no end. The Cugnot Carriage employed the power on only one front wheel to reduce skidding in sharp turns (what the electrics accomplished by having a separate motor for each driving wheel); on the Winton the high-gear clutch, when thrown forward, was an emergency brake; on the Woods Electric the controller handle, reversed, served the same purpose, there being a separate controller to reverse the car. On the Columbia Mark VIII, a single cylinder gas car, a "very novel innovation" was the foot press by which the speed could be increased without changing-gear; on the Waverly Steamer the steering tiller was also a pump to force water into the boiler; and the Elgin Winner, weight 700 lbs., price $675, net, had variable speeds of from 4 to 15 miles per hour.

"A very novel feature of the 2-cylinder Autocar," said a contemporary comment, "is the fact that the vehicle is at all times under perfect control."

As a matter of fact, it may surprise you young snides to know that a lot of things said about those early cars are still being passed off on your naiveté as current news.

"A cursory examination of the American automobile," said one writer, "shows that the question of safety has been practically solved."

Said another: "It is noticed that the manufacturers have considerably lowered the center of gravity of their vehicles as compared to earlier types."

"The speed question," writes still another in 1900, "has been entirely eliminated from consideration and the trend is more toward comfort, endurance, strength and economy."

No wonder that with over three hundred types of cars shown, ranging in price from $280 to $4,000 for domestic makes, every vehicle on the floor was sold before the end of the show.

Orders for future delivery, booked that November, were promised for April 1.

Simplicity of operation, of course, was the answer. For example, the instructions for starting a 1900 model merely said:

"First, be sure to check the water, petrol and lubrication. Then turn on the cock under the petrol tank; take the plug from your pocket and put it into position; take the cork out of the petrol tank and fit in a second cork with a slit cut in it as an air vent; pull the throttle valve (if your model is equipped with one) fully open; put the switch into position and throw the motor out of gear. To forget any of these points will result in the car not starting. You are then ready to adjust the spark lever and begin cranking."

The description of another early car's dash board read:

"The box to the left of the dash contains the batteries; that to the right the coil and 2-point switch so either battery may be used. The foot-lever farthest to the left gives the 1st speed, and when the hand-transmission lever to the right is moved forward it gives the 2nd speed; with the hand-lever still farther forward it gives the reverse. The second upright foot lever to the right gives the top speed on direct drive. The horizontal pedal between the two levers operates the brake on the transmission while the foot lever farthest to the right is for the emergency brake on the rear wheels. The throttle is controlled by the wheel directly below the steering wheel and the ignition by the small lever directly below this."

Notwithstanding all this, it was in one of these cars that Lorillard Spencer, Jr., was arrested for speeding when he kept pace with a trolley car for a number of city blocks—and fined $2. For, you must remember, these 1, 2 and 3-cylinder machines ranged from 3½ to 12 horsepower and were capable of speeds as wild as 15 to 20 miles an hour. At the same time, however, racing cars of 110 and 120 h. p., were being built (mostly by the French who dominated the field then, hence the carry-over of such terms as *chauffeur*, *limousine*, *tonneau*, *chassis*, etc.), and it was in one of these $10,000 imports that William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., tore off a straightaway mile in 39 seconds.

That gentleman, incidentally, just out of college then and rarin' to go, did more to put motoring on the map than any ten individuals you can name. First with his famous *Red Devil* Mercedes and then with its succeeding *White Devil* (the pet names are eloquent!) he stood the citizenry on its collective ear with his astonishing achievements and in early literature you'll find his name

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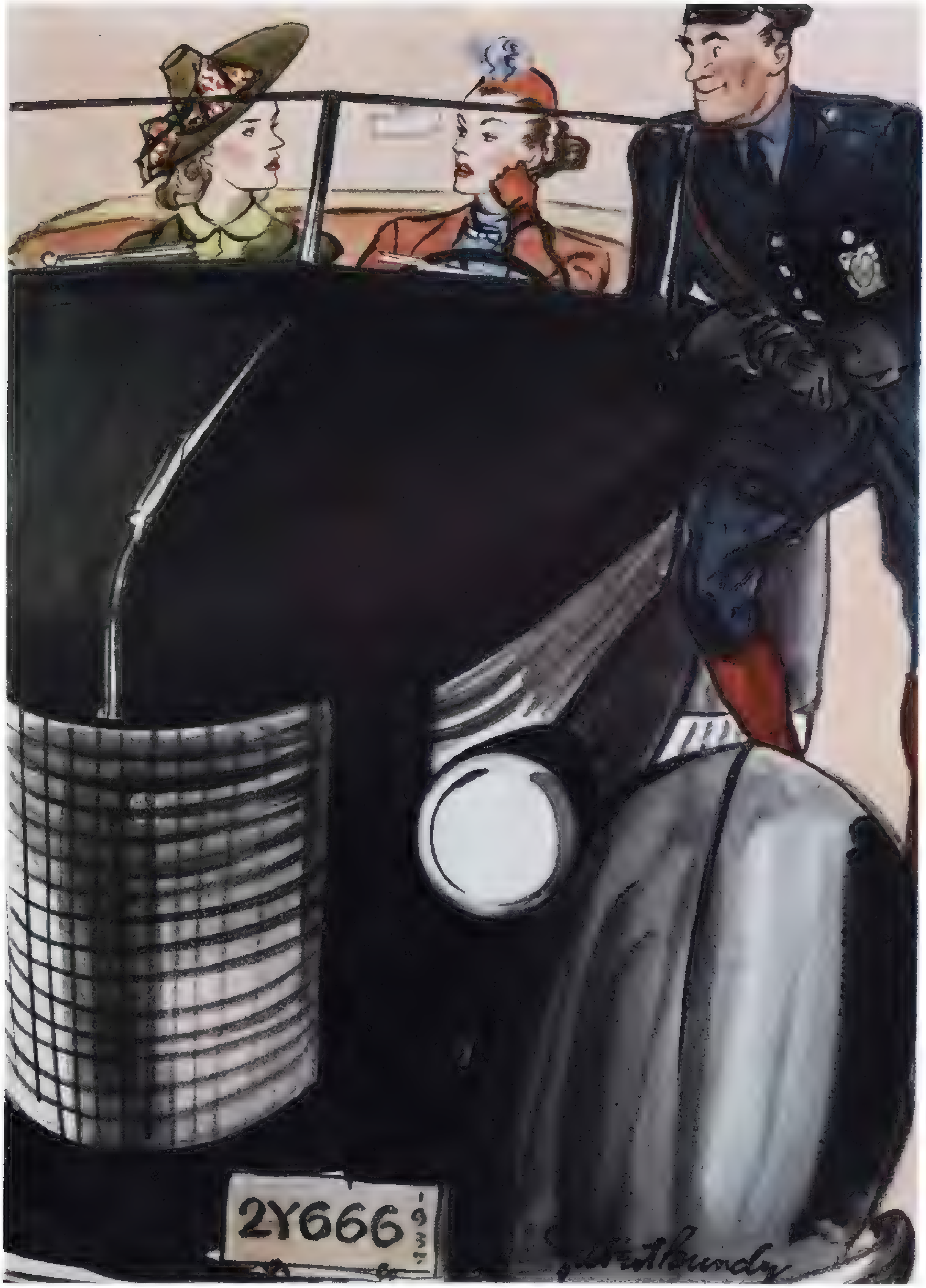
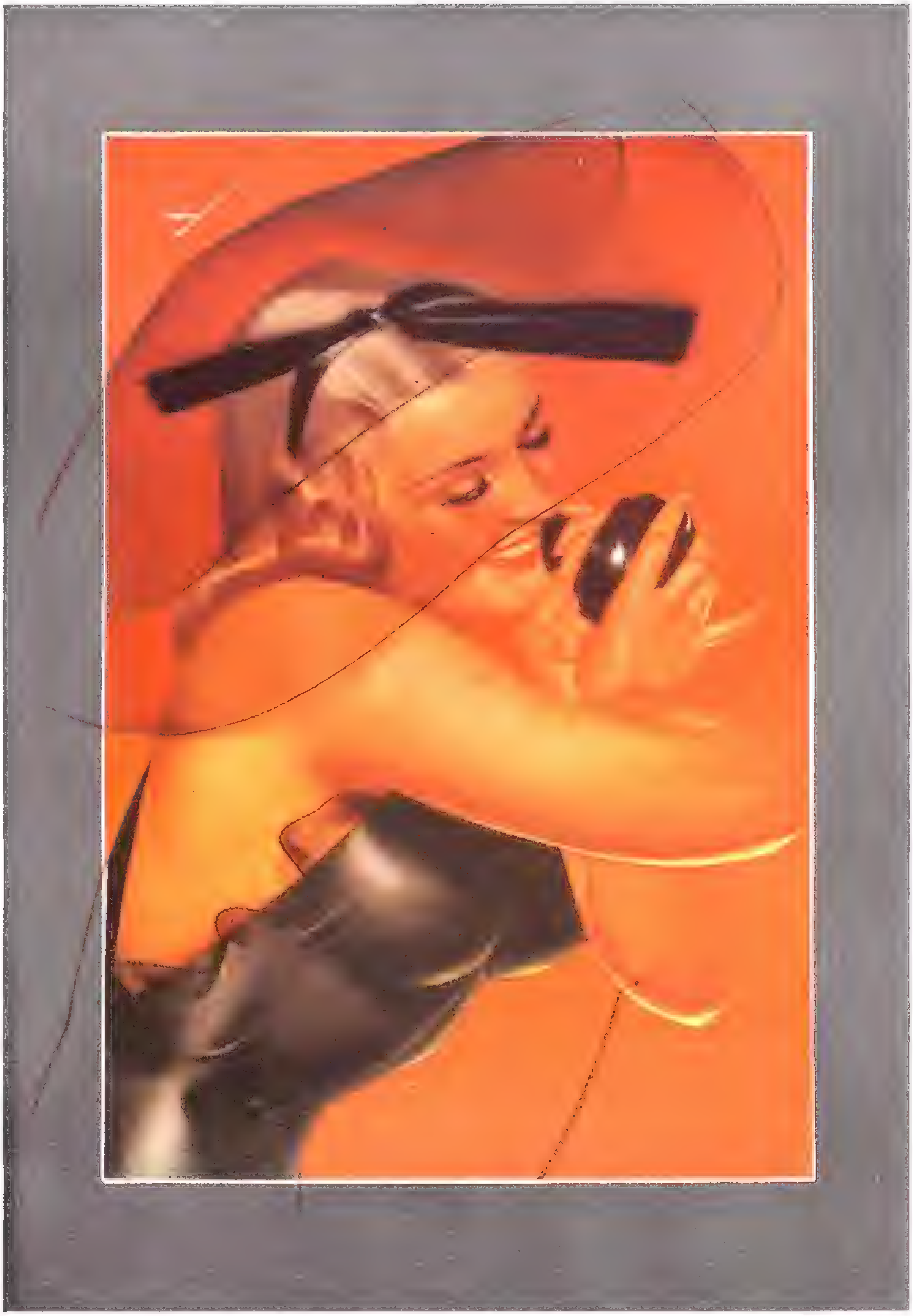

2Y666
1937
Gilbert Bundy

“I fixed the last ticket—it’s your turn.”



"Well, we could go to the opera, Mr. Hammond, if you insist on preliminaries."

Paradise Number 29

What could be sweeter than to sail far away, and live, like children, on a tropical island

by LOUIS PAUL

• SATIRE •

After I lost my position with the publishing house where I had been employed, Dorothea and I nurtured our slender resources as best we could and took passage on the Banana & Jamaican Rum Steamship Line's *La Cucaracha.*

This *La Cucaracha,* I might observe in passing, was a trim little packet referred to affectionately by its seamen aboard as "this here lousy old crate." It had been keeled in Scotland back somewhere along in Victoria's reign, and they had not wasted much boat on her. She plied the West Indies with tourists, bananas, and Jamaican rum—the latter about equally divided between the ship's manifests and the passengers' insides. I might also observe in passing that the tourists with whom we were of necessity associated on our voyage south were instrumental in hardening our determination to pursue the untrammeled life of a tropical isle. They symbolized the decadent civilization we were leaving forever behind as nothing else had quite so efficiently done. It was not merely that none of them except one blind old lady ever drew a sober breath during the voyage; it was not that they hadn't sense enough to lean over the leeward rail during their bouts of *mal de mer;* our annoyance was not entirely motivated by their habit of throwing the shuffle-board discs at the bathers in the little outdoor swimming pool; we could even have overlooked the Bacchic orgies that kept us awake until five each morning; but when, leaving Haiti, they brought on board three bedraggled and dirty natives whom they swore were Zombies, and whom they intended to take home as souvenirs, our patience became exhausted. We were gratified to observe that the Captain's had, also. He promptly had the Zombies sent ashore, explaining that the ad valorum on natives was prohibitive.

And thus it was that finally we arrived in Kingston, that sweating black and white British city on the sun-blazed island of Jamaica, happy—all too happy—to be rid of what I have no hesitancy in terming the *canaille* of decadent civilization. It will probably be unnecessary to tell you that it is hot in Jamaica. The very scenery drips with perspiration. Dorothea had a quick moment of doubt, a moment in which she lightly expressed a desire to return to familiar surroundings, where the thermometer rarely breaks the hundreds. But I encouraged her by talk of wafting Caribbean breezes and nude dips at sunrise in the glimmering sea and lazing under cool shady coconut palms once we arrived in our Utopia, and she took heart.

"Well . . ." she murmured, and left it there.

We were not long in finding and persuading the owner of a fishing schooner to assist us in completing the remainder of our journey. He was a coal-black ruffian with a comical Oxford accent and an exquisite desire to make money. After haggling for several days over a difference of shillings, we concluded the bargain. We did not know which smelled stronger of fish, the dirty yacht or its captain. The crew consisted of a Negro dwarf who spoke only Spanish, and we never learned why Captain Billingsby employed him, for he neither understood nor executed a single command while we were aboard but stood stolidly upon the poop, his arms folded placidly, and gazed off silently in the direction of Brazil.

Since he often fished in the vicinity of our destination we made a bargain with the villainous captain to return bi-monthly with those little necessaries which you may imagine we were not yet self-sufficient enough to forego. And, one fine August morning, our palm-tipped paradise hove into view. Dorothea had become somewhat less than ecstatic with our adventure. A great many fish whose demise had been none too recent made a fairly unpleasant marine cemetery of the vessel during the three days' voyage, and the heat had increased her awareness of this situation.

But I urged her to persevere, and now at last we were rewarded. For there stood Number 29, as the island was officially designated on our charts, in all its tropical brilliance, over the starboard bow.

We were not long in unloading our supplies and equipment. We'd refrained, of course, from overburdening ourselves with mere crass comforts, thinking that the less of decadent civilization we brought along to remind us of our former pampered and empty lives the sooner we should realize the wholesome status we now earnestly sought. So here we were, a veritable Adam and Eve, as the yacht raised her sail and tacked back along her course. I pulled off my shirt and bared my chest to the elements, spreading my arms in a brave gesture of freedom, and Dorothea did likewise.

"Fish will never enjoy the same reputation with me again," she mumbled as the schooner grew small against the horizon. "And that Billingsgate smelled worse than his boat, if possible. Or maybe it was the dwarf. But no," she decided. "No man that little could smell that much."

"Billingsby," I corrected her gently. I am something of a stickler for accuracy.

"All right. Billingsby. A rose by any other name and so forth. Well, let's get this junk up on the bank and untied. I need fresh linen after that boat."

I could perceive that Dorothea's nerves were more or less rasped by the initial discomforts of our adventure; I, of course, was made of sterner stuff. So I comforted her by advising her not to fret. "Never you fret, darling," I said gently. "Patience is the watchword that will turn the trick."

"Quit standing there mixing metaphors and help me untie this bundle."

We lost no time in setting about our lowly task of clearing space for our living quarters. We had brought a very practicable canvas lean-to, a primus stove, sun helmets, some pans and dishes, a nature manual, and several bottles of snakebite medicine, and soon had a comfortable establishment erected on a short promontory above the long white expanse of beach. Behind us, in virgin silence, spread a few bastard palms and a thick impenetrable growth of scrub weeds. Our island was possessed, indeed, of that tropical solitude we had so long imagined.

"I never saw anything quite so desolate in my life," Dorothea observed, her clothes dripping perspiration from her midday efforts. At this rate, I thought, we should soon be in the pink of health. The sun was hotter, if anything, than it had been in Jamaica.

"Well, I suppose it is kind of scrawny in the interior," I agreed. "But just look at that beach. If we owned a beach like that up near Coney Island our worries would be over."

"It's a thought, anyway," she shrugged. "I don't seem to find those folding camp cots, dearest."

"Camp cots?"

Her face fell. "You don't mean to stand there and tell me you forgot to pack the camp cots?"

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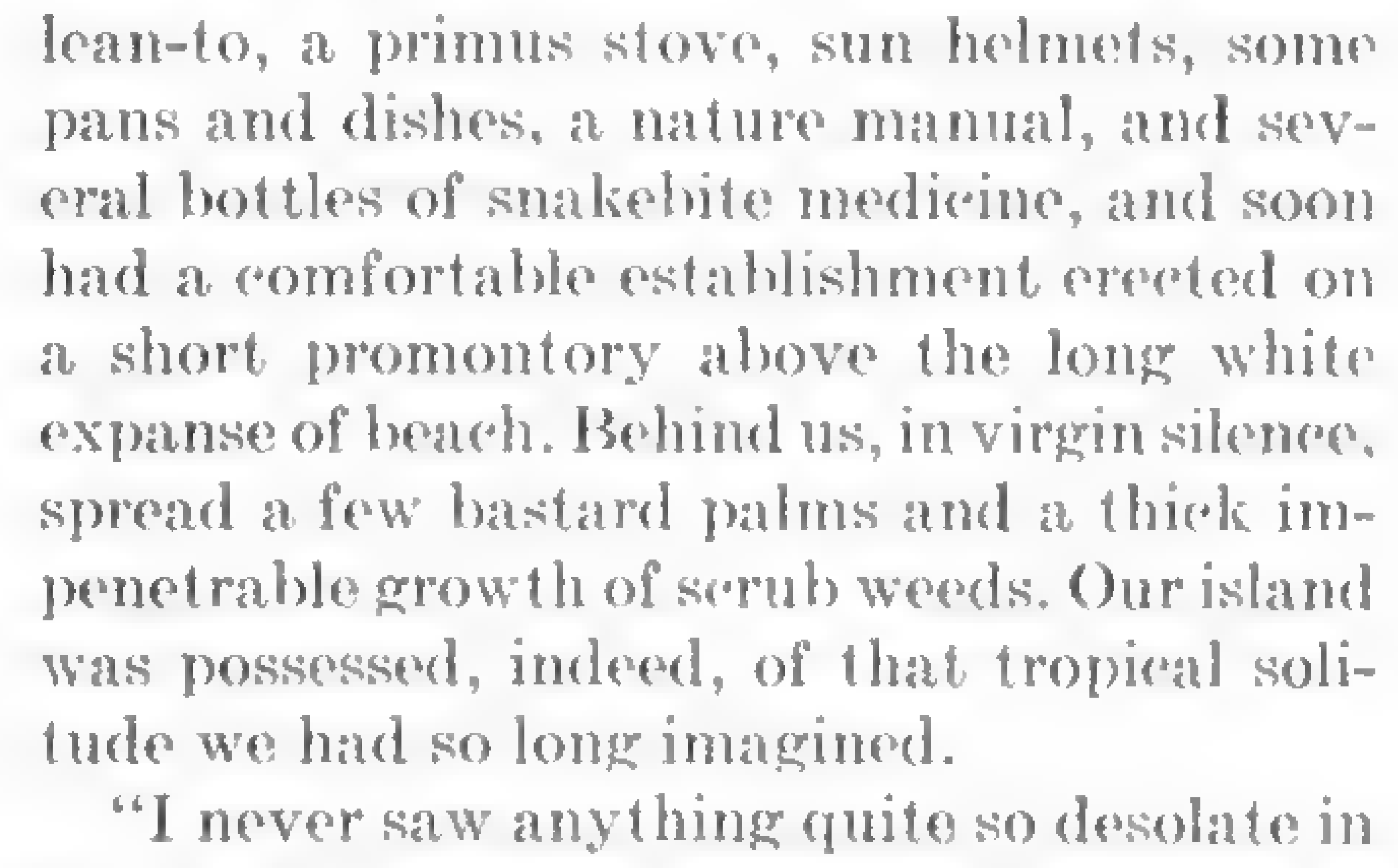


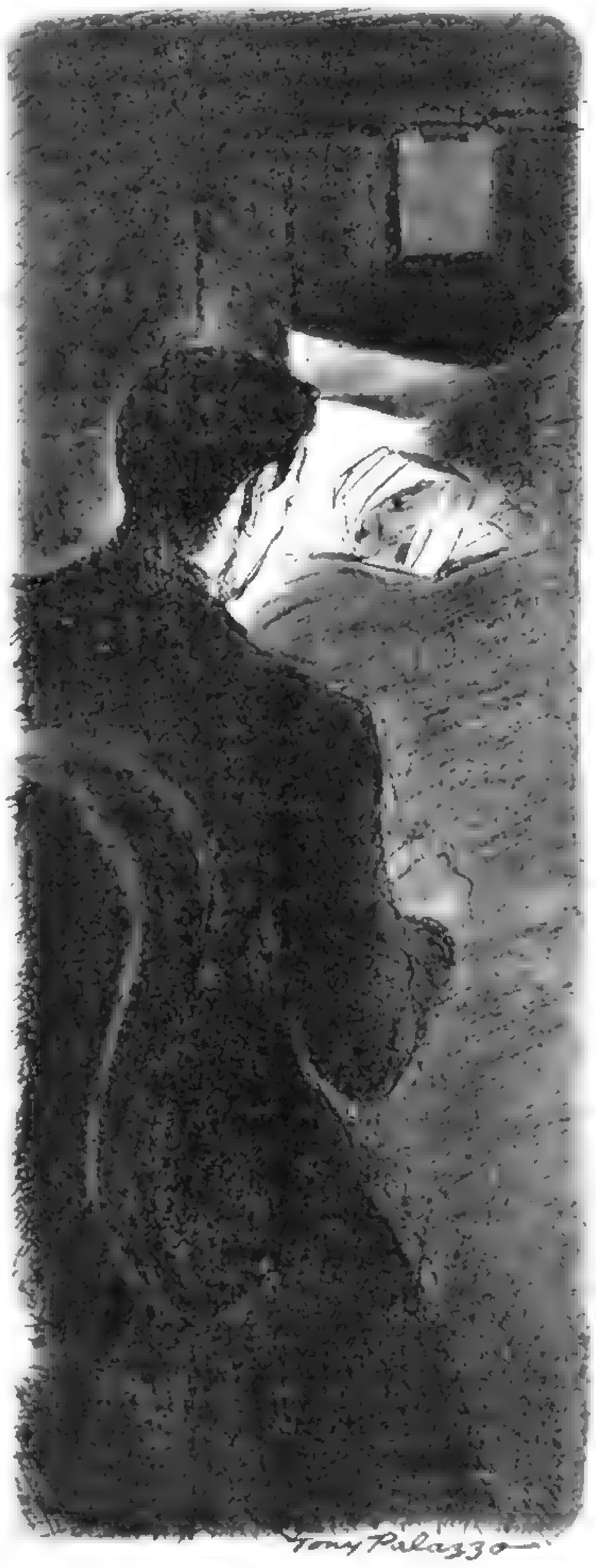
But That Was in Another Country

Civilized people don't go melodramatic—they take the sane, intelligent view of everything

by JAMES MATHESON

• FICTION •

Walking self-consciously behind the slim, stiffly-starched nurse, Ken felt his stomach rebel, as it invariably did, at the too-clean, sharp, antiseptic smell which is common to even Swiss hospitals. He felt his bowed head floating like a balloon on a string, felt his hands swing inertly from his coat cuffs, felt his legs weak and all but buckling under him. What was it Doctor Raul had just said about Jen?—that the chances were very slight of her getting through, with her skull so badly fractured. It had not sounded as dramatic as it should have, spoken by the little doctor with his red face and small nervous gestures.



The four double brandies which he had downed at the station bar had not helped. They had only made his throat dry and his tongue feel heavy and inarticulate. "British Constitution," he whispered. No, he was not tight, he could say it. He went on repeating it until the nurse stopped before a door and said in a cool professional voice, "*Par ici*, Monsieur," standing with one hand on the knob of the door, and the other raised halfway to her lips. "Madame is gravely ill," she whispered, "Monsieur will please be very quiet and see that she does not become excited."

He nodded, and stepping into the darkened room saw Jennifer, looking incredibly small in the high bed, much smaller than he last remembered her—was it only six weeks ago? He could not see her lovely face for the turban of bandages, but he felt that could he have looked into the wide grey eyes they would have been as unfamiliar to him as her small and fragile body, which did not look like a body at all, just a few lines, lying quietly under the white coverlet. It seemed hard for him to believe that for ten years he had known that body as well and as intimately as he had known his own. That for ten years, by law and religion, it had belonged to him, even if the Jennifer, who for thirty years, had lived inside it had perhaps never really been his. It was very quiet in the room; he could feel Jen listening through her bandages, listening and waiting. He practiced once or twice, mentally, trying to make his voice sound casually friendly, but when he finally said, "Hullo, Jen," it sounded colder than the wind rattling the window panes. He stood for what seemed a very long time looking down at the woman who was his wife, but who had suddenly become a stranger.

"Sit down, Ken," she said in a small muffled voice. "I hope you won't mind sitting in the chair nearest the bed, because I can't manage much in the way of quality or volume—quality's what counts—I always say!" And she laughed a little nervously in her throat.

Sitting down in the straight-backed uncomfortable chair, he thought it was like Jen to know that he had wanted to be as far away from her as possible, and that it was like her to try to lessen his embarrassment by making even so small a joke. "I'm sorry you can't smoke, because that makes it even more awkward for you, but smoke makes me sick, and that wouldn't be very pleasant for you either."

Folding his hands he leaned forward over his knees, and felt the sweat spring out on his forehead where the hair had recently begun to thin. Jen used to laugh at him for putting "junk" on it to make it grow again.

"I'm truly terribly, *terribly* sorry to have caused you all this trouble," she said in a jerky voice, which seemed to come from a great distance. "It's such a pity that things had to happen this way—so wretchedly, hideously unfair that he should have had to die instead of me. Why should he have had to leave his fine work for other psychoanalysts to muddle along with? Why should I be left?" She made a small deprecating gesture with her hand and went on, bitterly, "I'm just another neurotic, miserable woman, causing endless trouble."

He made a faint sound of protest.

"Don't bother, Ken. I know how you really feel, and I am more sorry, more truly sorry, than you'll ever know, that it had to come out this way. But I'm glad, too, that at last you know how I felt about him. How I—" her voice trailed off into a sigh which was nearly a sob.

He watched her fighting for control of herself, watched her long slender fingers clenching and unclenching over the sodden wad of her handkerchief.

Presently, her voice level again, she said, "You see, it's dreadful to be alive, feeling I'm responsible for so much of it. If I hadn't lost my footing up there on the mountains, and if the guide I had been roped to had been quicker, he would never have gone down trying to help me. He wouldn't be tied to us. He liked to feel he was quite alone and free. He said that was the way we must all learn to live—without ropes of inhibitions or complexes or fixations, without substitutes for reality and escape mechanisms, like drink. You see, that's what made me stop drinking. That's why I stopped being an alcoholic, because he made it so clear that all the escape mechanisms are really so *much* more tiresome than whatever it is that one is trying to run away from."

Ken felt his heart turn in jealousy, listening to her voice which had become animated, talking of the dead man.

"And I lie here, thinking of all the hatred pouring in on me from all his poor patients. Especially the women who hate me for having been with him, and who are disappointed and jealous, and feel in their pitiful, unsound, mixed-up minds that I have killed their god, who, after all, had very earthy feet. That's the worst of it all. That's the part you will never understand, Ken, because you're not mixed-up and neurotic, and you can't see, as I do, all those poor wretched creatures holding his image close to their hearts and saying over and over again, 'How could he have loved that horrible woman?' And so their faith will go, their faith in everything he tried to teach them. Because they have nothing left to cling to, perhaps many will destroy themselves one way or another." She caught her breath. "That's the worst part of this bloody mess—that so much of his work will be smashed simply because I was with him when he slipped, up there on the mountain. If he had only lived a little longer, so much, so terribly much, could have been done to help us miserable creatures." She lay quietly for a moment, and then said flatly, "I suppose it was a field day for the papers at home. Were they very bad?"

He tried to sound indifferent as he answered slowly, "Well, some of them were pretty lousy. I've saved the clippings for you."

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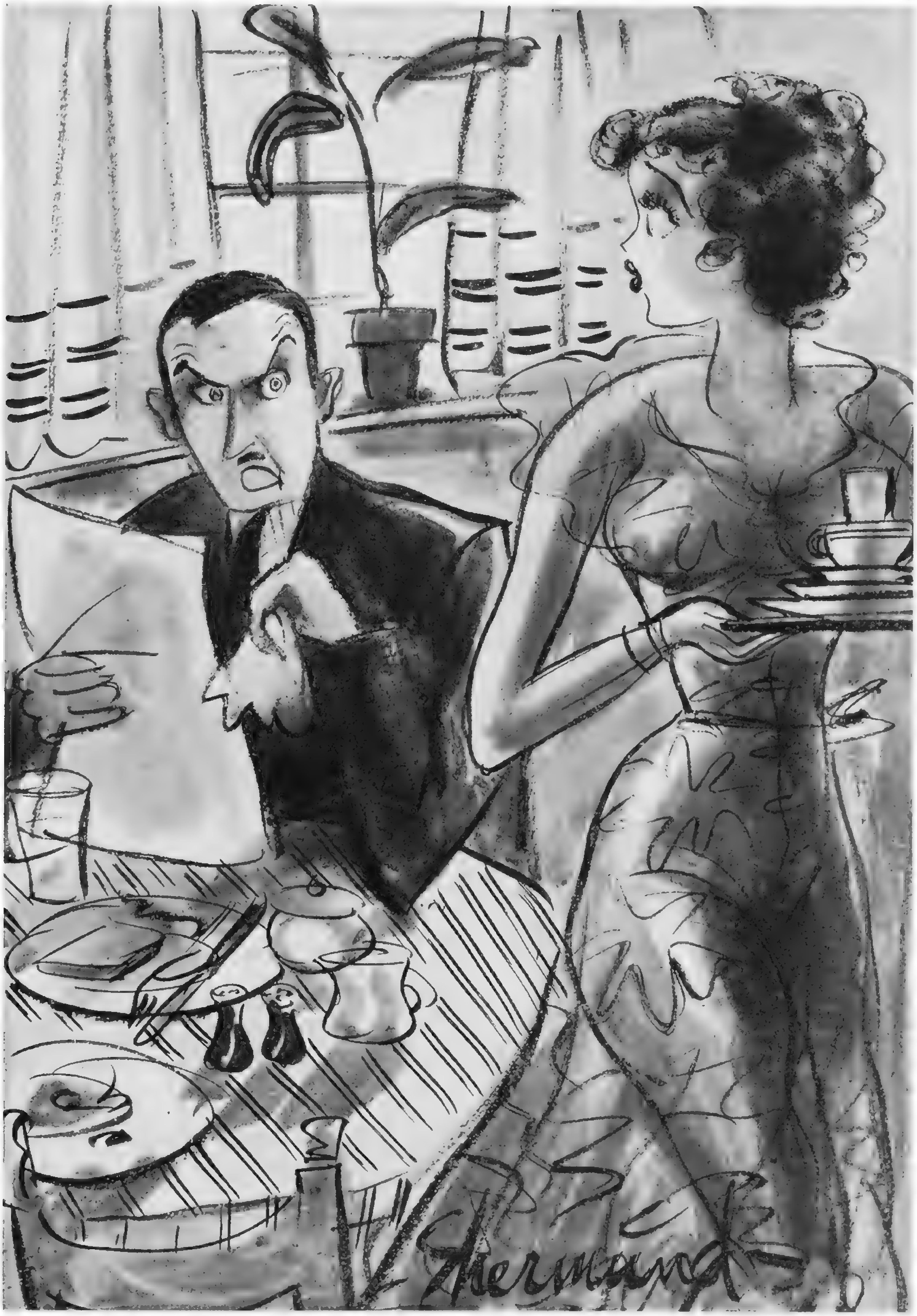
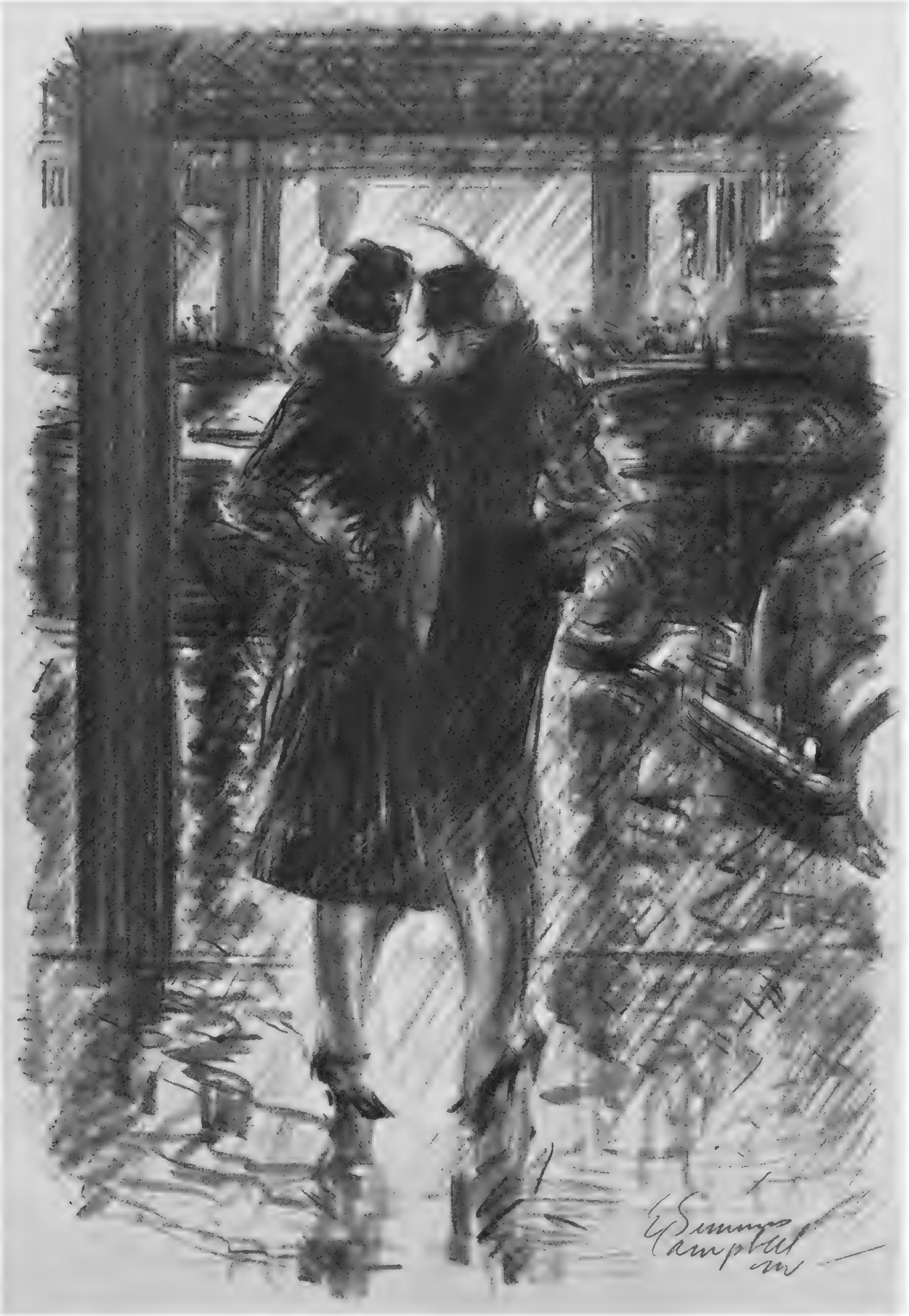


"Funny I overlooked trying out your cooking before we were married."



"Let's move down the street a ways . . . maybe they think we're waiting for a bus."

Lovely Stooping Women

Married, sinning or alone, those sensitive female writers for the quality mags just never have fun

ANONYMOUS

• ARTICLE •

When lovely woman stoops to folly, nowadays, she seeks no art to wash her guilt away. There's a much simpler and more profitable out. She transmutes her tears into ink and then pours them forth, not only on the garish pages of *True Story* or *True Confessions*, but within the genteel covers of *Harper's*, *Scribner's*, *Forum* and *The Atlantic Monthly*.

Now, I have always sought enlightenment from these quality magazines. If I wanted to find out how Democracy Can Be Saved, whether we should go Back to the Farm, or how Ethiopia Solves Her Unemployment Problem, I could always be sure of finding dignified and sober guidance. It came to me as somewhat of a shock, therefore, when I realized how often there nestled between solutions of the economic problem and nostalgic essays on the decline of courtliness, several pages of personal bellyaches. The authors of such articles, feminine and usually anonymous, spill the details of their most intimate emotions, their grievances, their mistakes, their life histories, their follies and sins as unabashedly as if they were in a psychoanalyst's office.

All of them are members of the Mary-Pity-Women sorority. If they have not married, they regret it: if they have married, they regret it too. Though there are disadvantages in being a virgin, there are also disadvantages in having decided not to die without knowing. The childless woman is a pitiable creature, but so is the mother. Pity the poor widow: pity the poor divorcée. Pity the wives of almost any kind of business man or professional. Wherever home sweet home may be—town, city or village—it's the wrong place. It's hard to be a daughter-in-law: it's equally hard to be a mother-in-law: grandma has no cinch. Women who are working wish they weren't. In short, the sum total of the constructive philosophy of these sisters-under-the-skin to the pulps confessors is Ain't It Hell?

Perhaps the most positive contribution towards resolving life's dilemmas, problems and plights comes from the author of *So I'm Getting a Divorce*.

"Life is no bed of roses. Or is it? Is it by means of its thorns that its beauty is made possible?"

Her particular thorn was an attractive husband who wanted her to go out with him occasionally.

"As a wife, I've had a foretaste of the loneliness of the lone road. . . . When night comes and the babies are snug in bed, if I've turned a deaf ear to the call of carnival and made myself find cheer in mothering my flock, I may regret having missed a brief convivial thrill but within me I am conscious of a deeper, steadier happiness."

The brute even asked her to go on trips with him, but how could she, when the children were taking riding lessons and might ride their ponies in the midst of traffic? Once she knew a mother who went on an errand and while she was gone her boy was run over: she never forgave herself! So oh, how she suffered when he turned to other women! And after the sacrifices she had made!

"Whatever the extent of man's inhumanity to man, the pain of it cannot last forever. . . . After a bare ten years of apparently harmonious connubial give and take, I am getting a divorce. It is like lifting some vital part out of me and placing it, a relevant sacrifice, on the altar of motherhood. . . . Isn't it my first duty to care for those who need me? It is so hard, it must be right!"

This poor abused wife, at least, found some degree of happiness in doing her duty to her children by kicking Papa out.

"The realization didn't flash, full flood, like a tropical sunrise. It was a slow dawning banked in clouds of despair that at first no ray could pierce but whose slow dispersion made the final reality all the more lovely."

But other agonized mothers are not so fortunate. Maternity, which some clods actually endure with complacence, is a source of anguish to sensitive souls. To, "Would I Have Children Again?" the answer is No. They're too disappointing.

"We had pooled the very commonplace metals that composed our two separate natures and dreamed that by the alchemy of high hopes and the biological urge we might produce pure gold."

And only the biological urge had results. The alchemic offspring were mediocrities, not worth the sacrifices they entailed.

> "It is the children themselves, their care and expense and our duty to them, that bind us to the profitless toil of the straight, steep, much traveled road. Without them one might step aside to investigate mysterious byways with a congenial friend. One might perhaps even keep to the shady lane, the whispering stream in the woods, the simple life."

I couldn't think of any way out for her. After all, the simple life isn't much fun, and as for investigating mysterious byways with a congenial friend, well, isn't that likely to lead to the very thing about which she complains? Somehow the difficulties of these disappointed females don't seem to lend themselves to the pat solutions I always find when the quality group's essays deal with national and international problems.

For instance, when the author of *This Business of Parenthood* tells you that "we unhappy middleclass women" have more trouble with children than either the rich or the poor and that:

> "Compared with the frustrations of the average young mother the neuroses of thwarted spinsters are a mere surface irritation."

What can you suggest except that she shoot the children? Worse still, mothers don't even get out of their misery when the children are grown. "An Exhausted Parent Speaks" and adds another voice to the chorus at the Wailing Wall. She is fed up with the selfish, demanding younger generation, who move in with their elders and expect them to pay for Junior's Grade A milk instead of taking trips to Bermuda.

Nor, apparently, does the remedy lie in not having children. I learned from *The Plight of the Spinster* that the spinster lacks not only normal release for her emotions, but normal social life. This was a little discouraging, because I had already found out that the young mother can't enjoy social life either. Another spinster, in *Life Ends at Forty*, says:

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The Life of a Gadgeteer

What else could a man do when his wife persisted in buying so many little handy devices?

by LOUIS ZARA

• FICTION •

"WOULD you buy something from me, friend?" said the man in the doorway.

"What are you selling?"

He led me into the doorway to an open suitcase.

"Gadgets," he said, fluttering his hands. "Gadgets of all sorts. I'm no bum, mister, I'm an honest hard-working man, work at the Cheapside Box Company in the lumberyard. But today I'm off. And when I'm off I go out and sell."

I glanced at the array of bright metal contrivances. Kitchen knives, curved and twisted and with saw-edges; beaters, wire-whisks, pancake turners, dish-scrapers, thermometers for oven and icebox—

"You can't expect to sell this stuff to a *man*," I shrugged. Pads for corns, bunions and callouses, iodine, Mercurochrome, bandages, tape—"They look more like the things women go for."

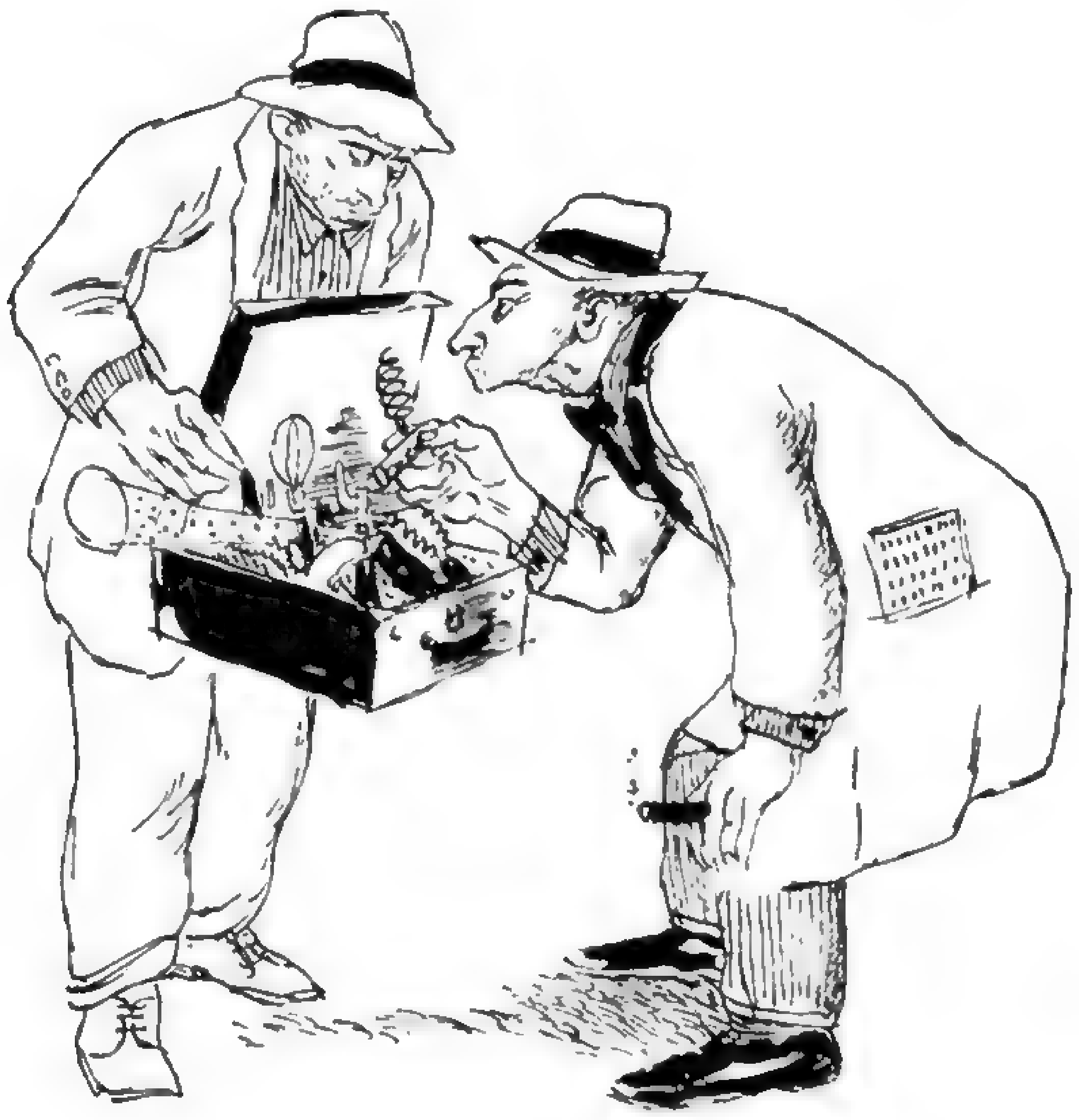
He nodded wearily.

"You're right, mister. These are women's things. My wife bought them."

"All of them?" There were surely a hundred different items.

"Every one."

I must have smiled for he clutched at my coat lapel. "Don't laugh, friend," he pleaded. "Don't laugh. Look at me, mister. I'm a workingman. Look at my hands. They're hard, mister, calloused, bumps and knots. I earn my living with them, but I'm not complaining. I've got a wife and I've got four children, all well and healthy, thank the Lord! And she's a good wife. The meals are always ready and the children are clean and fed. We've been married eighteen years and you know how you can get used to a person in eighteen years. And we're getting along fine when here comes this store and opens up.



"It moved into the neighborhood and opened on a Saturday. Everybody went to see it open. My wife, too. Why not? She is a housewife, she is a shopper, she hunts for bargains. When I bring my pay home it goes into her hands. She's a manager. How could I manage a house and four children with what I make? She's a manager, and she knows how. So she goes to this grand opening and she's going to buy a spool of thread to darn socks, or a card of shirt buttons. And what do you think happens? She comes back with a whole bag full of stuff. A little glass pig to put up on a shelf because it is a little red pig and looks pretty, a bowl of paper flowers, a set of measuring spoons although for fifteen years she's measured with a plain teaspoon, and an ashtray in the shape of a goldfish. And she's proud of them. Each one only cost a dime, she says. Well, that's all right. Maybe she needs them. How do I know what a woman needs in the house? Who is the manager? She is. I don't say a word.

"But the next day I come home and I see she's got a little oilcloth skirt around the can of scrubbing powder on the drainboard of the sink and the matchbox is in a tin holder. But when she lights the gas she doesn't use a match. She brings out a funny kind of stick which lights the gas without fire. I look at it. By golly, I say, it's nice. She says only ten cents.

"The next day she isn't washing the dishes with a rag. She uses a little piece of string mop nailed to a green stick. Only a dime. And when she peels potatoes she has a new kind of scraper. I say, something new, ho? She says, Only a dime. And the next day I have a tie-rack nailed up on the bedroom door and what for do I need a tie-rack when I don't wear a tie except for a wedding or a funeral? And when we go to bed she starts to burn a little tablet in a dish and the room begins to stink like a Chinese laundry and I say, Maria, what is it? She says, Incense, Manuel, ten cents at the dime store. And we almost had the first big fight in sixteen years till I could get the incense thrown out or I'd be dreaming of Chinamen all night long.

"What do you think it is the next day? Shaving cream with perfume in it for *me*—ten cents! And then a little honing-stone for safety-razor blades—and I've been using a barber razor since I was a man. Then a looking-glass that makes every pimple stand up like an anthill. Who is crazy? I am. She says it is ten cents and what harm is there in ten cents?

"Well, mister, you see how it goes? Every other day she brings home a can of paint—ten cents—and a brush—ten cents—and she paints something over. In the morning I see yellow. In the evening I see red. She has a little scoop for flour and a little scoop for sugar and when she wants pepper she takes out a little wooden mill—ten cents—and grinds it at the table and we all sneeze and she says the pepper is nice and fresh, isn't it?

"That, my friend, is what inventors and a store that sells for a dime have done to me. Broken up the peace of my house. Do you wonder I ask you not to laugh? I beg her. Maria, a dime and a dime and a dime is a dollar.

"And she promises me. Manuel, she says, I promise. But she can't remember it when she passes the store and sees little toys, little trinkets, little gadgets. It draws her in, she can't fight it off. And there we are. So on my days off I pick out a suitcase full and go out to sell. What else can a man do if he loves his wife? Look, let me show you a huller for strawberries. You pinch here and the hull comes out. Please—"

"Strawberries won't be in season for months."

He shrugged. "A thing like this one can lay by . . . Or take a box for used razor blades. A pretty box, friend. It can't be opened. Keeps the blades safe out of the way."

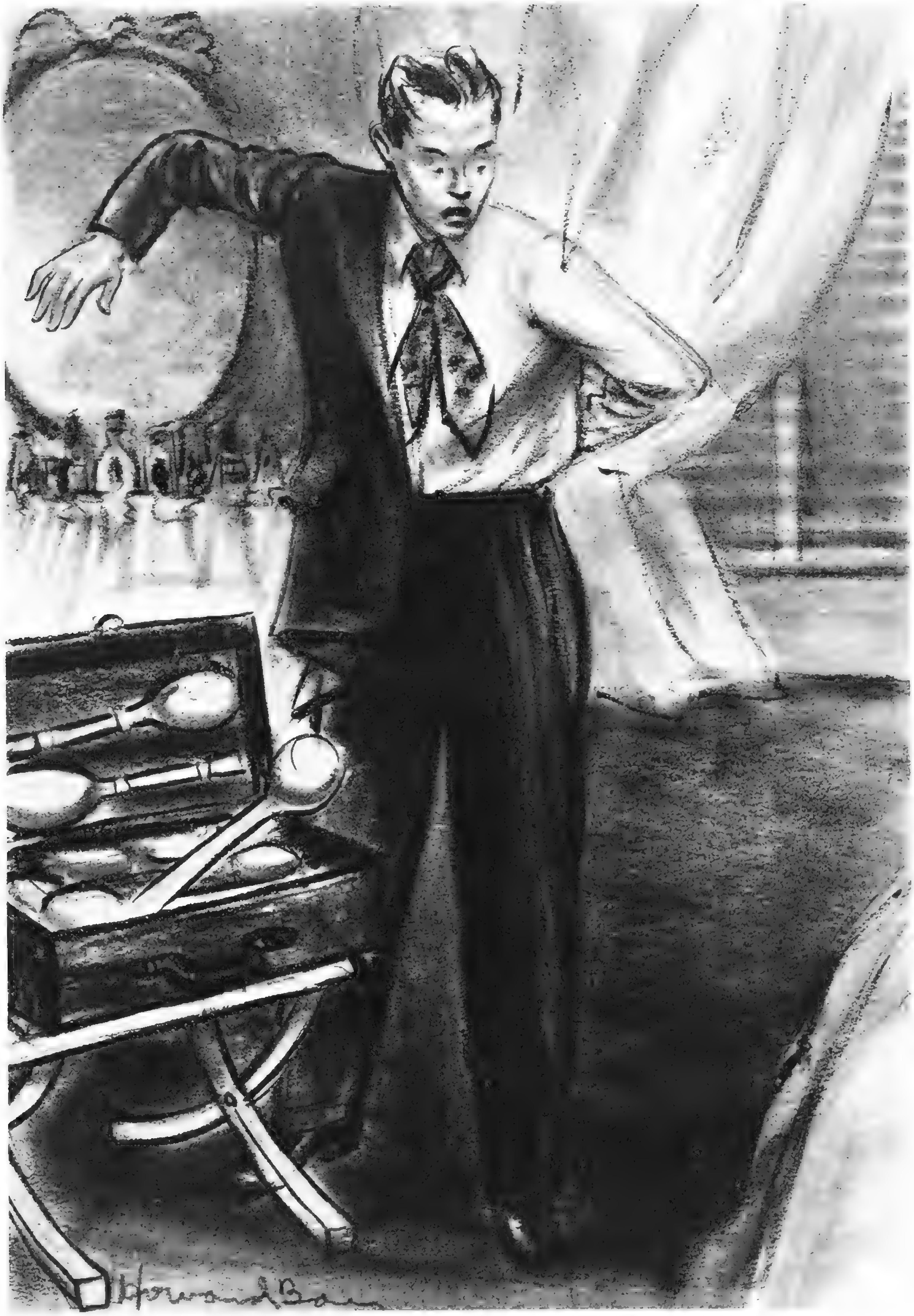
"I, too, use a straight blade," I returned.

"Then perhaps this cherry pitter. Place the cherry in this vise. Press the trigger through. Ah, the cherry is pitted but left whole. Or a melon-baller or a tomato-slicer or a grapefuit knife or—here—Read the directions. It is a big time-saver. An avocado seed remover.

I shook my head.

"I wish I could sell you this, mister," he sighed and closed his suitcase. "It is a beautiful thing—avocado seed remover. And yet how can I blame you?"

He tugged at my arm. "But could you tell me, friend, what is this 'avocado?' I asked my wife but she says she is not sure."


Howard Baer

"I don't want to seem over zealous, mam, but I think it's about time you bought a brush."

Louis Bouché: Boulevardier of Art

When this popular decorator turns to pure art, he paints abstractions most people will neither understand nor buy

by HARRY SALPETER

• ARTICLE •

Louis Bouché, American painter of French origin and influence, emerged out of the shadows recently when the more or less indifferent public was informed that he had won a national competition against more than three hundred other artists to decorate the auditorium of the new Department of the Interior Building in Washington. The judges had approved his designs unanimously. Downtown in New York in his narrow but high-ceilinged loft-studio the painter was hard at work on his mural decorations for the Attorney General's office in the Department of Justice Building, for which he had been previously given a commission. Immediately the news of the award was known there was a slight flurry in Bouché stock. On one of the hottest afternoons in New York two different persons asked an attendant at the Whitney Museum of American Art where they could see a Bouché picture, and the painter himself began distributing largesse by ordering another suit from the most exclusive tailor in New York and contemplated the pursuit of another set of stomach ulcers in that city's best French restaurant.

There was a little of the gay insouciant boulevardier in the grimy, sweaty, paint-stained six-footer who answered to the name of Louis Bouché. I had first heard of him as one who had companioned Alexander Brook in genial hell-raising but this was more the master mason than the college boy grown older. At the bar across the street, at his favorite restaurant and elsewhere he readily took time off to tell us, among other things not always germane, the story of his life, thus helping to reconcile fact and legend and helping to explain how a man may seem to have resigned from art and manage rather well as a craftsman-painter.

Louis Bouché is a person who is the sum of several contradictory impulses and backgrounds, the nature of which, it is hoped, will be revealed as this little piece about him unwinds. Superficially, he seems to be traveling in opposite directions at the same time. He is a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde in art without the moral implications of that division, a man maintaining prestige with one hand and making his living on a lower level with the other. In other words, there are two Bouchés, one of whom is unknown to most of those who know the other, and without knowledge of that second aspect the man Bouché, seems to be a bafflement and an enigma. There is in him the man of fashion, the man of exacting tastes in the ways of living and high standards in them, by which ways and standards he has come most naturally, and then there is in him the pure artist. As pure artist, he will paint you an abstraction you cannot understand and will not buy. But as mural decorative artist, in which rôle he has been earning a closer approximation to a good living than pure art has ever afforded, he will execute for you a neutral and depersonalized but highly efficient decoration for your ebony and chromium bathroom. People to whom art never means anything but pictures hung on walls may have been wondering what Bouché has been doing all these years. He has been adorning the homes of the wealthy and the fashionable, not in artistic condescension, but in craftsmanlike thoroughness and efficiency. Among the interior decorators with whom he has collaborated on dozens of jobs his standing is no less high than it is among the amateurs in easel art. Bending his art to the demands of the trade when there's a costly wall to decorate he liberates himself the more completely when he gets around to his own painting, which is thus more nearly his own than it would be if he were obliged to consider also the demands of the gallery trade. It is entirely possible that in fulfilling his mural commissions for the Department of Justice and the Department of the Interior buildings, he may manage to consummate more than a liaison between his easel art and his sense of decorative values.

It has been remarked that his record is unclear and inconsistent because he has been divided between trade and art, and that he is externally fashionable and internally the artist, with the two motives at war. But if there has been any conflict, I think it has been solved, at least to the superficial view. There is almost nothing of the dedicated artist, of the voice crying in the wilderness in him. Bouché is not the kind of man to do any starving for pure art or have anyone else around him do any going without on that account while there is anything he can do to prevent it. He is human enough to want his family to have the good things of life and to keep up with the Joneses, whose natural superiors they are, and he is efficient enough to give them and himself those things. It is an essential element of his character that his standards of living, that his minimum, intermediate and maximum demands are derived not from the ways of living of dedicated artists, but from the upper class to which he belongs. He moves in circles whose members are in possession and to whom sufficient, if not large, sums of money are matters of course. He is a gourmet. He dresses with distinction. His traveling is not of the cattle boat variety. He drinks the best of whiskies and inhales the smoke of the finest cigars. And so on and so on. This does not mean that he has not, at times, taken in a notch in his belt or never experienced the gnawing pangs of uncertainty about the day after tomorrow, but it does mean that his chief concern even as an artist is not with the verdict of posterity. It does not mean that he takes his aesthetic standards from the same cupboard in which he finds his standards of living. There is no artist so dedicated that Bouché will fail to understand his language or sympathize with his problems, but the chief charm of Bouché, which even the dourest among us will acknowledge, is that he is a man of the world as well as of art.

To have great art there must be great audiences too. Walt Whitman said that, or something like it. Bouché's compromise with pure art, if compromise it is, is made rational by the belief that Americans—with the possible exception of Alexander Brook, who is, after all, Russian in origin—have not the capacity to create art and that those on the sidelines have not the capacity to understand it. Museum curators, dealers and critics are not excepted. Why should a man struggle and suffer to produce for a non-existent public? It is better to do an honest day's work rather than to cultivate one's immortal soul in a vacuum. He believes that Americans are at an infantile stage of development in the appreciation of art. He holds that most of our art is bound to the illustrative and sentimental and that its function is that of a lullaby. He laughs to scorn the Craven-induced vogue for Benton, Wood and Curry. He does not believe that he is a great painter but he knows what he's doing and he knows that he is not indebted to any other American painter, with the sometime possible exception of Brook. Believing these things, it is easier for him to give to easel painting only the oddments and remainders of his thinking and his energy in art. He does well what he does easily, not through skill alone but also because he had an early maturity in art and perhaps peculiar advantages in his formative years. In his early forties he is painting in what may be called his fourth manner, and in his best. His easel painting owes no debt to his interior decorating style. Perhaps from each manner he has borrowed fluidity for the other, but on the whole his art and his decorative talents are kept in separate compartments.

Louis Bouché's art influence began with his grandfather, Ernest Bouché, who was one of the minor Barbizon painters. Grandpa knew Millet and Daubigny, among others, and was a regular, if not exciting, contributor to the Salon. His son, and Louis' father, Henry Bouché, learned to make money out of art by harnessing it to the service of the wealthy. He had been trained in industrial art at the *Arts et Métier* school in Paris and

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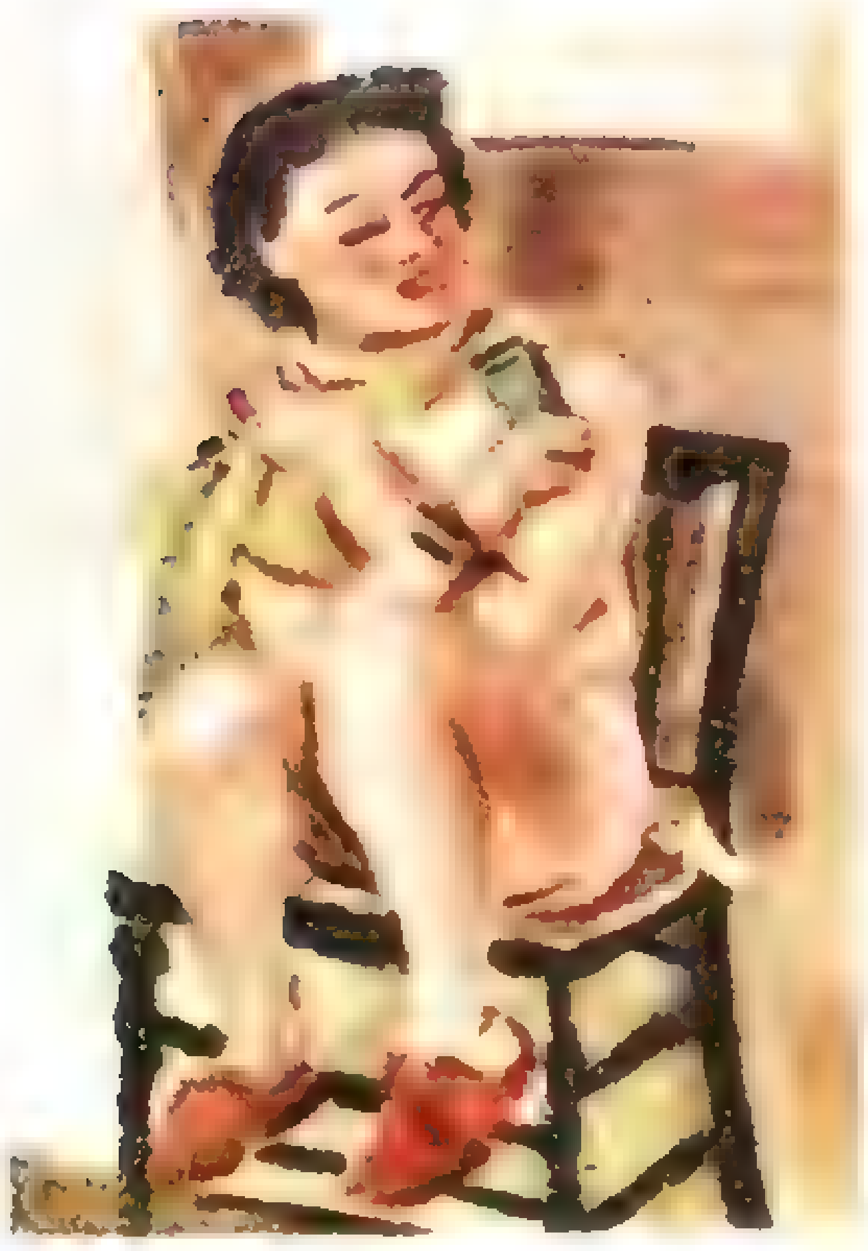
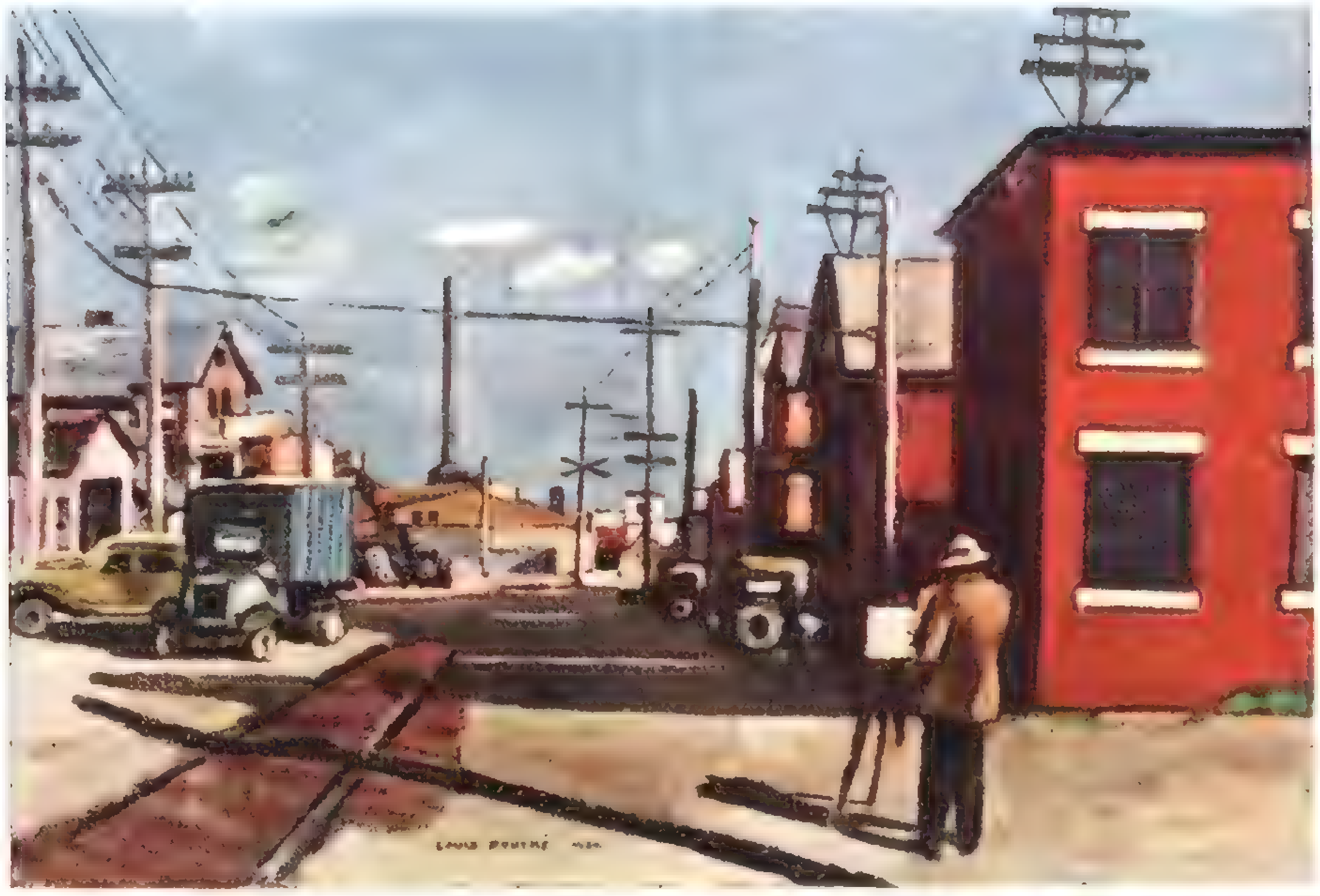


REST PERIOD

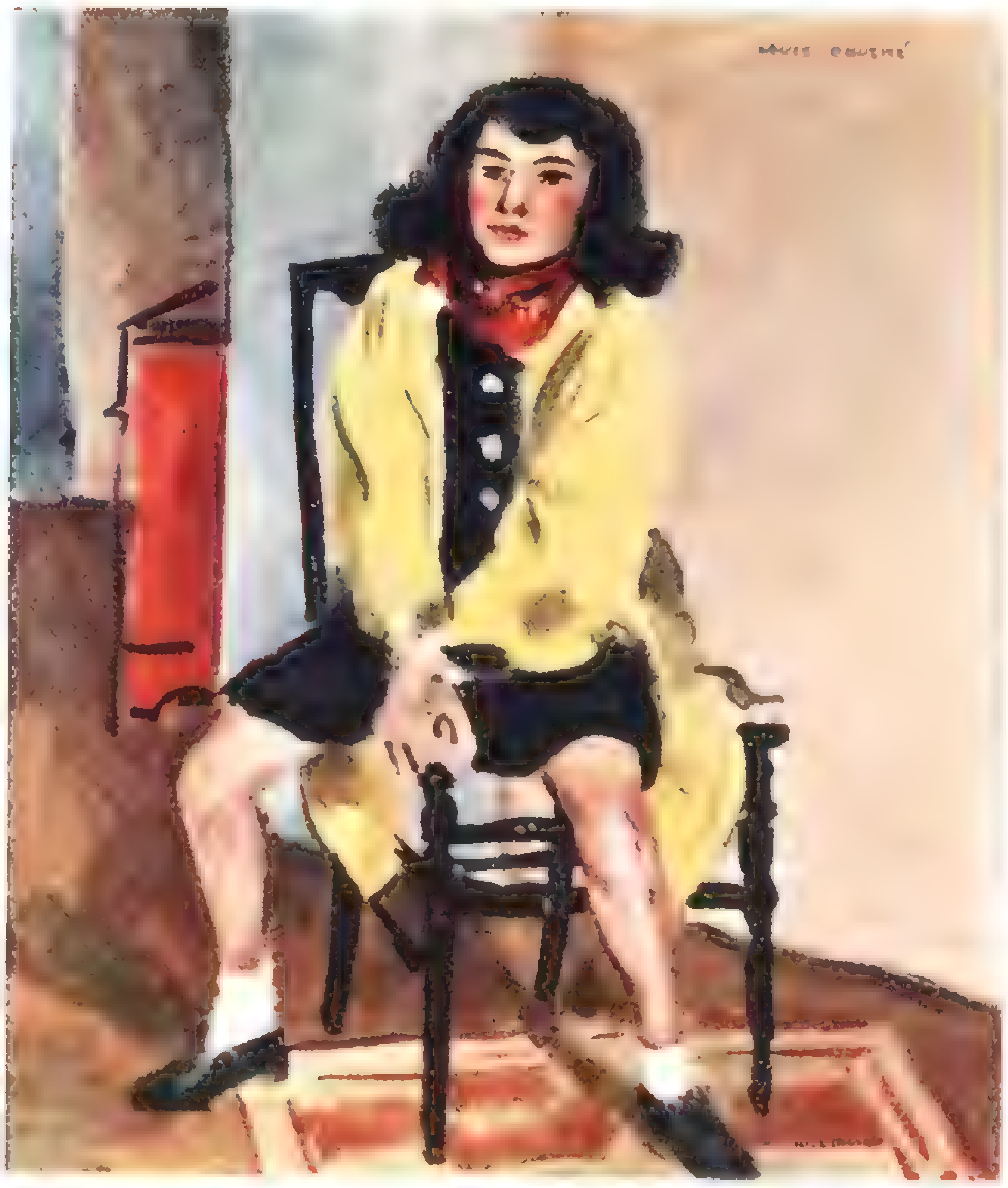


SEA VIEW AVE., BRIDGEPORT

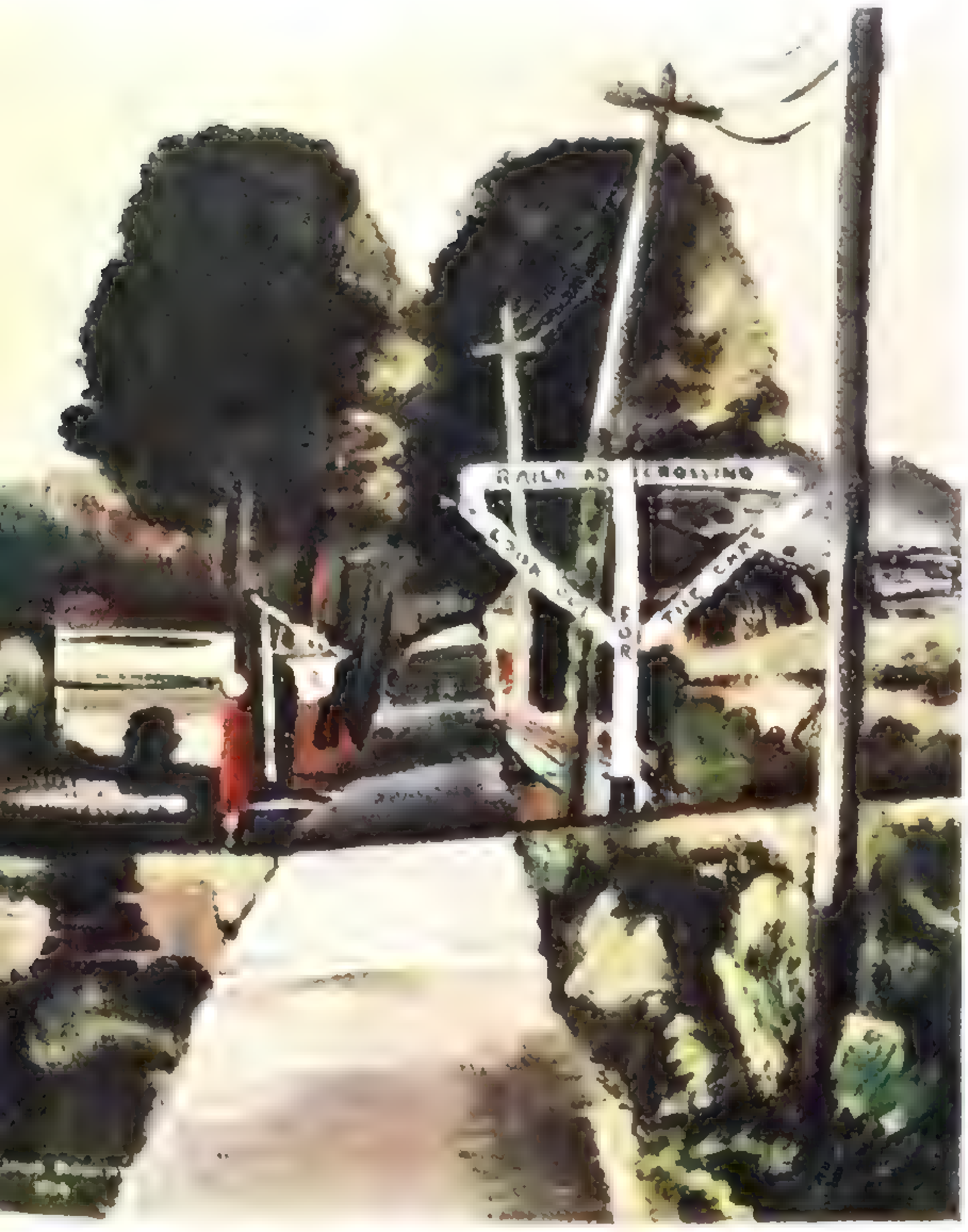
Five Paintings

by LOUIS BOUCHÉ

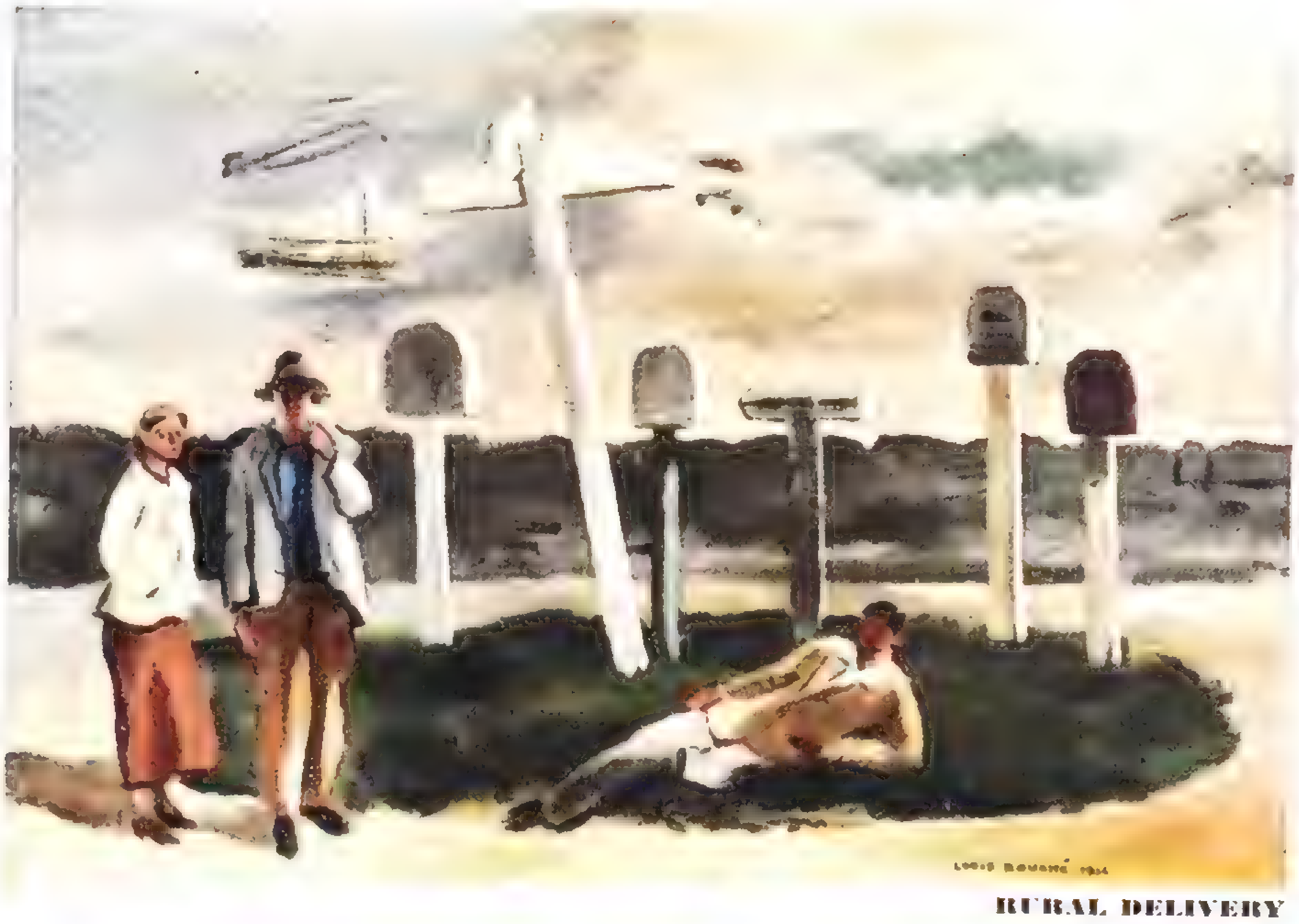
He does not believe that he is a great painter but he knows what he's doing and he knows that he is not indebted to any other American painter, with the sometime exception of Brook. In his early forties, he is painting in what may be called his fourth manner, and his best. His easel painting owes no debt to his interior decorating style.



JEAN


RAILROAD CROSSING
LOOK OUT FOR THE CARS

RAILROAD CROSSING



RURAL DELIVERY

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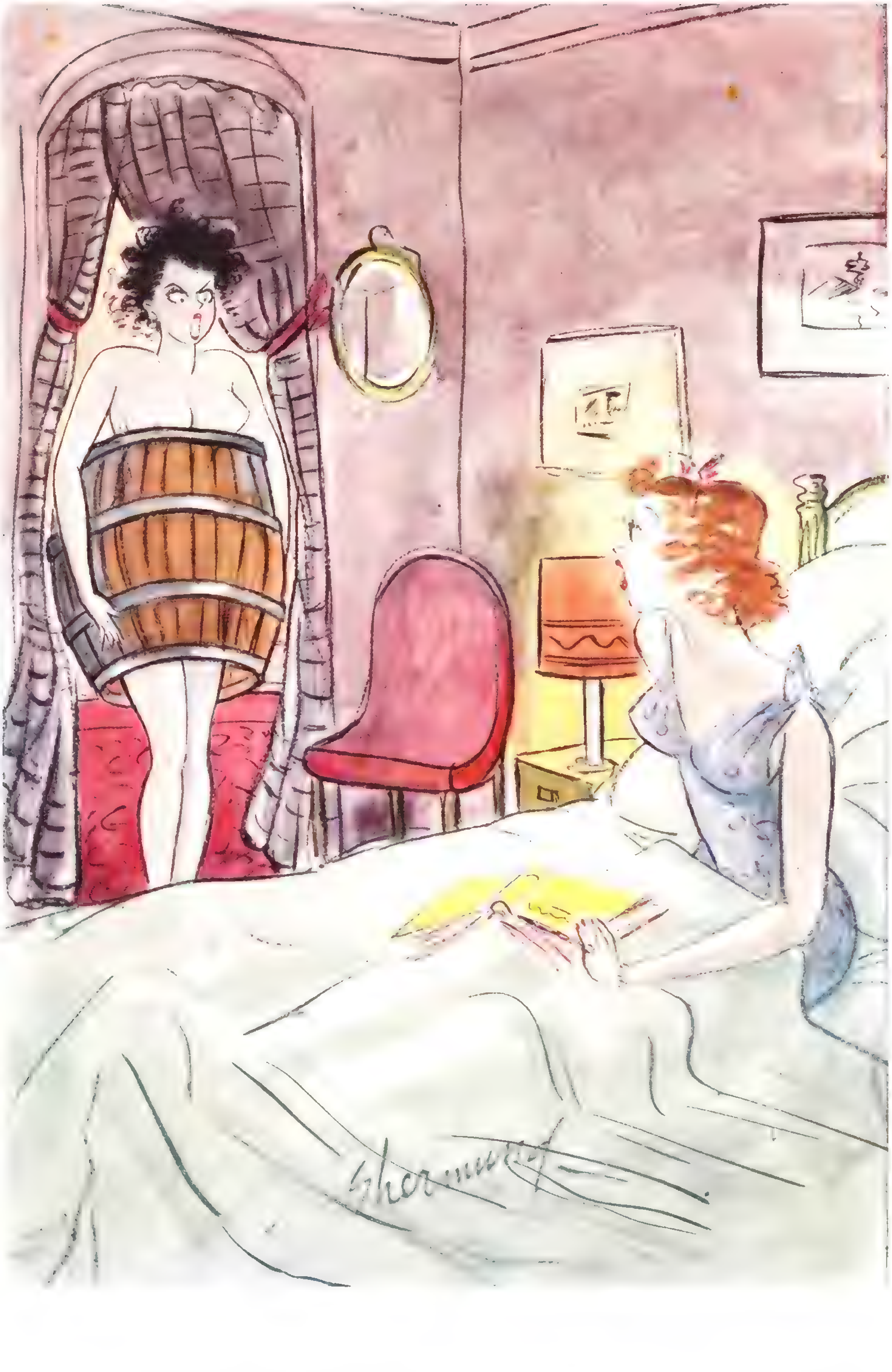


"We had a fight, and he took back everything he'd given me!"

Convention Girl

Sometimes they're professional, more often they're secretaries, clerks, or manicurists, by day

by PIERRE BOUCHERON

• ARTICLE •

NEXT to the bellowing sales manager, one of the most important figures of the annual business get-together is the Convention Girl. She is, however, very much unheralded, and never mentioned in the polite society of Wichita Falls. Yet, the Convention Girl has become a necessary, almost indispensable adjunct of Big Business. She probably takes her place, unofficially, among the more or less necessary evils—the Lobbyist, the Strike Breaker, the Private Detective whose job it is to spy on competitive trade practices, and other unsung heroes of Mass Production.

Indeed, the Convention Girl is often responsible for the "overwhelming success" of the meeting, and, on specially planned occasions, has been known to swing important buyers into the familiar sit-down position of signing on the dotted line. Her usual rôle, however, is to enter the scene after the powerful sales-stimulation session is over, and her job is to brighten the evenings of the Big Push and give the boys an easy outlet for pent-up emotions and repressions.

The employment of this modern Circe varies with the temper of the day. Thus, she reached an all-time peak in popularity during the glorious years of '27, '28, and '29 when business was good and morals bad. Then, when the multitudinous curves began to plunge downward, there was a noticeable tightening of money belts and the treasurers, comptrollers and other medicos of failing balance sheets had their say, and sales managers were told to cut expenses or else. During this period the C. G. was less in corporate demand. She probably struck a marked low in calls during the years '32 and '33, but today, with things on the up-and-up, and with the ending of the old-fashioned, somewhat gauche practice of having one's wife tag along, the C.G. is again a favorite, and from indications gathered at a recent well-known convention held in an eastern city she bids fair to break all records in versatility and general use. Indeed, many of the older industries who never thought of such tactics, industries whose leaders and key-men are well past the happy years of physical well-being, are making discreet inquiries as to the modus operandi of the Convention Girl, and how does one go about the hiring of this helpful artiste. Pity the company nowadays, therefore, that doesn't give serious consideration to this phase of the entertainment program.

It all works thus: The plans are made for the introduction of a brand new line of streamlined automobiles, of startlingly economical refrigerators, of world-girdling radios and other gadgets of this high-production age. Now, colossal, consumer-compelling advertising campaigns are scheduled. National sales potential surveys are made. Irrevocable "must" quotas are allocated for all sales districts. Grand pep talks are written for, and memorized by, the dignified president of the company down to the humblest district manager. Even the engineer will be on hand with a lot of power charts and reasons-why-you-must-buy.

The convention city is then decided upon. It must be right with regards to geographical location, ease of travel, hotel accommodations and entertainment facilities. Now the day is set. The time may stretch from two to five days depending on the size of the industry from the standpoint of annual dollar sales. Thus, one day for an industry volume of a million; five days for an industry of one hundred million.

While there are variations peculiar to the locale of the convention, there seem to be three general ways of handling this more-or-less sub-rosa form of entertainment, depending upon the *savoir faire* of the head man who okays such matters, or depending upon the known sophistication of the customers. Therefore, there are three general types of this handmaiden of industry.

First, of course, and most to be depended upon for last minute decisions, is the out-and-out bordello method and calls for a strictly professional type of female conventioneer entertainer. To be sure, this is an old style, rather crude, but usually quite effective way of giving the customers a thrill after the year's sales quotas have been or are about to be passed out. Here the entrepreneur is usually the bright, young sales assistant of the waxed mustache who "knows the town." He will arrange for a group, or groups, to visit a certain house in an oft'-times fashionable district, or else it will be a house-out-in-the-country.

The preliminaries take place when one or more pairs of female performers enter the assembly room clad lightly in silken things. There now begins the mimicry of Sapphic paroxysms, whereupon the ladies soon divest each other of all covering and the assembly is now treated to the well-known "circus." The girls go through this amid loud guffaws from the more articulate braves, usually those who suffer from minor forms of sexual repressions at home. There is always a clown among the boys. He wants to direct the act, offering suggestions and encouragement to the performers. Then, after a round of drinks, or so, he is apt to tire of this, whereupon this bold spirit will step right up to the circus ring and will pantomime what he thinks "should be done about this." Or he may resort to a demonstration of certain sadistic practices. The boys are greatly amused at this and roar their approval and further encouragement.

There has been considerable drinking all evening, of course, before and after arrival at this place, and many of the customers now completely released from the thoughts of tomorrow's torment with its quotas, credits, and other "musts," are fully aroused to the possibilities of their surroundings, and begin to demand their rights. Some do and some don't, depending upon age and power of concentration on fixed ideas. Everybody, however, is having a swell time in some form or other with the help of the original performers and with other beautiful creatures *en déshabillé* who seem to arrive on the scene from nowhere. This is probably a six-room apartment, or, if the event is taking place in certain southern cities known for great hospitality, the place may be a twenty-room mansion or a large, rambling farm-house out in the countryside.

Entertainment of this kind very frequently lasts until the wee hours, and quite often winds up with breakfast for all who have not collapsed to sleep it off in the arms of gorgeous blondes. Certainly, few will be able to navigate properly at 6 a.m. following the onslaughts of liquor and such high excitement.

The pay-off for the first part of the entertainment may vary depending upon the number of genuine customers present. If customers predominate, then the young sales assistant has already paid in advance a per-man fee of five dollars, and up, for the prelims. The more individual and personal entertainment that follows is by some oft-quoted, unwritten code, usually paid for by the individual, although it is not uncommon for one basic expense account to handle the whole evening's fun with the single entry:

Continued on page 218

The Shark and the Yankee

George had never liked Yankees and if he'd had anything to say, Mort would never have been on the crew

by HARRY SYLVESTER

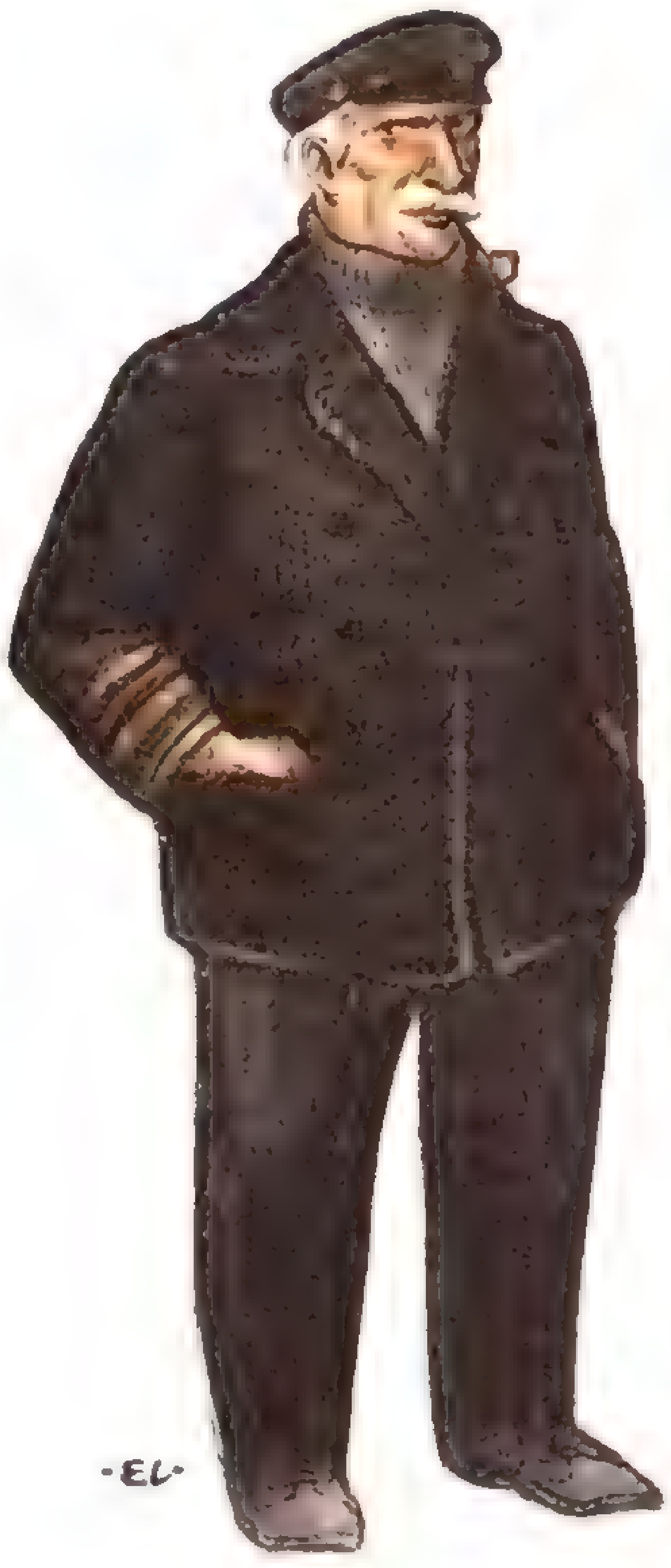
• FICTION •

OLD George Alves woke just before his alarm was to go off at 3:15 in the morning. His knees were stiff but he was not sleepy and he immediately got out of bed and closed the windows. He could see no stars and the smell of the sea was very strong on the air. He turned to the bed and woke his wife, Martha.

As George came into the kitchen after dressing, he noticed a slight movement just outside the kitchen door and opened it. His daughter Anna stood there with Mort Humphries, the Yankee. They were smiling and embarrassed, their cheeks colored by their embarrassment and by the damp air.

"Some time to be getting home," George Alves said. He didn't particularly care for Mort Humphries.

"Where you been?" Mrs. Alves said. She was half-Yankee herself and approved strongly of Mort Humphries. George Alves was all Portuguese and although it was over thirty years since he had left Portugal to fish on Cape Cod, he still distrusted some Yankees.



"Dancing," Anna answered her mother. "We were going to come home earlier, but we thought we'd stay and dance a while longer and Mort could come home here to breakfast and go to the boat from here with dad."

"Some great idea, all right," George Alves said. "Some idea. I s'pose you think you're in all right shape to go to the traps this morning, huh?"

"I'm all right, George," Mort said. "I'm young, you know."

"Wise guy," George muttered without looking at the other. After the meal, George put on his long-peaked fisherman's cap and picked up his lunch box. Mrs. Alves handed Mort a paper-covered package of sandwiches that she had hastily made.

"Oh, thanks," Mort said. "I was going to go home and get some."

"That's all right," Mrs. Alves said. "You would have been late."

At the door the contrast between the two men was not sharp for all their difference of blood. George Alves was around sixty and Mort was not yet thirty, but they were both tanned deeply, both had long, straight noses, although George's was blunter than Mort's, and their height was about the same. George Alves wore dungarees but Mort was dressed in store clothes and a new, light-grey hat.

George went through the door first and Mort looked back to catch Anna's eyes. She smiled and he felt better.

Although it was still September, the air verged on coldness. The starless sky seemed lower and a wind pushed steadily off the water and up the hill where George's house stood.

"Looks pretty smoky, George," Mort said.

George grunted and hung his lunch box on his bicycle.

"How's for a ride on the handle bars, Cap?" Mort said.

"What you think I am, a taxi cab?" said George. "You such a wise guy you can walk." George straddled the bicycle and as a parting shot, said: "And don't you go out with Anna no more. This time no time to be getting home." He pushed off and was lost in the blackness. Mort cursed without much anger and began to walk toward the water. He was the boat's engineer and he knew they would have to wait for him. Down the road, he saw the soft, yellow light of the bicycle's electric lantern flick on and move steadily away, lighting faintly and briefly the dark houses. Mort Humphries wondered if Anna Alves would marry him and move to the city, away from this town and fishing with a pig-headed old foreigner like George who couldn't read or write. Mort didn't think she would. But if he couldn't see Anna he would leave town himself. He wondered vaguely what he could do in the city.

Riding steadily, almost sedately through the dark streets, some of his anger left George Alves. Most of the summer people were gone, but there remained some of the mildly hilarious night clubs that had mushroomed up when they had first come to the town. That was why Anna and Mort and the other young couples stayed out late in summer. Late hours and fishing didn't mix, George Alves believed. He sniffed. The sniff brought the odor of the sea to him again, strongly salt and wet, smelling vaguely of tar and rotting fish. He passed through a wisp of fog. His face was grave and he wondered briefly if he were really getting too old to fish.

Inside the dimly lighted shed, Zeke and John Dutra, brothers in George Alves' crew, greeted the older man as they pulled on boots and slipped into rubber pants and coats. George took his own new oilskins from the wall and put them on. He still preferred them to the rubber the younger men were using.

Others came in, Al Lima's crew, and sat on boxes, broken chairs and coils of rope, pulling on the heavy garments. Al Lima entered, stocky, ruddy and with a slight roll to his walk, at thirty-two the youngest captain in the fleet. His boat and George's worked in partnership, sharing the proceeds of each day's catch.

"What do you think, George?" Al said. "Pretty smoky, huh?"

"Not too bad. You gonna pull outside traps. Stay in sight of shore when you go around Race Point."

"Sure it's not too tough for you, George? You're getting pretty old, you know." Lima winked at the men over George's bent back.

"I was sailing boats between Portugal and the Islands when you were being nursed," George said.

"That was a long time ago, George," one of Lima's crew said.

"Sure, George," Al said. "Maybe I'd better pull your traps for you. Or you stay ashore and let Humphries take the boat out."

There wasn't so much of a laugh at that, as some of them knew George's brooding dislike for the only Yankee on either of the two boats. Lima and his crew went out and George stood up to follow the others.

"Aren't you going to wait for Mort?" Zeke Dutra said.

"Let him swim after us," George said and clumped out onto the wharf. The others followed and Silva asked what they were going to do for an engineer.

"You run the engine," George said, half-heartedly.

"The old man's sore as hell," John Dutra said to his brother in the same low tone. On land and in the shed, they might kid George. But on the wharf and the boat he was still captain, even though only of a forty-foot, open-decked, fish-smelling boat.

Mort Humphries came trotting down the

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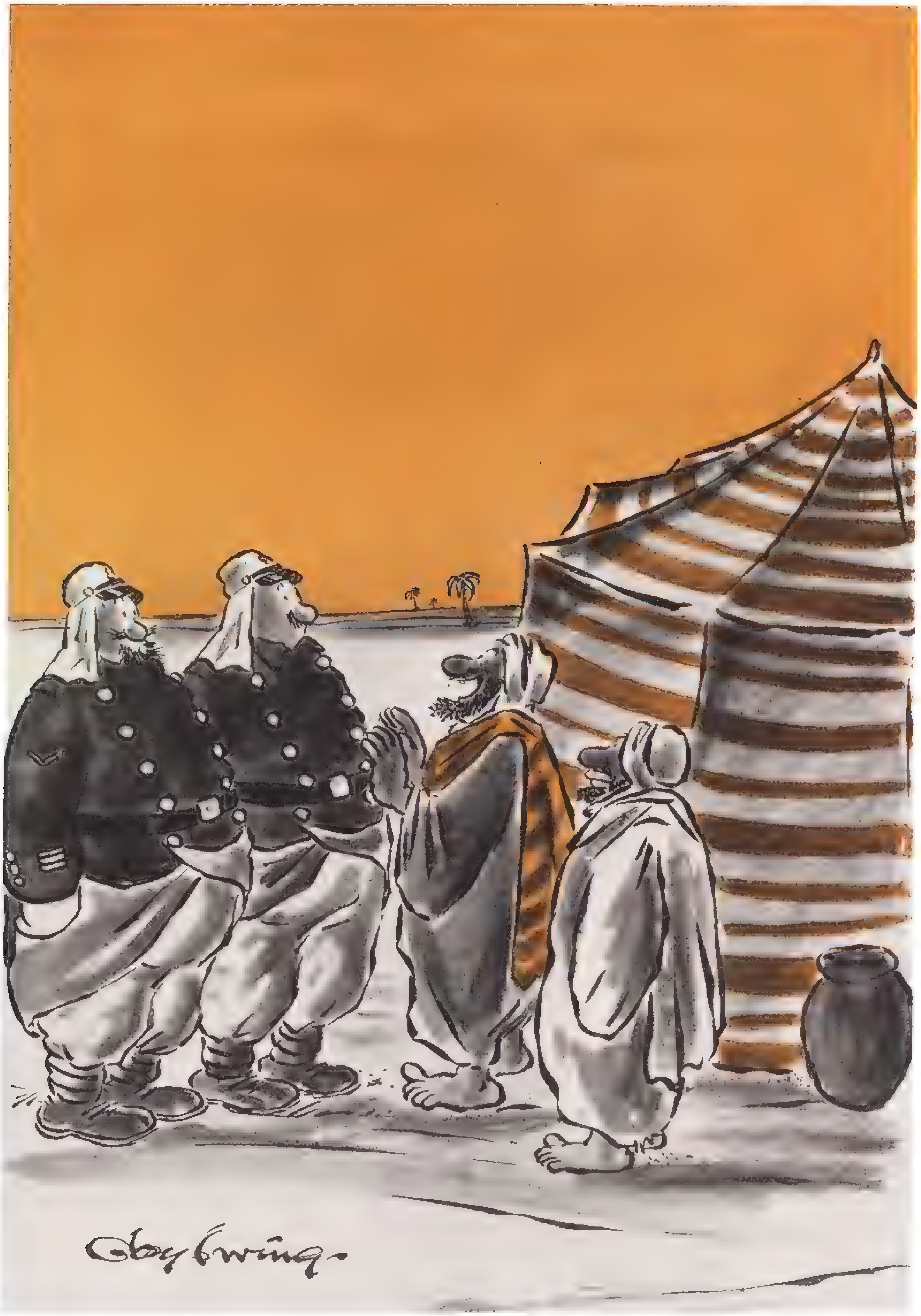


"You should complain! I've got eight wives to forget."

They Was Murders in Them Days

A century ago there was elegance in killing, reporters used discretion, and even policemen were very polite

by JOSEPH FULLING FISHMAN

• SATIRE •

One hundred years ago, come April 12 next, the New York *Herald* reported the case of Helen Jewett, a beautiful demimondaine alleged to have been slain by her lover, Richard B. Robinson. The romance, the delicacy, the quiet charm, the subtle sense of good taste and the gracious atmosphere of breeding and culture which surrounded the taking off of Miss Jewett, is its own proof of how crude and vulgar the murders of our own day have become. The report, which contains much of interest to students of contemporary mores, reads as follows:

"Yesterday afternoon about four o'clock the sun broke out in a moment of splendor. I started on a visit to the scene (of the Jewett murder) at 41 Thomas Street. On passing through Chapel Street I came to the corner of Thomas Street, which runs west from behind the Hospital yard to Hudson Street.

"A large crowd of young men stood around the door, No. 41, and several groups along the street in various directions. The excitement among the young men throughout the city was beginning to spread in all directions."

(The student will not fail to notice how the reporter waited for the sun to appear before venturing out. It was the custom in those days not to report murders until the weather cleared. The more cunning murderers or those with greater experience, knowing this, invariably obtained weather reports in advance, just as aviators do now. They then did their killing at the beginning of a wet spell and were often in Central America or Europe before the murder was reported. The number of murderers who went unpunished finally led to the invention of the umbrella in 1868. Since then reporters, and even police, go out in all kinds of weather. Before the invention of the umbrella, however, official weather prognosticators, knowing that a large number of prospective murderers were anxiously awaiting their reports, made their predictions as vague and obscure as possible. For some unknown reason, this practice has persisted to the present day.)

"The house is two stories and attic, large and elegant, painted yellow and on the left-hand side as you go to Hudson Street. It is said to be one of the most splendid establishments devoted to infamous intercourse that the city can show. I knocked at the door; a police officer opened it stealthily. I told him who I was. 'Mr. B., you can enter,' said he with great politeness. The crowd rushed from behind, seeking also an entrance, but the way was barred to them.

"'No more can come in,' said the police officer.

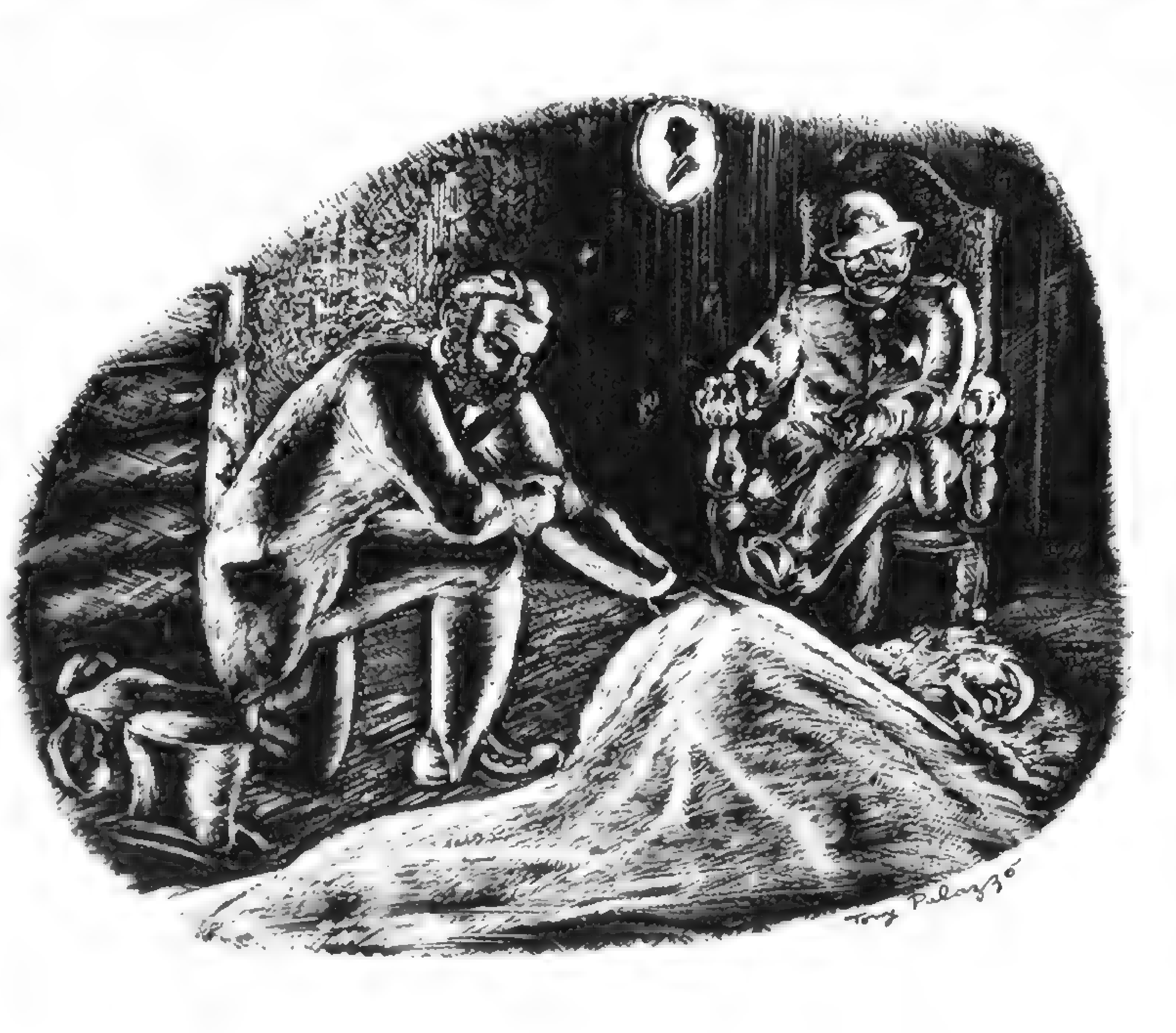
"'Why do you let that man in?' asked one of the angry crowd.

"'He is an editor—he is on public duty.'"

(Here the deterioration of the police of our day is all too apparent. Outside of the grammatical lapse in the officer's saying, "You *can* enter" instead of "You *may* enter," it will be noted that he addressed Mr. B. *with great politeness*. Not only did he not say "Naw; beat it," but he actually explained to one of the inquiring members of the crowd why he permitted Mr. B. to enter and kept the rest of the alphabet out. Cynics may contend that he saw a low number on Mr. B.'s car and figured he was a big shot in Tammany Hall. But this could not possibly be so, as the automobile was not invented until 1841, *more than three years later*. Another significant sentence is that which reads: "It is *said* to be one of the most splendid establishments," etc. This is convincing proof that then, as now, newspapers protected themselves from libel. The *Herald* was not risking a suit by establishments which might have been more splendid.)

"I entered. I pressed forward to the sitting room or parlor. There I found another officer in charge of that apartment. The old lady of the house, Mrs. Townsend, was sitting on a sofa talking to several young men in a state of great excitement. The room was elegantly furnished with mirrors, splendid paintings, sofas, ottomans and every variety of costly furniture. The police officer, when he saw me, said, 'Mr. B., would you like to see the place?' 'I would,' replied I. He immediately rose—I followed him. We mounted an elegant staircase."

(The use of the word "another" here disposes of any contention that the first police officer was a freak or throwback of some kind. Nor can it be said that the politeness was accidental because, after Mr. B. indicated a desire to see the room the officer immediately rose. He didn't say, "Take yer time; you ain't goin' to no fire." It is reasonable to assume by the law of averages, even though there is no direct evidence on the point, that *if two polite cops are found in one house at the same time*—even an unusually large house—there must have been others scattered through the city. Then, the sentence about the great excitement of the young men—the third such reference in the story—tells much about the simple pleasures of that day which should shame the young men of our own time. Those of a century ago had to go for days or even weeks and months without a single killing. Now, with thousands of murders to choose from, our own youth must needs require cinemas, cars and cocktails, petting parties and polo shirts to whip up their blasé spirits. Truly, as one eminent divine well says: "Our young men do not deserve to have murders. If they were compelled to live abroad where murders are few and far between they would soon realize how well off they are here." Acting upon his suggestion, Representative Hamilton Fish has introduced a bill to deport all these unappreciative ones.)



"What a sight burst upon me! There stood an elegant double mahogany bed, all covered with burnt pieces of linen, blankets, pillows, black as cinders. I looked around for the object of my curiosity. On the carpet I saw a piece of linen sheet covering something, as if carelessly flung over it. 'Here,' said the police officer, 'here is the poor creature.' He half uncovered the ghastly corpse. It was the most remarkable sight I had ever beheld. 'My God,' exclaimed I, 'how like a statue! I can scarcely conceive that form to be a corpse.' The body looked as white, as full, as polished as the purest Parian marble. The perfect figure, the exquisite limbs, the fine face, the full arms, the beautiful bust, all, all surpassed in every respect the Venus de Medici, according to the cast generally given of her. 'See,' said the police officer, 'she has assumed that appearance within the hour.'"

(Here is still further proof of the Quixotic quality of the cops of that era. Certainly no intelligent person will contend that a cop so sympathetic, so observant and so appreciative of female beauty would be lacking in ordinary politeness! The use of the phrase, "assumed that appearance within the hour," lends color to this conclusion, as does also the officer's modesty in *half* uncovering the body. Even in the course of duty violating the privacy of another was repellent to him. One may of course draw his own conclusions as to whether or not Mr. B., as a sacrifice to newspaper enterprise, exaggerated the lure of the seductive Miss Jewett. As for us, we believe it. What other conclusion is possible when one considers the scorched condition of the bedding?)

"It was the first process of dust returning to dust. The countenance was calm and passionless—not the slightest appearance of emotion was there. An arm lay over her bosom; the other was inverted and hanging over her head. For a few moments I was lost in admiration of the extraordinary sight—a beautiful female corpse that surpassed the finest statue of antiquity."

(Plainly the reporters of that day were well equipped culturally

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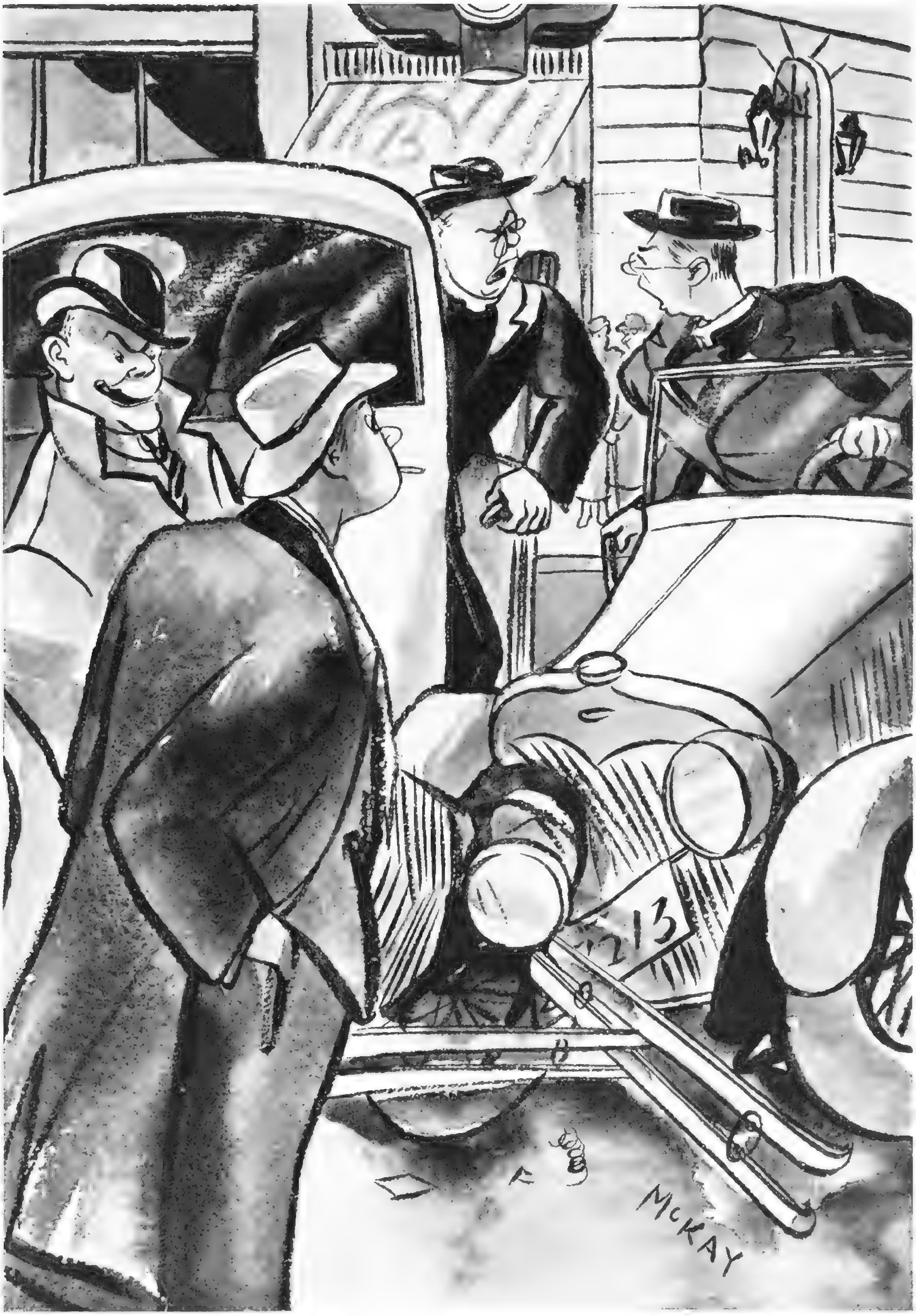
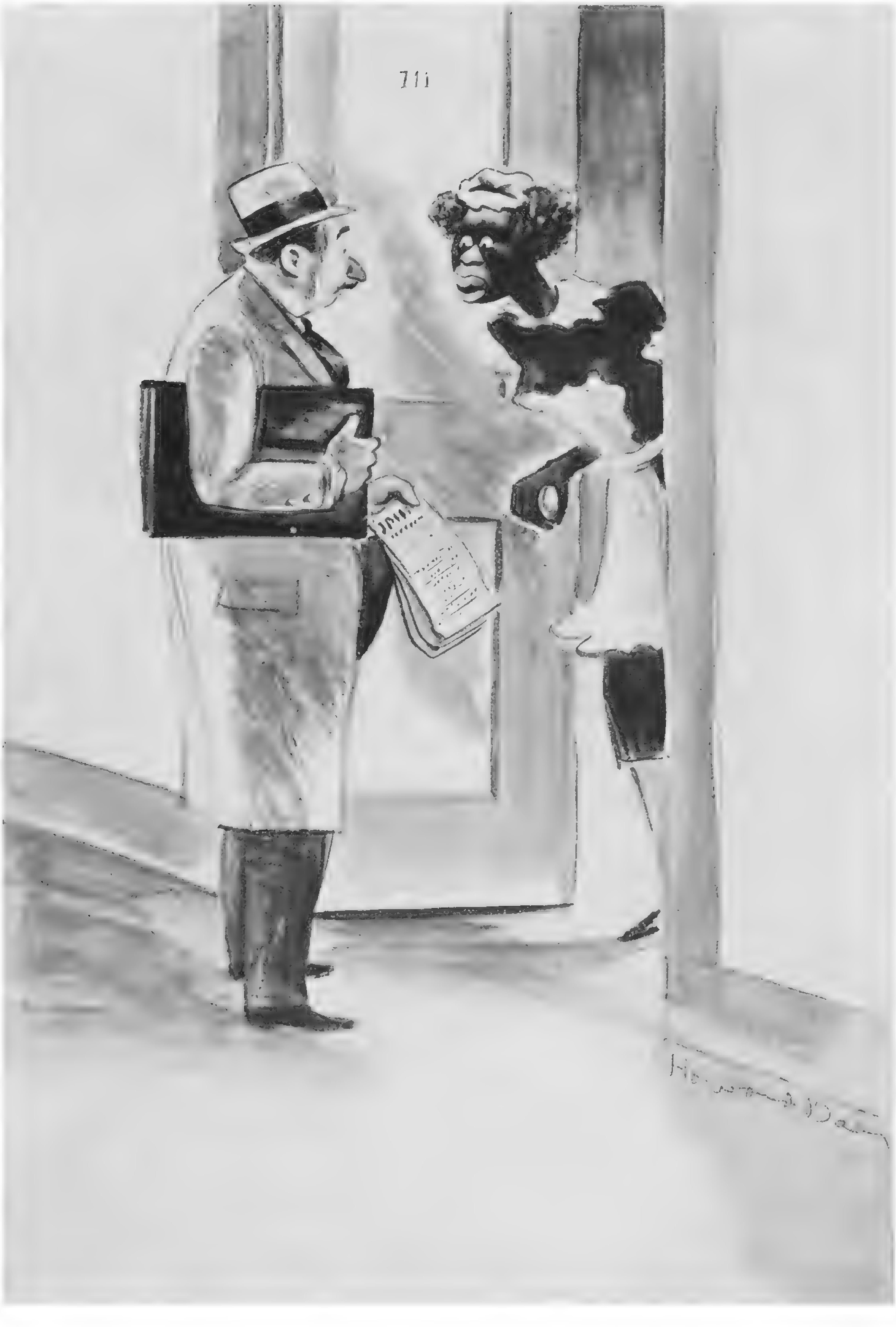


"Let's stick around—this ought to be good!"



"Miss Wilton is busy with another bill collector. Will yo' wait?"

Lots of Luck

The four school teachers commented that she came on board with one man and was running around with another

by MANUEL KOMROFF

• FICTION •

At first it looked as though they were married. They came on board together and he helped her up the gangplank but she drew her arm away as though annoyed by unnecessary attention.

"Well," she said. "Here we are at last. I hope it will be a pleasant journey."

"I hope so too," he replied. "In fact it is up to you."

"Well, if you want to be a good sport . . ."

"Yes, I'm a good sport," he said quickly. "And if you want to be a good girl, the ship is yours."

"Thanks for the present. I'll be good."

They spoke these words as the passengers hung over the rail and watched the little French tenders return to the shore. A heavy rumbling and grinding noise announced the raising of the anchor. The great links of this heavy chain were slowly being drawn into the bowels of the vessel. Lumps of European mud fell back into the water. She leaned over the rail and watched the heavy chain come up from the bottom of the harbor. The whole ship vibrated and for a moment it seemed as though a slight chilly tremble passed through her. She pressed her fur scarf close to her neck and breathed in deeply.

Although he was at least ten years older it seemed to the passengers that they were husband and wife but as soon as the boat had turned her nose toward the sea and the propellers began churning it was discovered that these two had separate cabins opposite each other. The card on her door read Miss Florence Martin and the card on his cabin bore the name Mr. John Xavier Rivington.

It takes very little time after a boat has sailed to learn who is who. The social relations unfold as gently as leaves of a fan. A word, a look, a gesture at the bar, a remark to the steward, a brisk walk on deck in the morning, a slow arm-in-arm walk in the evening, the mail in the office, the initials on your trunk, a radio message, everything—even the hotel labels on your suitcase, the express check you change at the purser's office, everything—everything gives you away. Twenty-four hours after sailing your life is an open book. And that is how you get to know about everybody, excepting perhaps the captain who for the first day or two is usually not seen.

But on this voyage very soon after the ship got under way the captain appeared on some matter of business. He walked through the smoking room and through the lounge and paused at a narrow corridor. He knocked on the door of Mr. John Xavier Rivington. "Just want to see if everything is all right."

"Quite all right, Captain. Thank you," Rivington replied.

"You are sure?"

"We have had a little heart to heart talk and I think everything will be just fine."

"Don't hesitate to let me know if there is anything . . ." The captain turned about smartly and went up to his quarters.

Well, there it was. This couple who were not husband and wife had received a welcoming visit from the captain. They no doubt had some special pull with the steamship company. The four school teachers who were all in one cabin complained about the injustice of one woman having a cabin to herself. But nothing was done about it. The purser assured them that he would do everything possible but after a day or two he forgot all about it. In time the four school teachers got to hate Miss Florence Martin for no apparent reason except that she was allowed to retain a cabin for herself while they were packed all four in an inside room. A high hand was certainly tampering with justice. And that proud goddess blind-folded with scales and double-edged sword calmly poised—that proud goddess of justice was receiving a smack in the face. At least, so it seemed. There was a lot of gaggle from these four geese but nothing was ever done about it.

Most of the passengers, however, took a liking to Miss Martin. She was quite smart and attractive, she was youthful, walked with a free graceful stride and carried a full open smile that showed a row of strong, even teeth. She seemed the only girl on board that was really enjoying herself. She felt at home and seemed ready for anything at any time. Deck tennis, quoits, shuffleboard, anything that was going found her there. Mr. Rivington was not quite so active. He was ten years older and at the age when a man begins to put on a bit of weight. But he was usually out on deck, lounging in one of the chairs and seeming to enjoy the fun. In fact he encouraged Florence from the side lines. "Just put it in the ten and you will tie the score. Oh! Too bad. Better luck next time."

Her luck was unusually good. At one time she ran up an amazing score and several people came forward, even the young professor, and congratulated her. But at one moment her face turned to the horizon and she looked back at the long wake that the steamer was casting off behind. These white tracks boiled up from the screws trailed off into nothing at all and even a hundred yards away from the boat they began fading and melting and fusing again into the worried liquid surface of the sea. Here below it was boiling white with fury and there it was nothing at all. How far is it from something to nothing? Two hundred yards? Four hundred yards? One minute away or two minutes. How short the distance! How far is a bright blue sky from a dark black night! Not so far.

Rivington rose from his chair and walked up behind her. She did not notice him until he spoke.

"Looking at something?"

"No. Nothing at all."

"You remember what we said?"

"Yes. I remember." She turned about quickly and smiled. "Whose turn is it to play?"

"You are next," someone said as Rivington went back to his chair.

Her luck was amazing.

The young professor was very much impressed. He closed his book and came forward to speak to her.

"You know," he said. "Luck is a very important branch in science today. In fact it helps to solve many problems that would otherwise . . . Of course it is called by a different name. We call it probabilities and chances, first analyzed by a Frenchman on the theory that three judges were better than one—less chance of prejudice or miscarriage of justice. And the funny thing about it was that when the Revolution came this mathematician almost lost his head. He

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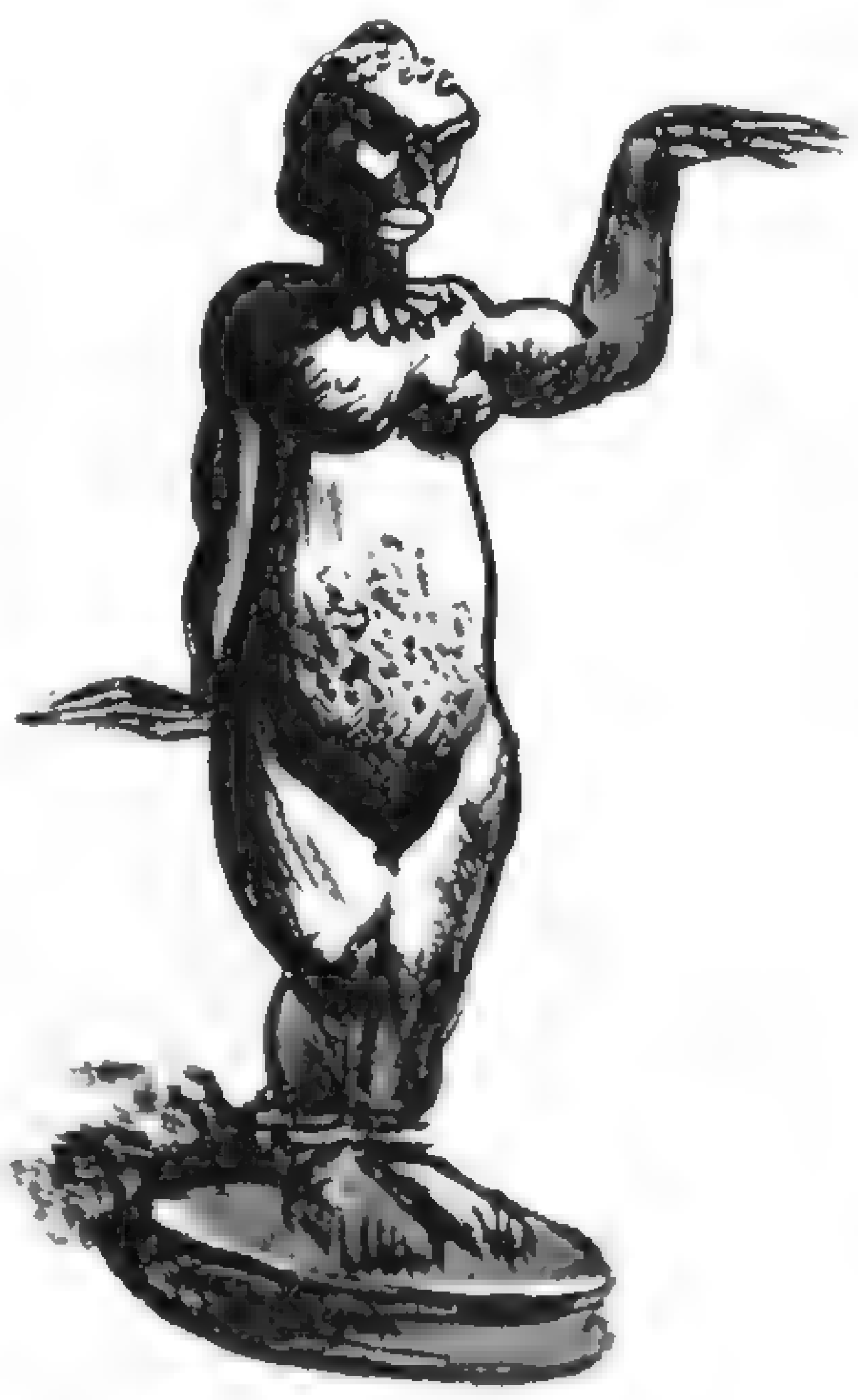
The Barbaric Goddess Bapughà

It was certainly fantastic, making the long journey through the swamp on the strength of the boy's dream

by COMDR. ATTILIO GATTI

• ARTICLE •

Bapughà, barbaric Goddess of Love, Fountain of Life, of Prosperity and Happiness, has never left me since during my last expedition she came into my possession. Silent, faithful companion, from a corner of my desk she stares at me with her great heavy-lidded eyes, an enigmatic smile lifting the corners of her curved lips. Wherever I go, she accompanies me, exchanging her place on my desk for a corner in a suitcase where, it is to be hoped, she continues to guard my destiny.



The circumstances through which I came into possession of this little statue of ironwood probably a thousand years old, are extremely simple. But they have for me such a charm, perfumed with poetry, magic and mystery, that I think they are worth recounting.

At the northeastern corner of Northern Rhodesia, where it adjoins Angola, a vast expanse of treacherous swamp straddles the frontier.

During the rainy season it is impassable. During the dry season it is still very difficult and dangerous because it is constantly fed by two rivers, the Lungwebungo and the Lutembwe, which afterwards unite to bring their contribution to the infant beginning of the mighty Zambesi.

How I ever had the genial idea to attempt to explore that unhealthy, unpleasant country, I cannot say. I think the idea first came to me when I heard that the swamps were not only unmapped but absolutely unexplored.

My desire grew when I listened to some old natives whispering about them with expressions of secrecy and awe. And I put it into action when, having said to my boys that we could soon leave for the Loeti Swamps, they had respectfully but firmly refused to follow me. My instinct told me then that it was probably worth my while to go, and a few days later we started.

Only our "Engineer," after some consideration, decided to accompany us, and I was very pleased at this because he was the best and cleverest of our native boys and for that reason we had bestowed on him the title of which he was so proud.

So with this one boy, we went by truck to Noya on the Zambesi just at the point where it is joined by the Lungwebungo and began to ascend the latter river, traveling in native canoes, escorted by a dozen others carrying our most indispensable baggage.

There followed days of heavy sultriness and of slow, tedious progress made even more unbearable by the cramping, rigid position we were obliged to maintain in the canoes which any sudden movement on our part threatened to overturn.

After six days we reached a small elevation, not too unhealthy nor uncomfortable, where we made our camp and at once began to carry on our work of exploration. But it is not of these exploring activities that I want to speak.

One day Engineer continuously and persistently kept suggesting to me that I should make a trip of about two days by canoe to reach a place where there was something that would interest me very much. This fact, he insisted, he had found out through his conversations with the natives of the swamps. More, he would not tell me. My two companions protested with spirit that they would never undertake such an uncomfortable expedition because of the vague gossip of natives. But I personally had faith in my Engineer, and in spite of their opposition decided to follow his suggestions.

The next morning I left with him in a large canoe, taking with me only my bed, a small quantity of water and the necessary provisions for five days.

My boy paddled through that labyrinth of small channels and openings between the high reeds with uncanny assurance. Remarkable though I knew the native perception of direction and orientation to be, he seemed much too sure of himself to be traveling through an unknown country.

"Have you been here before?" I asked him.

"Never, *bwana*."

"Then how under the sun do you know so well where you're going?"

"I don't know, *bwana*. I never have been here, and yet it seems to me I know every passage."

I was interested, for the boy's features were absolutely different to the characteristic ones of any of the fifteen principal tribes of Northern Rhodesia, and I had never been able to learn from him in what part of the country he was born. Every time I asked him, all he had answered was, "I don't know, far away where the sun sets," pointing with a vague gesture toward the West.

At any rate, as I have said, I had complete confidence in him, and in some fashion I drowsed through the day. We started again early the next morning, after a night made really horrible both by the aching of my bones from my cramped position in the canoe and by the unbelievable pandemonium made by millions of mosquitoes singing and buzzing around my net.

Soon I thought I could distinguish far ahead of us a shape which looked like a long, low hill, but the blinding light reflected from the water, and the trembling curtain of vapor rising from it made me uncertain. Engineer confirmed my impression, and added that the distant hill was our destination. Then, after a short hesitation, "It is not true that the natives have given me information, *bwana*," he said humbly.

I flopped around with such an energy that I nearly upset the canoe.

"Then why are you taking me through this infernal swamp?" I shouted with all the accumulation of irritation that a day and night in such heat and discomfort had brought me.

"I had a dream," he replied serenely, meanwhile with a deft movement re-establishing the equilibrium of the canoe.

To let one's nerves get the best of him in such circumstances is a bad business and, of course, accomplishes nothing. With considerable effort of will I controlled my temper and then, in the most angelic calm, continued the conversation.

"Is that the way you deal with your *bwana*?"

"*Bwana*, you know that I am faithful to you. You are my father."

The proclamation of this tender relationship which the native is forever according to the white master, was not at that moment especially soothing.

"Tell me exactly what you dreamed," I said with all the patience I possibly could muster.

He answered slowly, bringing out each word with an air of reluctance. "I have dreamed that Bapughà ordered me to bring you at any cost to the great cavern which is in that hill down there."

"And did your Bapughà tell you what I have to do with your devilish cavern?"

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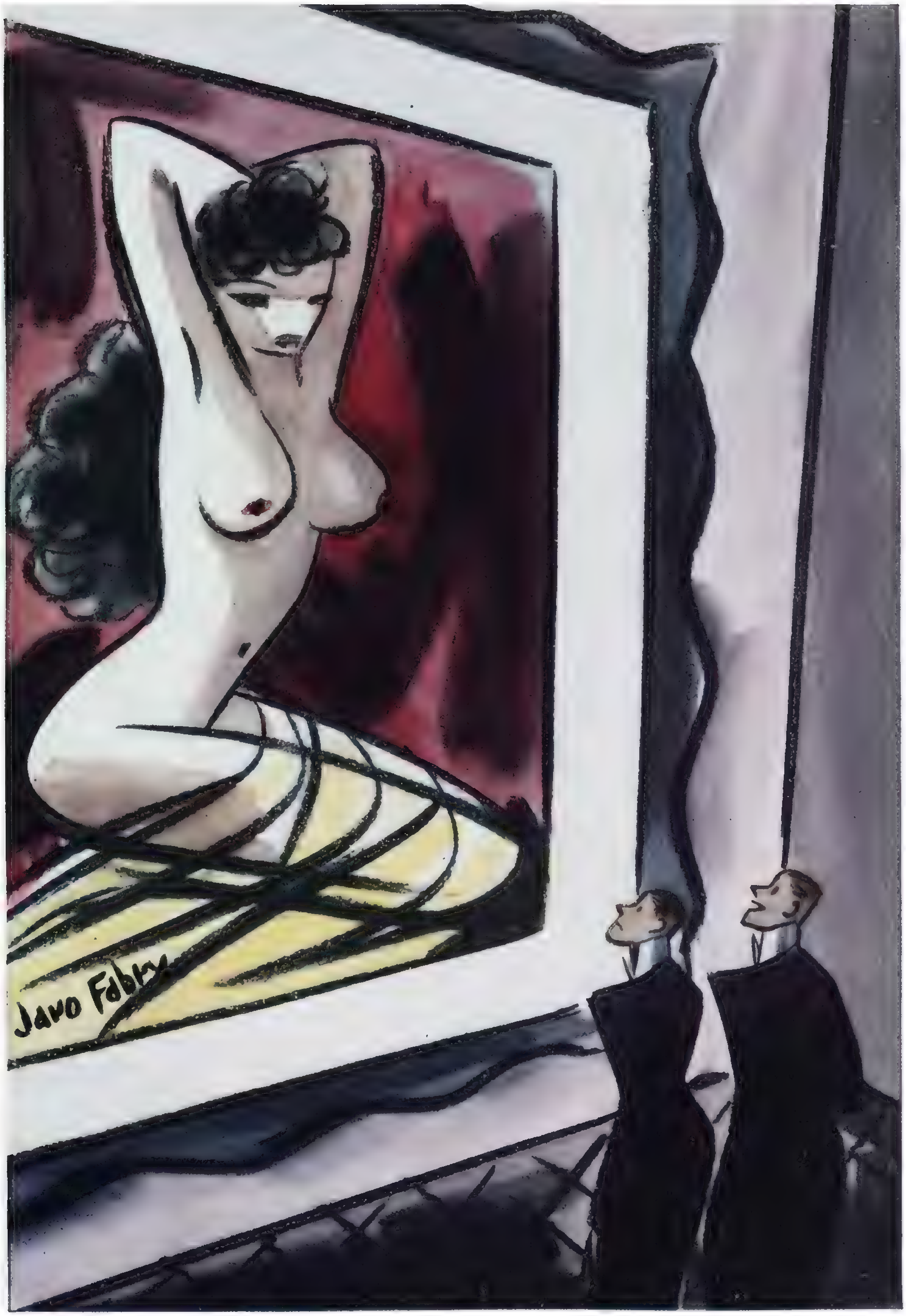
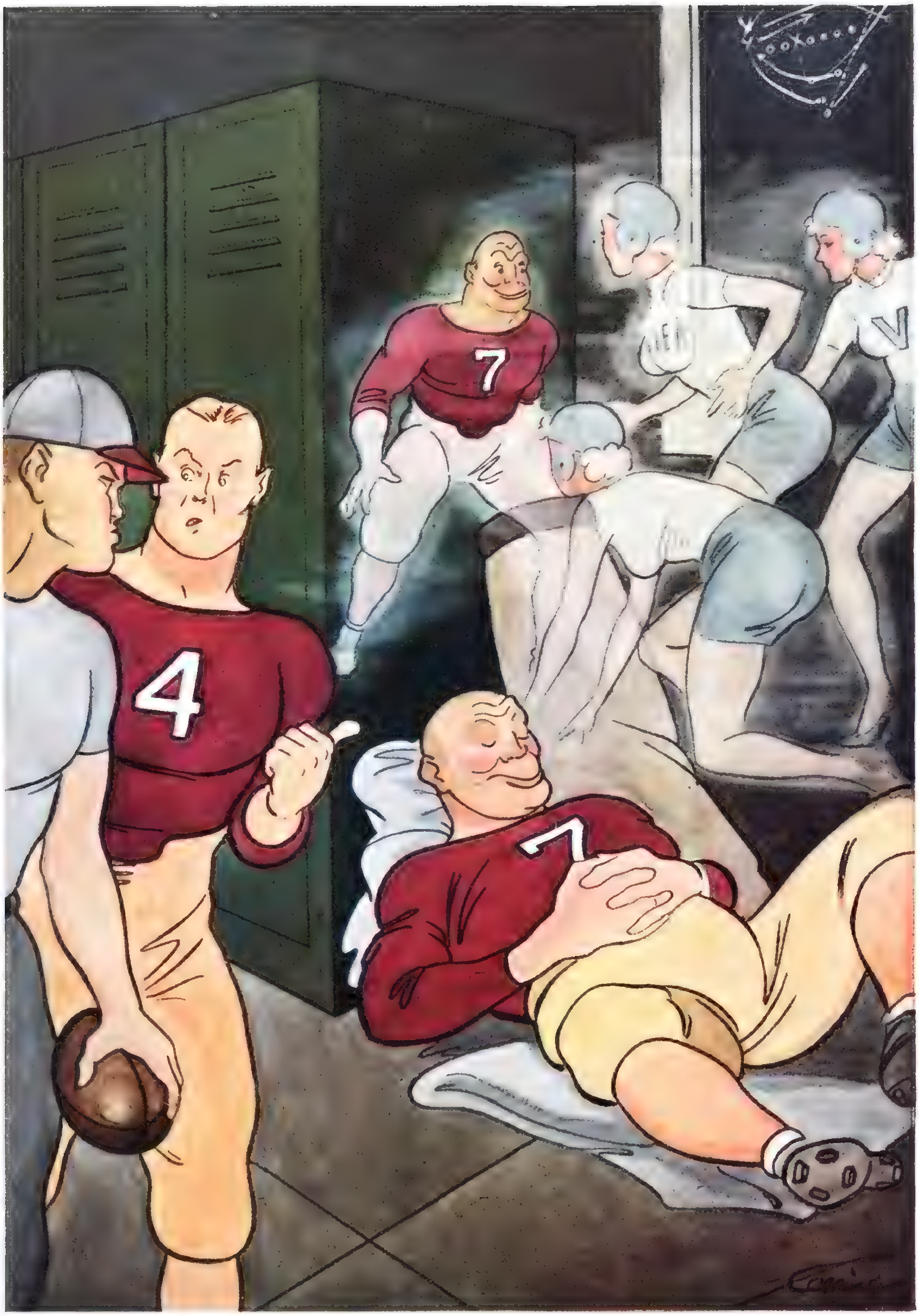


"I had it enlarged from a small painting."



"Butch must be having one of those funny dreams of his again."

Gravy on the Gridiron

Bookies would be fools to cheat while they're catching billions every year from gullibles who gamble on football

by FRANCIS J. POWERS

• SPORTS •

NOT because of a heart beating with poesy does the beady-eyed bookie now refer to the waning months of the year as "the golden autumn." There is seldom sentiment in the fellow who engages in the commerce of making book on sporting competitions that encourage financial expressions of differences in opinion. But now the raucous rah-rah sounds pleasantly in ears formerly attuned to the shriek of "they're off" and a glowing sensation akin to the romantic old college spirit shines in the hitherto dark character of the bookie. He is in a dream coming true; a dream of rich harvest, brown October ale to lap contentedly while the dough is on the line and the sucker's in the shock.

The once harassed and censured bookie used to miss meals when winter came upon him. Horse racing and horse race betting interest cools with the weather. This autumn what the nags do is not a matter affecting the gastronomy of the wagering tradesmen. Football now provides a feast for the bookies and they're sure of gravy on the gridiron.

Football gambling scores a winning touchdown for the professional betting man just at a time of the betting season when it often looks to the bookie like all is lost save the pawn-ticket for his overcoat. It is all too beautiful, this endowment of the striving bookies by the campus followers. Football gambling in the fall replaces horse betting as the poor man's stock-market, and in a much more refined atmosphere. A canopy of raccoon coat now hides the original sin of the bookie's gaudy awning-striped shirt.

It may confuse your suspicious spirit, even amaze your cynical intellect, to learn that the business of football wagering as now conducted by the professional gambling gentry, has been very much on the level up to the date this research data was poked onto typing paper from notes interviewed out of gambling men in New York, Chicago, Minneapolis, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Detroit and St. Louis.

The only rough stuff there has been in football professional betting business, from the time it got into big business brackets during the 1934 season until this fall, has been some pushing around of the smaller betting fraternity by the big men who are in command of the nation's gambling commerce, so far as it now has been brought under domination. Ambition in the football betting business is a grievous fault on the part of the small independent who has attempted to run a football book as a sideline, and grievously, some places hath the ambitious guy paid. The gendarmes in a few cities, getting orders from the same places that control the race handbooks, have annoyed the little guys, no end. The littles in the larger cities doomed out of the racket except as outposts for the established powers.

There is no mystery and certainly no ethics accountable for the honesty of commercialized football betting this brisk fall. The business is so highly favorable to the bookie that it would be only a conspicuously stupid and avaricious professional gambler who would want more than Alma Mater in her infinite wisdom and benevolence has seen fit to bestow on the bookmaker under the present scheme of things.

Why should a bookmaker be crooked when it is so convenient to steal openly? All of Ali Baba's Forty Thieves working the higher mathematics couldn't figure better odds than the bookies now get against the gullibles.

Hence, why should some superlatively greedy miscreant make a sinister attempt to bribe any fine young stalwart who is making a living, or a learning, in college football? It would be utterly foolish and extravagant for a professional gambler to make such an effort. A wrong pass at the right time might throw a football game to benefit a football professional wagering group stupefied by sheer hoggishness, but the chances of such misplays in the presence of from 20,000 to 95,000 eye-witnesses, all of whom consider themselves football experts, and none of whom are tongue-tied, are too remote to be probable.

As near as can be authoritatively estimated, professional gamblers lost $2,000,000 when Northwestern nosed out Minnesota last season. The gamblers who are set in this football betting business handled money only one way on Minnesota during 1936. A dip into them for $2,000,000 was a comparatively small pay-out for their operations and they could shove out the amount with the beau geste, really happy that something had happened to keep hope high in the hearts of the trade. The trade also took a beating, along with Ohio State, when Northwestern acquired 14 points to the 13 markers of the Buckeyes last year. But what, oh what, were these to the juicy, persistent, strictly form-sheet majority of victories that had the football bookies dining off the fatheads of the midland during Autumn, 1936?

Minnesota's loss to Northwestern, the historic upset of 1936, involved a gamblers' pay-out of less than one per cent of the amount bet with the commercial wagering men during last year's major college schedule. The football gambling moguls are not given to overly-generous estimates of the amounts wagered. However, a carefully studied check-up of the figures set forth by the chiefs of the football wagering traffic in the various key cities indicates that the business on an organized basis exceeded $225,000,000 in volume for September, October and November of last year.

Although the gambling businessmen look for this season's betting to surpass that of 1936 by a substantial amount, they are not altogether at ease with their prospects of increased prosperity. The gamblers fear it is only a matter of time until the politicians discover the astounding extent of football betting traffic and pirate the usual wide slice, thus putting the bookies back into the horse betting status and its established protection expenses.

At present there is no football gambling trouble with the law. The fix has been paid by the bookie on the pony department of his trade. Football betting rides free. There is no expensive wire service required for football betting, of the type the bookie has to buy when engaged in the horse business. Radio gives the football gambling enterprises almost perfect service.

There is no "heat on" from newspaper campaigns. The football bookie still is generally considered merely a detail of the autumn coloring. Merchants can't kick—or haven't, yet that the football bookies are keeping the poor folks broke, which is the complaint filed persistently against horse betting by many merchants in horse-crazy communities.

Alumni betting on a sentimental basis, although only an extremely minute part of football's annual betting total, gives the football bookie a quite pleasant background. Every conceivable method of trade development is liberally contributed to the further growth of the football betting business. The

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World's Toughest Cop

Relying solely on his fists, Officer Johnny Broderick puts the fear of God into New York's hard-boiled hoodlums

by JOHN McCARTHY

• ARTICLE •

A MILD-EYED, polite, fortyish, quart-sized New York Irisher answering to the cognomen of John J. Broderick is the world's toughest cop. He is a detective, second grade, attached to the Main Office squad of the New York Police Force and draws an annual salary of $3,500. The nomenclature of "World's Toughest Cop" was conferred originally upon Broderick by the late and unlamented notorious gangsters Jack (Legs) Diamond and Vannie Higgins and is recognized today by every hoodlum still alive. Officer Broderick's right to the world's title for toughness has been repeatedly conceded by such eminent fistic authorities as Jack Dempsey, Mike Jacobs and Jack Sharkey.

When in his prime as the heavyweight champion, Jack Dempsey once stated that Broderick was the one man whom he feared to meet outside of the ring and the protection of the Marquis of Queensbury's rules. Broderick had served Dempsey as a bodyguard during those hectic periods when the determined Jack Kearns was pestering the champ with subpoenas in an attempt to tie up Dempsey's winnings. Therefore, Dempsey had occasion many times to see Broderick in action. Just as fast as Kearns would dispatch process-servers to Dempsey, Broderick would thump them, regardless of their size. In all, Kearns must have sent consecutively several dozen husky constables after Dempsey. After meeting up with Broderick, not a single constable ever dared to come back again. When Johnny Broderick slaps a man down, he does not get up very soon thereafter.

Broderick's sock is murderous and his manhandling technique most unique. So much so that Promoter Mike Jacobs once told this writer that, if Broderick could be persuaded to go into the ring, he would likely rank in box-office value with Joe Louis. Of course, cagey Mike added that a few basic changes in the boxing rules such as have been made in wrestling would first be necessary to permit Johnny to show his rough stuff to advantage. Now Broderick observes no rules and follows no set routine, yet he not only always finishes his opponent but invariably provides one of those violent brawls which everybody craves to see.

Unlike any other cop in the universe, Johnny Broderick scorns the use of a blackjack or revolver. He relies solely upon his bare fists. At an instant's notice, Broderick can swing into action and commence slashing an adversary's face with swift piston-paced jabs before said adversary can even land a blow. His favorite trick is to grab his victim's necktie just above the knot with his right hand and twist it concurrently as he pokes his jaw with his left. Not many pokes are required before his opponent is out.

Johnny packs a deadly wallop in either his left or right paw. Broderick's footwork in a battle is as fast as Kid Chocolate's. Being quick, strong and experienced, Johnny knows how to protect himself against tripping, butting, elbowing, ganging and other fine arts of mayhem which street and saloon brawlers traditionally employ, particularly when fighting cops.

Broderick's knuckles in both his right and left hands have been broken so often that he has exhibited them at lectures at the Columbia University Medical School to show the students what extreme punishment the human hands will stand. Medical journals have carried stories about those hard Broderick paws. Not only has the medical profession exploited Broderick's glamorous reputation but so have the stage and screen.

In that big stage hit, *Broadway*, the first of the many gangster plays, which ran in New York for over a year, Broderick's life furnished the inspiration for the leading part of the detective who repeatedly thwarted the racketeers. In the recent movie, *Bullets and Ballots*, the detective hero was a double for Broderick. Most of his reel deeds were apparently culled from Johnny's real record. The rôle of the detective character in *Bullets and Ballots* was superbly acted by Edward G. Robinson. However, Broderick was unimpressed by Robinson's splendid impersonation. In fact, he was a bit peeved.

"Why all through the movie," snorted Johnny, "this guy Robinson smoked cigarettes. Everybody knows I don't touch those coffin nails."

Broderick's prowess for mussing up mugs is so well known and respected in the underworld that the mere mention of his intended arrival at any Gotham rendezvous is sufficient to clear the place of all suspicious characters in jig-time. "To pull a Broderick" is an accepted term in Broadwayese and means "a knockout punch on the jaw."

Several years ago when Jack (Legs) Diamond was receiving front page notices as Manhattan's bad man, he and several of his gunmen bodyguards started out one night to get Johnny Broderick. Diamond, who fancied himself a bit of a toff, was attired in faultless evening clothes. Diamond and his mugs began a round of the Broadway taverns, loudly inquiring every place they visited for Broderick and broadcasting their avowed purpose to take him for a ride. Broderick soon heard of Diamond's declarations and went looking for him.

As Johnny trailed from tavern to tavern in the wake of Diamond and his mugs, he collected an uninvited following from every stop. No Broadwayite was going to miss out on a Broderick-Diamond set-to. Such a get-together promised more excitement and action than a dozen windups at Madison Square Garden.

When finally Broderick did catch up with Diamond on Forty-sixth Street, west of Broadway, the detective had an excited gallery of nearly a hundred. Diamond's armed bodyguards spotted Broderick first, took one look at his angry mien, the crowd tagging at his heels, and scrammed, leaving their chief to face Johnny alone. Broderick strode right up to Diamond and sang out:

"Here I am, Legs. I understand you are looking to take me for a ride."

"Ah, listen, Johnny," parried Diamond, backing away, "can't you take a joke?"

"Not from you," flashed Broderick, closing in and uncorking a beautiful right to the gangster's jaw. Diamond folded up like an umbrella on the pavement. The crowd waited, breathlessly, to see what the highly-touted gunman Diamond would do. He simply sat up, rubbed his jaw and fingered his molars to see how many were missing.

"Get up and fight," taunted the enraged Broderick but the conceited gangster for once showed uncommon sense. He refused to budge. Remaining seated on the sidewalk with his fashionably tailored tuxedo dishevelled, his gleaming white shirt, pearl studs and dress tie all askew, Diamond presented a rather pitiable spectacle.

"So you won't get up!" sneered the hard-boiled detective, "Well, just sit there a minute."

Broderick briskly walked a few steps, picked up an ashcan and then viciously clamped it over Diamond's head. The gallery

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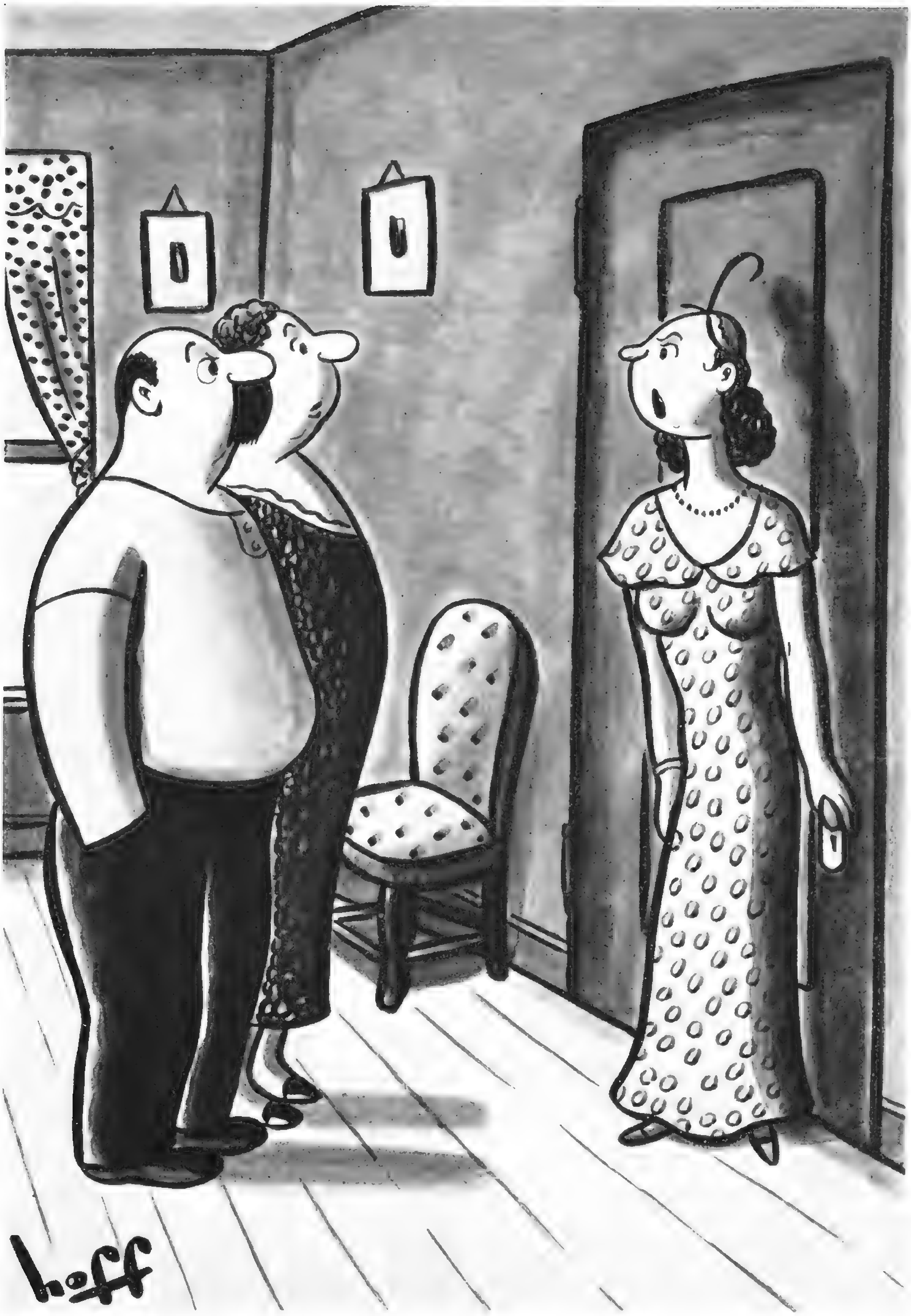
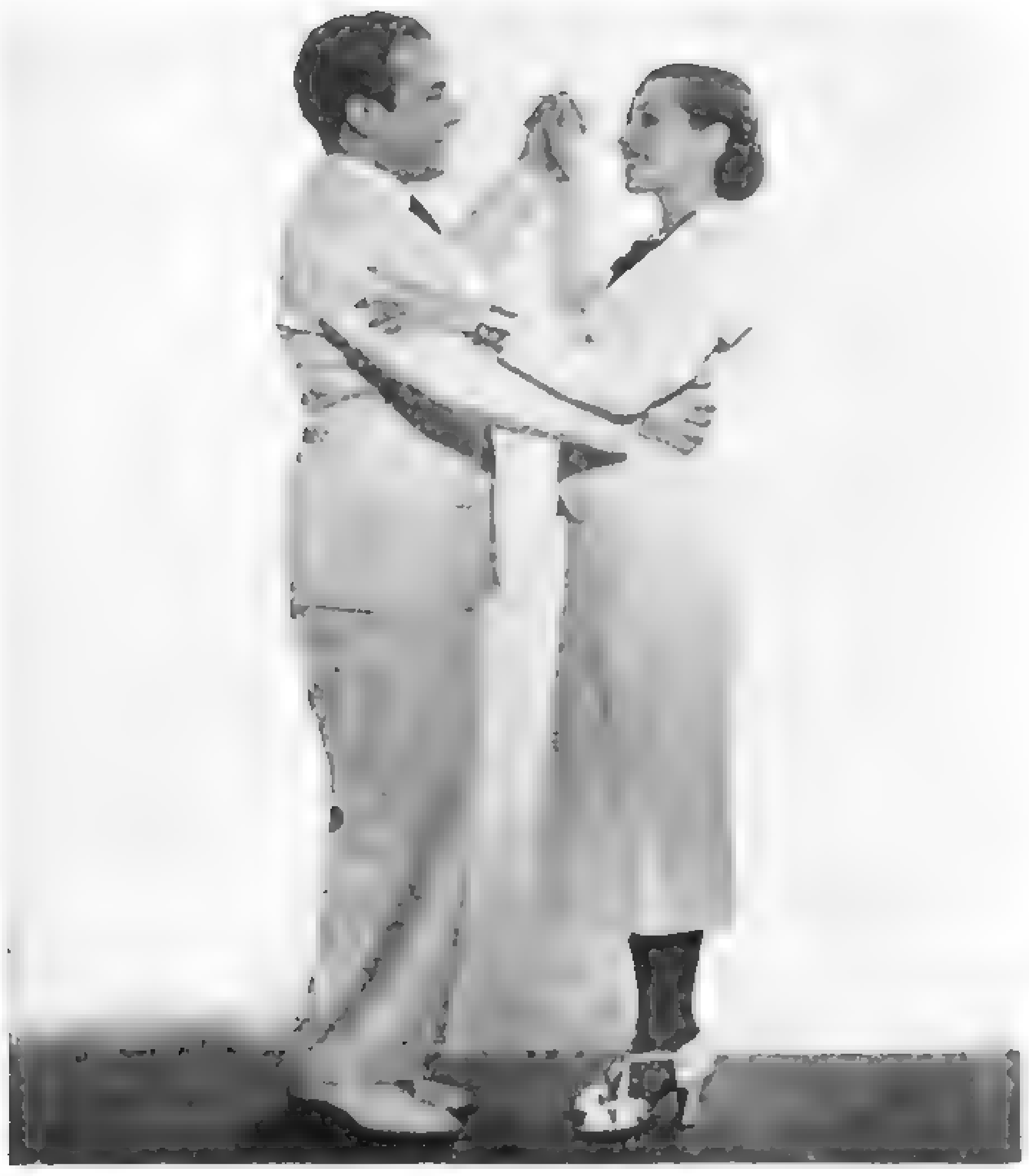
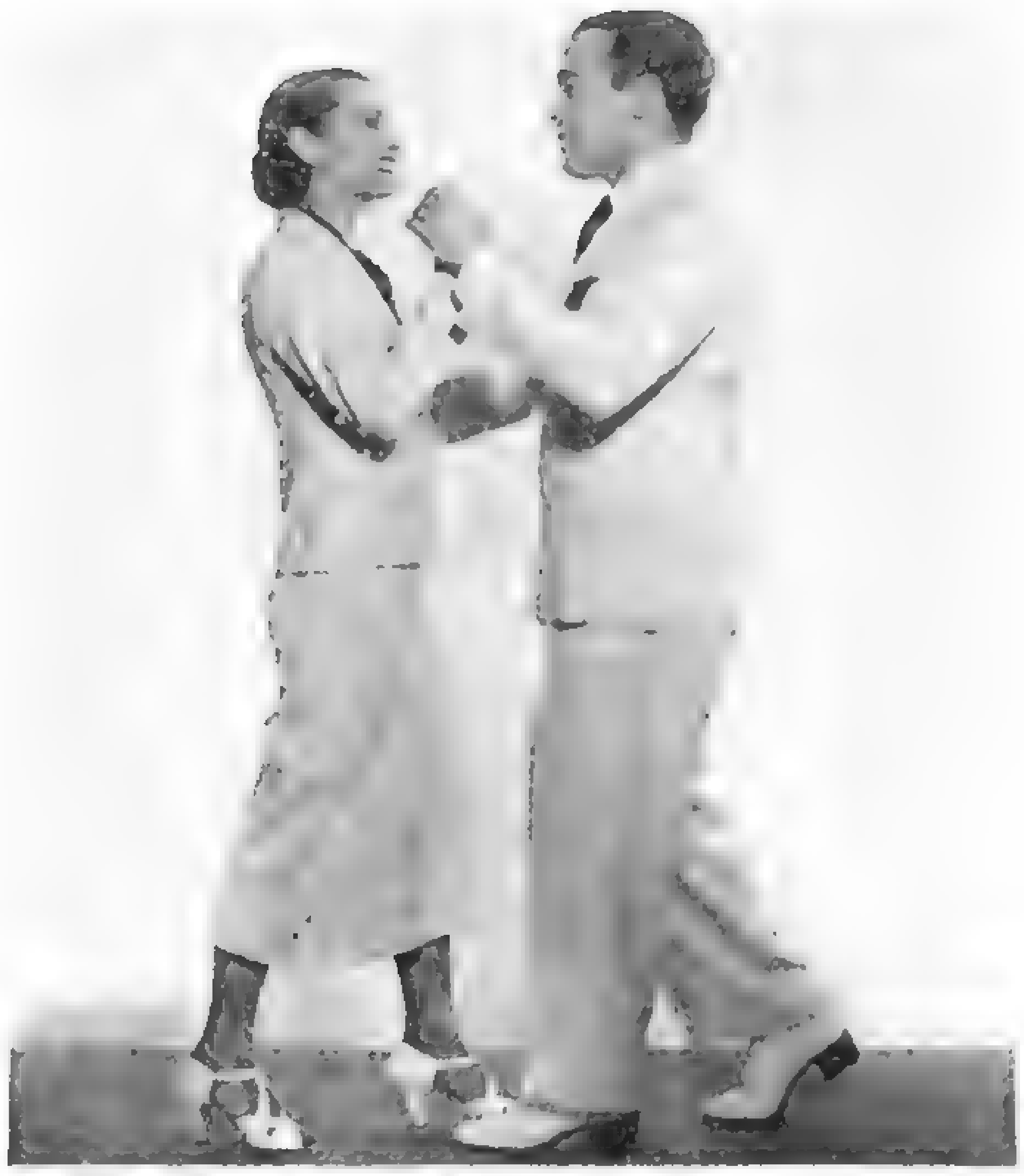


"That's what the streets are for, ain't they . . . to walk on?"



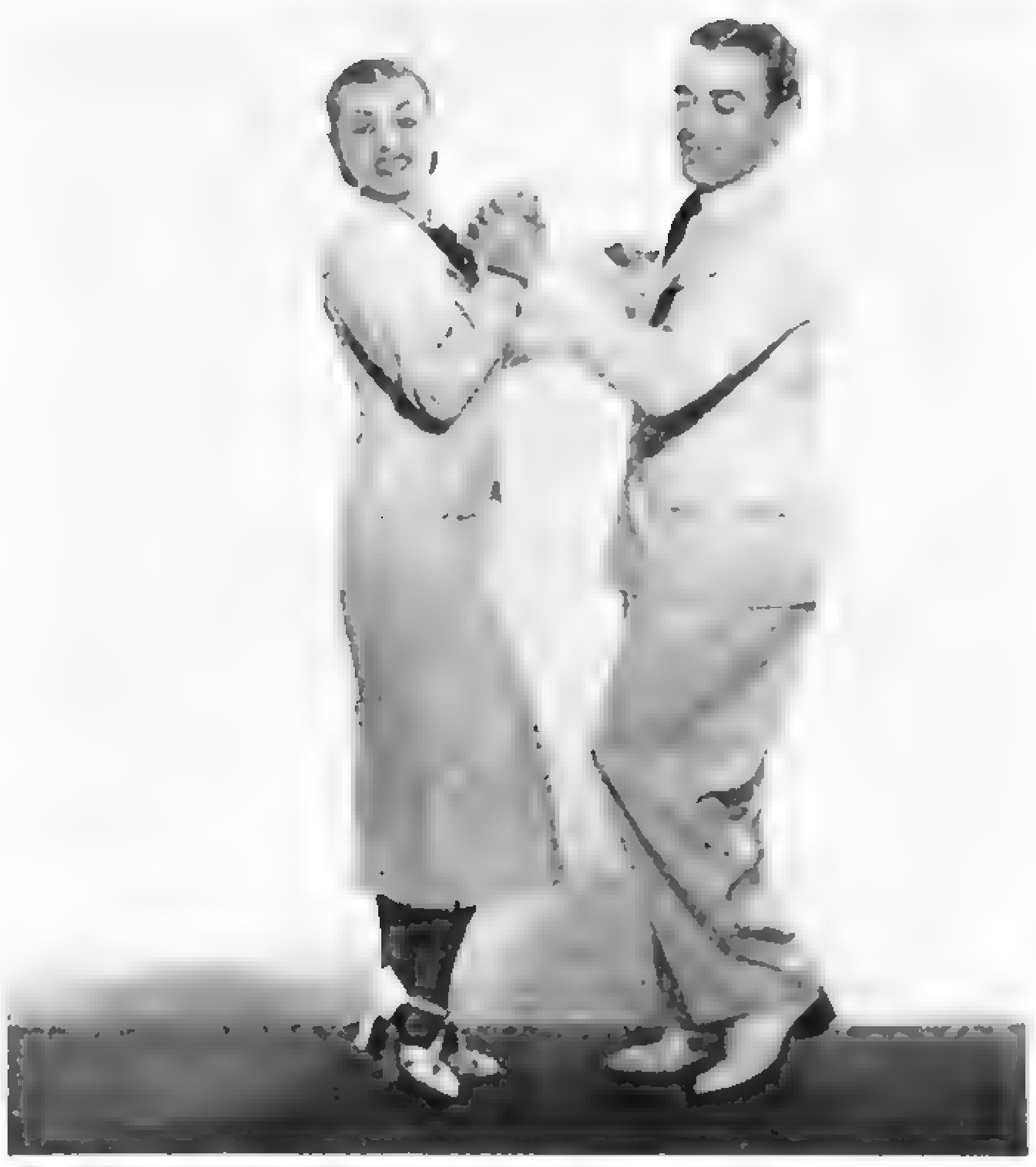
1—Correct Rumba Position

About one foot apart—gentleman's left arm and lady's right arm straight from shoulders, elbows bent at right angles. Lady's left arm is BRACED on gentleman's upper right arm to force position apart. Gentleman's right hand HOLDS lady's left side just above waist. In these explanations the gentleman's part is given—the lady's part is exactly opposite. The count for the Rumba is ONE . . . two-three; ONE . . . two-three—with a slight dip on the third count.



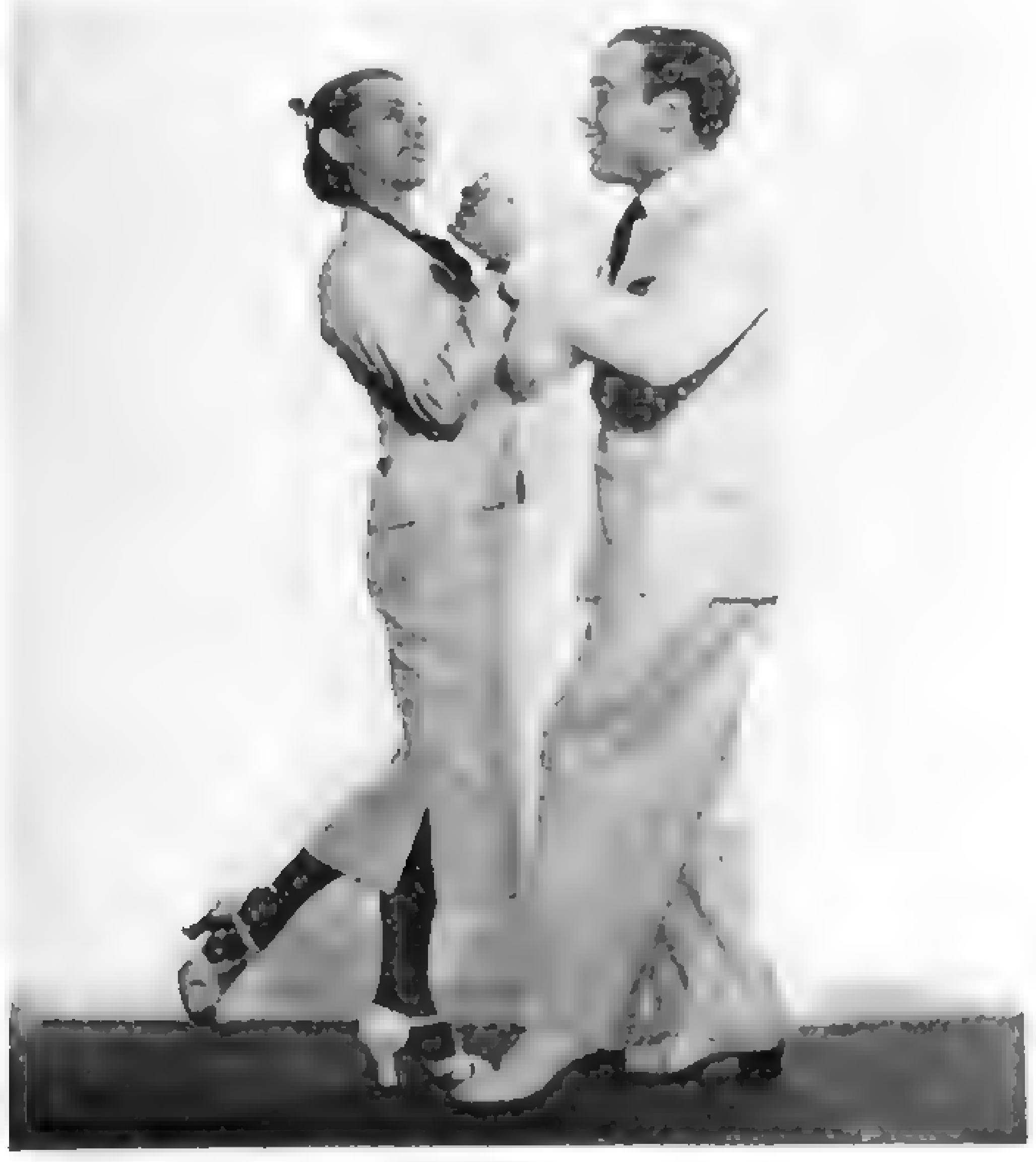
2—The Square

Starting, gentleman steps forward with left foot (Count 1), brings the right foot forward 12 inches away from the left and parallel with it (Count 2), brings the left foot along side of right (Count 3) with all weight on left foot as he dips and swings the right foot back (Count 1), then the left to parallel position 12 inches away (Count 2), brings right foot up to left (Count 3), slight dip with all weight on right foot. This routine, done correctly forms a square.



3—The Side Dip

Gentleman steps left with left foot (Count 1), brings up right foot (Count 2) and steps left with left foot and dips (Count 3), weight on left foot as right foot is swung against the left foot to click slightly. He then steps right (Count 1), brings up left foot (Count 2), steps right with right foot and dips (Count 3), weight on right foot as left foot is swung against the right foot to click slightly and steps left (Count 1). In this step glance in the direction you are moving.



4—The Forward Walk

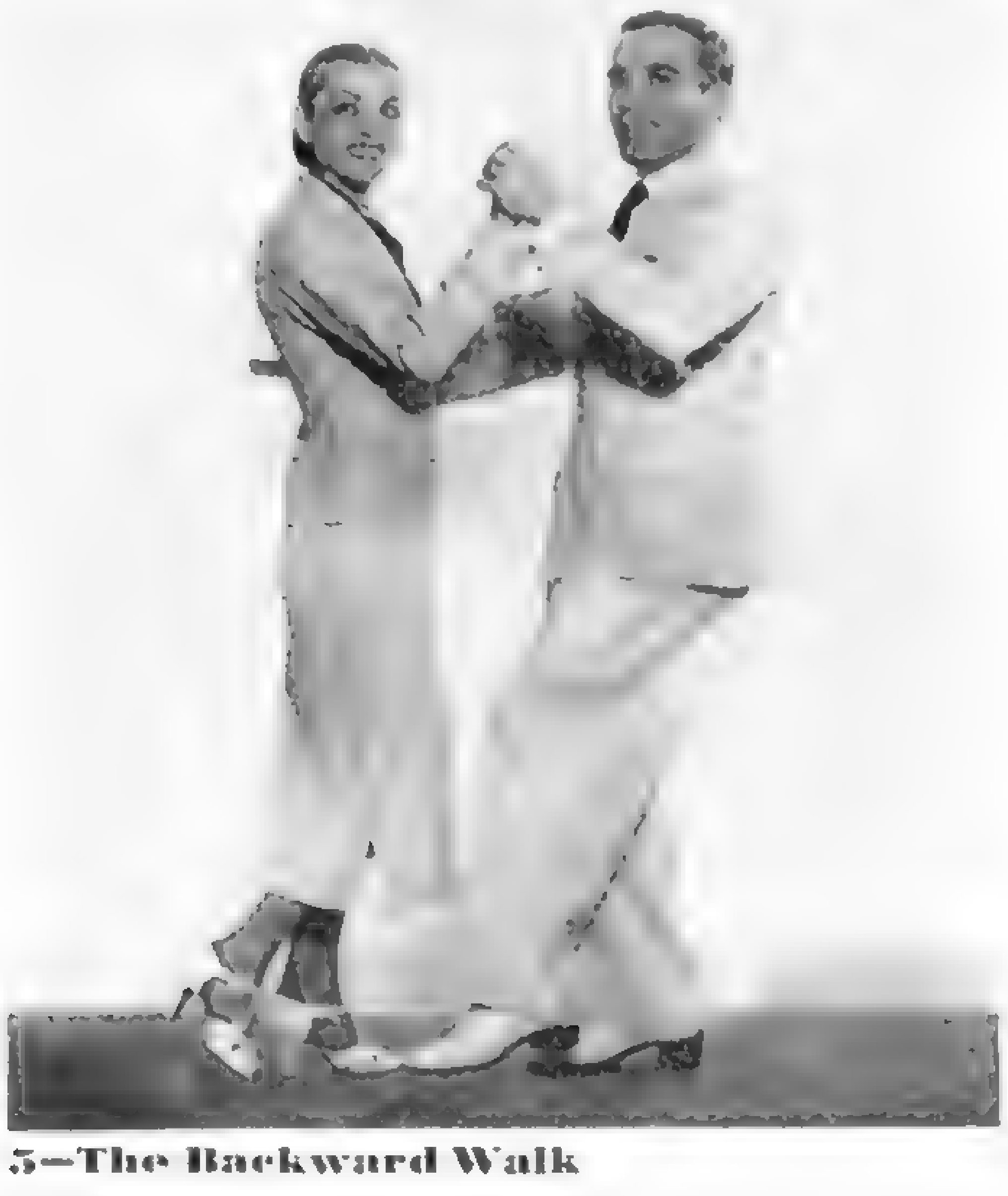
The gentleman steps forward with left foot (Count 1), brings right foot up parallel to left foot and 6 inches apart (Count 2), brings left foot up to right foot with dip (Count 3). Weight should be on left foot. Forward with right (Count 1), forward with left parallel to right and 6 inches apart (Count 2), brings right foot up to left with dip (Count 3). This step is just like the first part of the square.

The Authentic Ballroom Rumba

by RAUL & EVA REYES

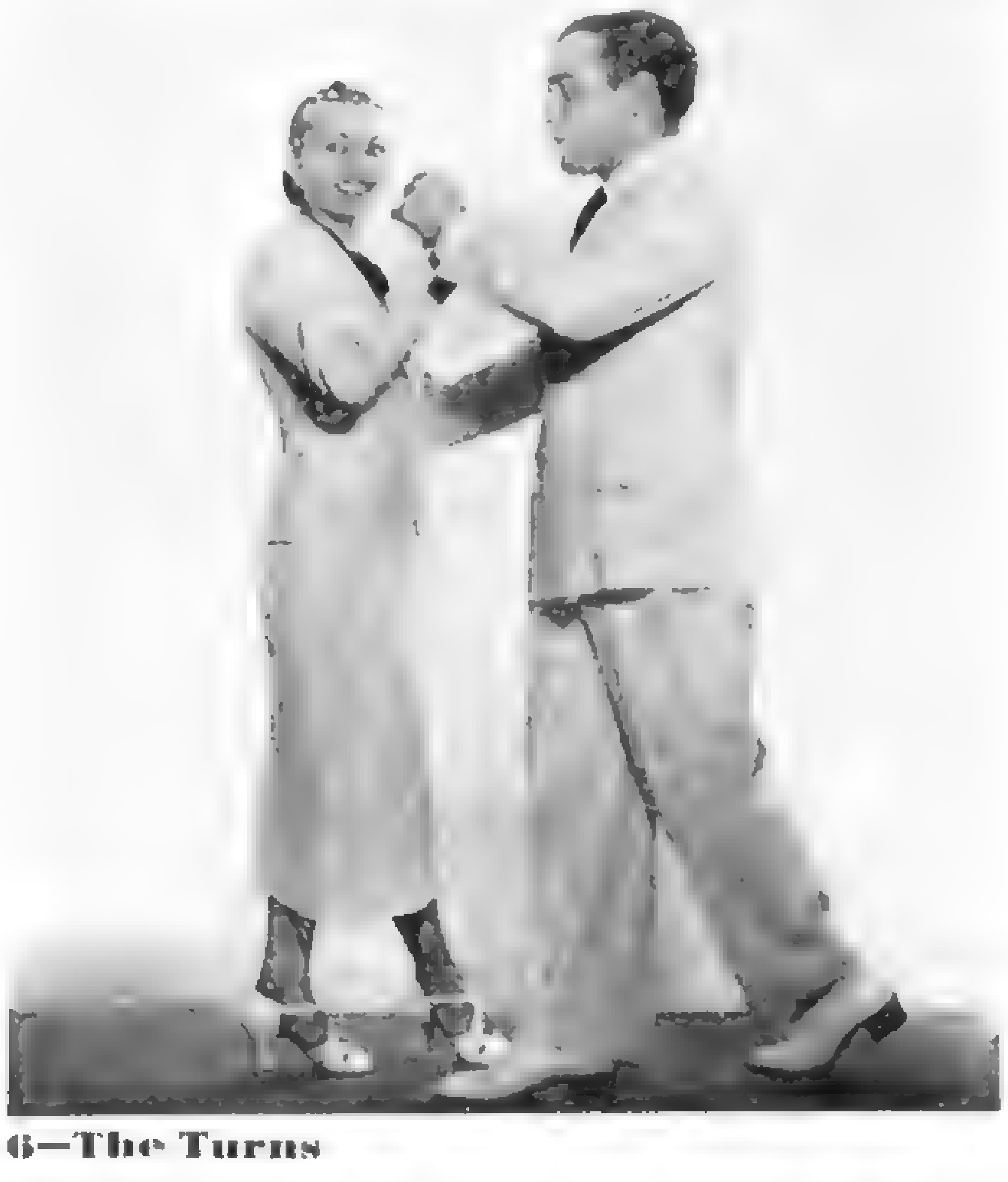
THE rumba has come to stay for awhile and unless you want to be the pariah of the dance floor, you'll have to break down and learn it. This dance, known in Cuba as the "Son," has evolved over a period of years. Its rhythm consists of a blending of the tom-tom beats of the Nanigo tribe (the slaves who were brought to Cuba to work in the tobacco and sugar-cane plantations) and the melodies sung by Spanish soldiers and adventurers. Perhaps you've seen the rumba danced in versions of greater and less refinement in the countries of Latin America— ranging from the nightclub hostesses who, in their enthusiasm, throw in a sort of shimmy, to visiting Americans at the Stranger's Club who work far too hard at it and get themselves all tied up in knots. But we have the word of Raul and Eva Reyes, its leading interpreters in this country, that the Ballroom Rumba shown in these illustrations is the real McCoy. And here are their five commandments: (1) Always keep the body erect. (2) Do not try to shake the hips as the dip of the knees will force proper movement. (3) Do not take long steps; the smaller the steps the easier to keep time. (4) Remember that the dip is in every third count and should be very slight and quick. (5) Never, under any circumstances, dance the rumba to fox trot tunes. (*The Peanut Vender* is sure-fire.) And (6) Always dance the rumba to orchestras that play it properly. (If you're ever in doubt about an orchestra, box it up and send it in to Auntie Bee.)

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BLOOM



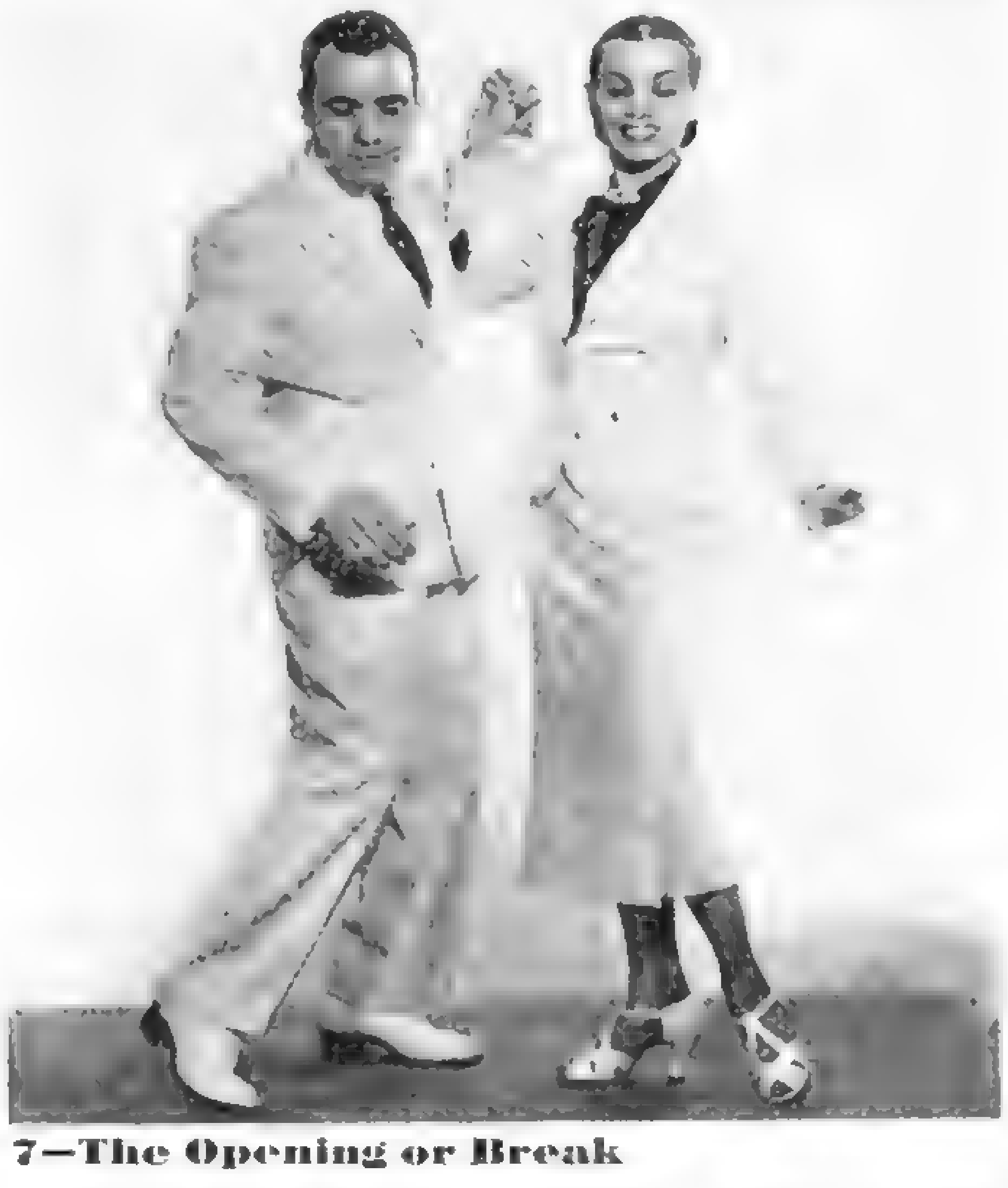
5—The Backward Walk

This step is just the reverse of the forward walk, shown above. Accordingly, when the gentleman goes forward, the lady is doing the backward walk, and vice versa. It is smart, while doing this step, for the gentleman to swing his foot slightly forward (without touching the floor) before stepping backward with the same foot (Count 1). Note illustrations.



6—The Turns

The forward turn starts from the forward walk, and the backward turn, from the backward walk. In both gentleman's right foot remains in one position, while the left helps swing the body around—either forward to right or backward to left. Lady does exactly opposite from gentleman. The count ONE . . . two-three is used in both turns, with dip on 3.



7—The Opening or Break

This is most easily done after the forward or backward turn. For example, the count of the turn is ONE . . . two-three, ONE . . . two-three, ONE . . . two-three—break (see illustration). Both do a side dip to the count of two-three and then back to starting position and continue the dance. After any variation or break it is best to do the square.

Waiting for the Cat to Die

Of course none of those present will ever speak to you again but it's a lot of fun while it lasts

by R. B. SULLIVAN

• ARTICLE •

You could play bridge, but for the sake of this piece the baby has spread the cards with quince jelly, rendering them useless even to him. And you're not drinking, because if you were, you wouldn't need to be told what to do. Anyway, drinking and pleasure don't mix.

Well then, on such an evening, with guests in the home, there comes a time when some strong hand must grasp the situation before complete disintegration sets in. The terrible small talk, touching warily on social and economic problems, delicately skirting possible offensive points, finally runs into a rat hole and vanishes. There is a silence and your brain spins madly, giving off sickly sparks that expire with a damp hiss. Should you try a dirty limerick? Should you yawn? What in mercy's name should you do?

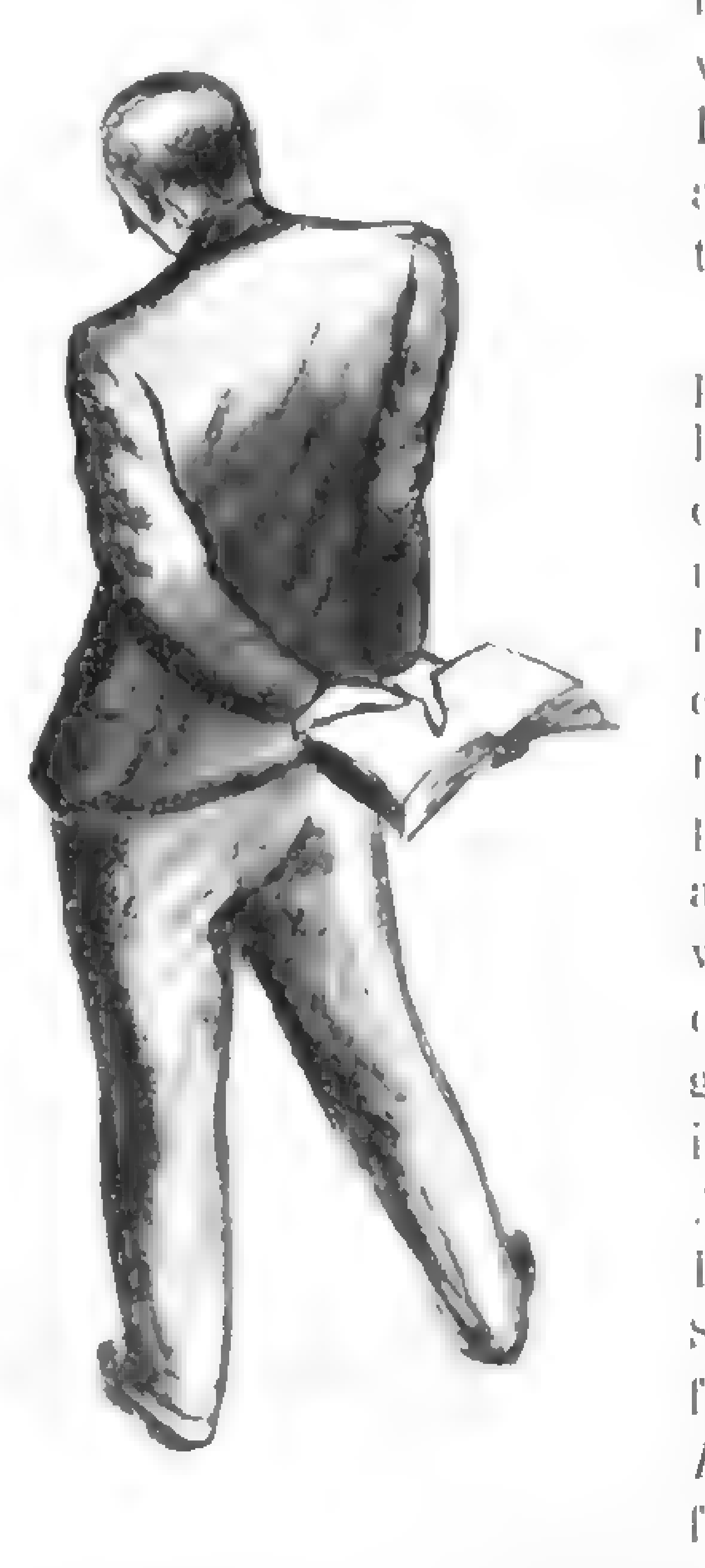
The method I would like to suggest is the vulgar display of discursive knowledge, which, if whisked rapidly about the head like lighted Indian clubs, will both confound and chagrin the spectators. (If you have a set of lighted Indian clubs, just ignore this article. You might ask me around some night, too. I think they are fascinating.)

Little actual knowledge is necessary for an evening's fun. You need only a few unrelated facts and enough low cunning to retain control of the conversation. By nimbly skipping backward and sidewise in the manner of a Scottish sword dancer you will be able to keep out of harm's way. If your listeners show signs of sinking the teeth in any one subject, herd them away even if you have to resort to hollering.

A few minutes of laparotomy (an exploratory operation) will lay bare the possibilities of your audience. This is necessary to set the range of your attack. Personally, I prefer clients with a collective mental age about that of a grammar school graduate. If there are any high school alumni present, I feel a little insecure. And if there should happen to be a bachelor of arts in the crowd, I will soon be sulking in a corner, viciously biting my lip. I once had the ill luck to run against a Rhodes scholar whose favorite word was *intransigent*, the meaning of which my mind simply will not retain. Before that evening was over, I was a broken and embittered man.

I feel them out on movies first, then the legitimate stage. From there I go on to books, which give you a pretty good index to the minds present, not that you really care. Work first on the lending library's gummy leaders and destroy each casually. Your guests will agree in self-defense, or out of mistaken politeness. After your preliminary survey, allow things to drag until everybody is relieved and for a moment or so amused, when you finally take off.

Never use a short word where a long one is possible. Admittedly, unusual words are difficult to work into ordinary conversation, and especially so when you are not quite certain of them yourself. The big advantage is that few listeners can trip you, because no one but a damn fool would waste the time and patience to look them up. I don't know why I take such an insane pleasure in them. Some hidden taint, no doubt. When anybody asks me what I do for a living (I am a copyreader) I tell them I am a *redactor*, or, if the occasion seems to warrant it, a *diaskeuaster*. Irritating, isn't it? But that shows what you can do if you try.



Sadly, the best word I ever have run across is completely impossible in small talk. The only thing I can do is fling it out and wait for results, which mostly are discouraging. The word is *poppysma*, and I can't define it here. Even if you send a stamped, self-addressed envelope, I could only refer you to *Martial*, VII, 18.

I am coming back to words, because that is the easiest way to cover up a lack of complete knowledge in any one subject, but let's take up books for a minute. This is a touchy topic, because the most unlikely people will turn out to be avid readers and may hand you some nasty punishment, given a small opening. You will need a few little known books around the house to maintain your lead. I keep several, including *A Handbook on Hanging* by Charles Duff; *The Scandal and Credulities of John Aubrey*, edited by John Collier, and *Hindu Manners, Customs and Ceremonies* by the Abbé Dubois. I display these, secure in the certainty that no one present has seen them before. (Why, I don't know, because all three are excellent.) Then I branch out into a few better-known, but still fairly rare authors, such as Ernest Bramah and his *Kai Lung* books, Arthur Machen and his more obscure writings like the *Chronicle of Clemendy*, or even James T. Farrell's *Lonigan* series. They all are safe in ordinary company, although *Studs Lonigan* is getting dangerous. Hell, you can even use Cabell these days, I am sorry to say; sorry because in spite of my veneer of sophistication, I still am a Cabell addict at heart and dislike putting him to such base use.

I cite only a few examples, because you very likely have some books of your own that can be used as *banderillas*. You may have some little specialty, too, that would make an admirably bitter pill. Mine is witchcraft and demonology, and when all else fails I can drive out any number of guests with selected readings from *Malleus Maleficarum* by the two Inquisitorial fathers, Sprenger and Kramer; from Henri Boguet's *An Examen of Witches*, or from the works of Eliphas Levi. Or I might ask for a piece of chalk with which to inscribe on our somewhat faded oriental rug the pentacle summoning the shapes of *Amaymon*, *Egyn* or even *Methratton*, three of the more repulsive demons. You had better not get into an argument with me over this, because something pretty terrible is liable to happen to you. I believe in it.

If you have estimated your victims carefully, they can be beaten to a pulp with books, failing other weapons. I steer clear of art, a quagmire for unwary feet. For emergency, you might keep on hand a portfolio of modern French painters. They will frighten anyone into a palpitating silence. As for music, I advise you to avoid that, too. If, in spite of your slipperiness, you have to beat off an attack in that quarter, remember that a group of non-Savoyards can be reduced to a bleeding mass by the gradual application of Gilbert and Sullivan, and that any heterogeneous gathering can be pressed to death between a couple of albums of Wagner or Sibelius. On no account let anyone get out of control with politics, economics, or sport. On the whole, I counsel avoidance of any general subject except literature. Books are more maneuverable,

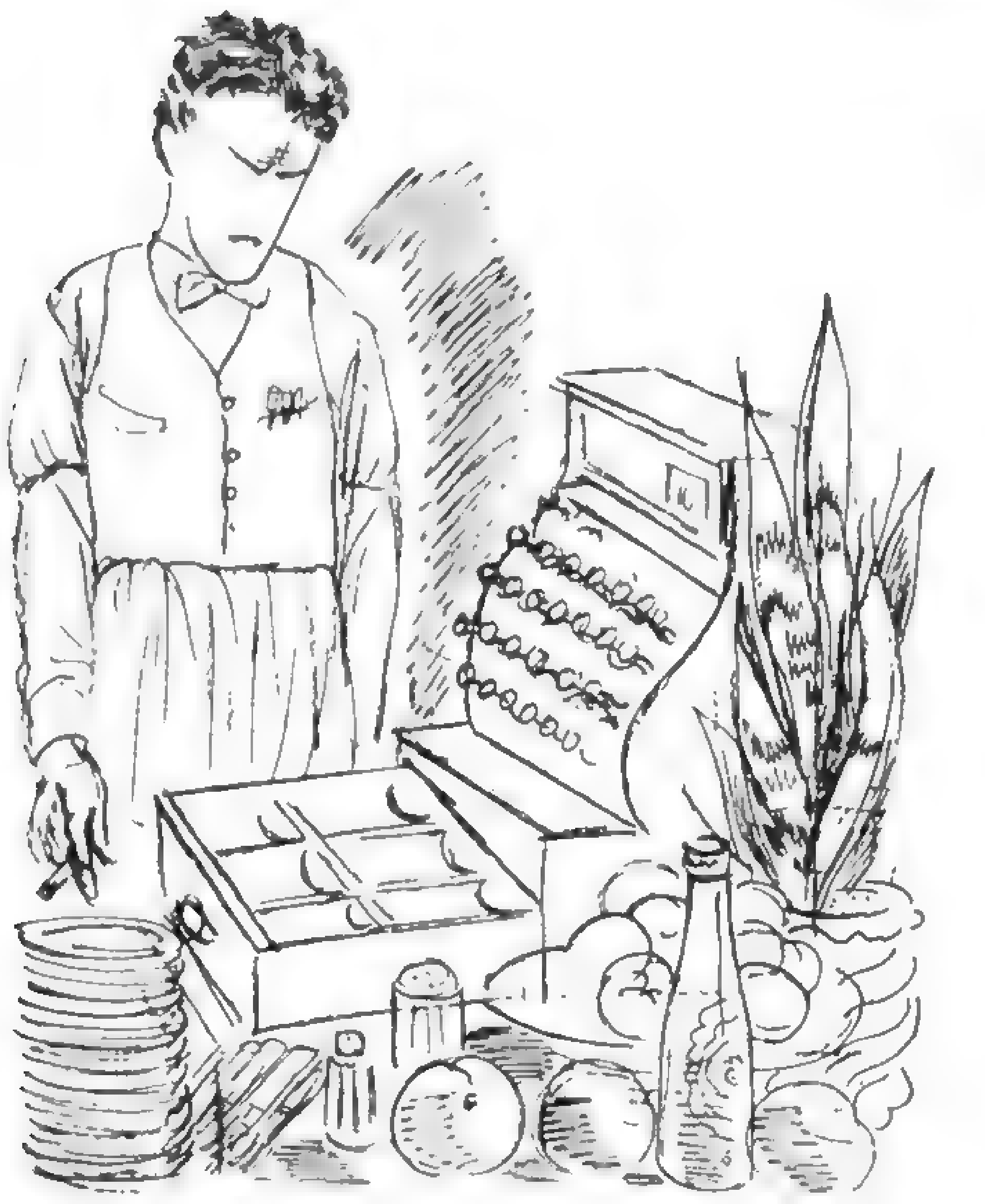
Continued on page 158

Open for Business

They had prepared such excellent food, they knew that anyone who came in would be sure to like it

by H. G. HECKY

• FICTION •



Ella had been standing for an hour watching the people pass by their little restaurant, and Joe, near her, had been standing the same length of time, and neither had said a word. Occasionally she would take a damp cloth and shine over the glistening aluminum stove covers, and he would slowly wipe the counter, spotlessly clean already.

At seven-thirty a man had come in for a cup of black coffee. Since then some people had stared in at them in passing, but nobody had entered. Finally Ella broke the silence.

She said: "It doesn't look so good, Joe."

Joe, with his long, skinny face and prominent Adam's-apple, smiled a little: "Oh, don't worry, Ella," he said.

"We have such good coffee too, Joe. They would enjoy it for breakfast."

"They'll get to know it yet, Ella, don't you worry," he said.

She smiled at him then.

"I know. Everything'll be all right. I'm not worried."

She had taken the damp cloth in her hand again, when a rattle at the door startled her. Her heartbeat quickened when she saw the customer enter.

"Yes sir," she said cheerily, going up to him as he seated himself at the counter. "What will you have today?"—That was the way to say it!—as though they had been in business ever so long.

He was a heavy, dark man. He wore horn-rimmed spectacles. He wheezed as he settled himself on the stool.

"A roast-beef sandwich," he said.

"Yes sir. On rye?"

"On bun."

"Roast-beef on bun!" she called to Joe. She hurried with the glass of water.

"And," she asked, "anything else?"

"No."

"Anything to drink?"

The man shook his head.

"That's all."

They stood again, alone. It was almost ten o'clock and Ella said:

"You better go back and see if the meat and the soup are ready. They'll be coming in for lunch soon." It was best to be optimistic, anyway.

She leaned back on a shelf and gazed out the window at the passing crowd. A young woman in blue hurried by under an umbrella. Two men talking animatedly, with their coat collars pulled up, whisked by. It was raining a cold drizzle outside and people seemed aloof and cold.

"They ought to stop in here for a cup of coffee, at least," Ella thought. "It would cheer them up so."

Joe came out. He looked at her. She glanced out the window.

"No one was here yet," she said.

She heard him swallow.

"Well, give them time," he replied.

He wiped the counter again.

"You can't set the world on fire in one day."

Having been up since five o'clock, she was beginning to feel a little tired. Her lips felt dry and there was a dull throbbing in her head. She sighed and looked down at her new green apron. Yes, it was brand new, worn for the first time. It began to seem futile now.

"You better shine up the forks and knives," Joe said. There was a hopeful cheer in his voice. "They'll be coming in for lunch any minute now. Might as well be ready."

"Sure." As she wiped the cutlery, jerking the cloth firmly over the smooth surfaces, she looked out the window. People, huddled in their coats or under their umbrellas, were still passing rapidly by. Their numbers grew. It was the lunch hour.

Many persons glanced in at the new place with the new sign in front—"Joe and Ella's Place"—a quaint name. Very homey. Of course they saw young Joe and Ella standing there, waiting for them. But they were going too fast and didn't stop.

Ella wiped each fork and knife deliberately. She thought—now when I finish this one there'll be someone—when I've finished this one . . . she wiped more and more slowly.

It was at the third one, which she was wiping ever so painstakingly: an elderly man, stout, unshaven, and in a dark blue hat and overcoat peered in the door and opened it. He sat down.

"Will you have a menu?"

"Believe I will," he said.

Then she brought him a glass of water.

After a while he announced: "Think I'll take some potatoes, string beans, and breaded pork chops."

"Mashed or 'scalloped potatoes?"

"Mashed," he replied.

"Coffee?"

"Yes."

She hurried with the order, and Joe, a twinkle in his eyes, but trying to appear unaffected and businesslike, hurried too. He handed her the plate, steaming with the food.

"Awful weather," the man remarked, as she laid out the knife and fork.

He dug into his meal then and did not say another word.

Beside him, during the rush hour—how ironic the word was!—two young women came in, each for a double-decker; one middle-aged fellow in sweater and cap for a bowl of chili; and a young man for a piece of pie and a glass of milk. That was all.

Ella folded her arms wearily. It was a few minutes after two o'clock and the drizzle outside had not let up a bit. No one else had been there.

Looking at Joe then she felt so sorry for him. He stood there staring without seeing out at the rain. His prominent Adam's-apple and gaunt neck looked so weak and helpless.

About four o'clock it had stopped raining, but the streets were still glittering wet. At last umbrellas were lowered. People did not hurry so fast. Ella had begun to feel a vague pinching about her chest.

"C'mon," she said, "we might as well get ready for supper."

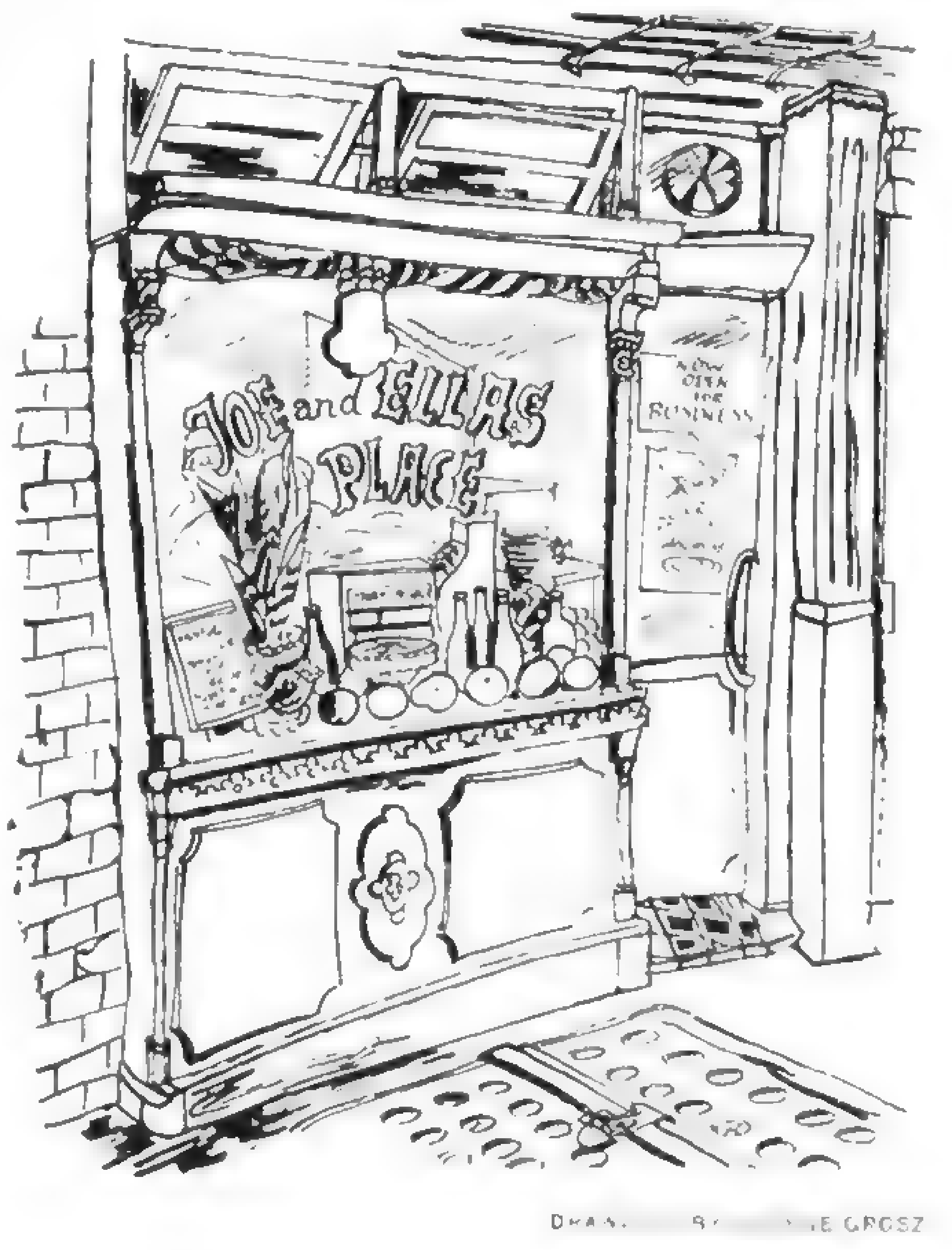
So now she again wiped the forks and knives and he stirred the pots again.

"Even if no one comes in," she said, "we ought to be ready. Soon they might come in."

"Yes. We got to give them time," Joe said.

How the people were rushing at five o'clock!

Continued in center of page 152



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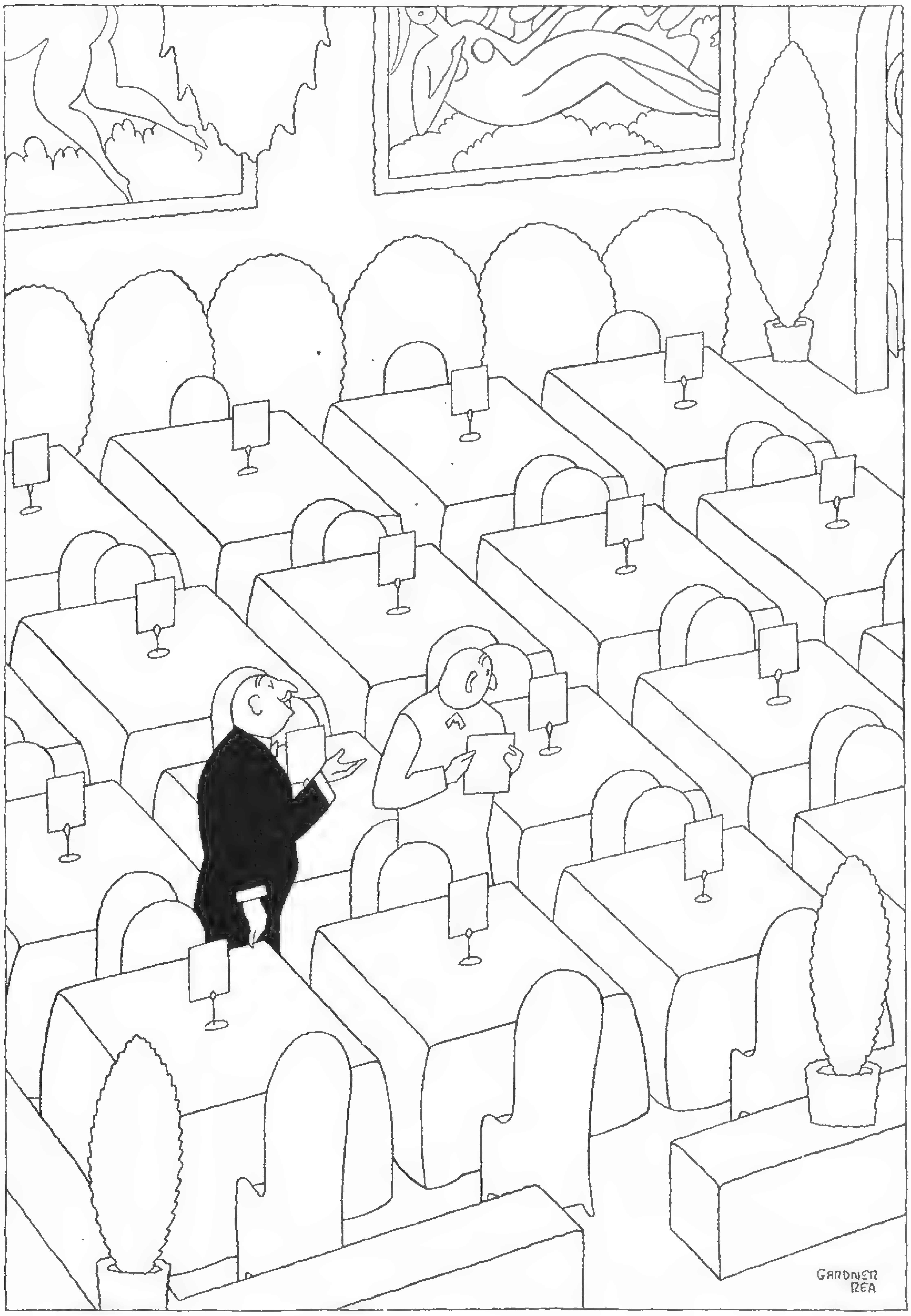
GARDNER REA

"We're inaugurating a floor-show tonight, so we'll have to eliminate this center table."

Competitor Goes on Air

It made Mr. Getney pretty sick to picture all those potential belt wearers hearing the fight

by EDWARD HORTON

• SATIRE •

On a desk near the telephone switchboard of the Getney Belt Company, lay a newspaper, front page up. The main head told what everybody already knew: Bliss, longo set for title bout. Under it, the fighters glared at each other in a composite. Over the newspaper, leaned the girl from the credit department and the switchboard operator. From the switchboard: zrrrrrrrd! It didn't disturb them.

"Lookada shoulders on Longo."

"You kinavim—"

The outer door whammed open. A cloud of blue smoke, a fresh panatela: Hubert Getney, President.

The girl from the credit department was instantly erect and on her way to her office. The switchboard operator, who was much better looking, straightened up languidly, smiled. "Who do you think'll win tonight, Mr. Getney?"

"I don't know who'll win the fight," said Getney, "but if more attention isn't paid to business in this office " and he indicated the switchboard, " somebody's going to lose a job."

She bounded to the switchboard. Getney opened the inner door

A group of boys from the stockroom and the shipping department loitering about the drinking fountain. One of them was saying, "I've got two bits that says Longo drops him."

"If we don't get a little more work done around here," said Getney, "we'll drop certain people from the pay roll."

The boys fled, and Getney continued in the direction of the conference room. At the bookkeeping department, he remembered he wanted the quarterly statement. He entered.

"Longo's got a glass jaw. Bliss'll finish him inside of five—" The bookkeeper abruptly stopped talking as he looked up at Getney's frown.

"Have you by any chance finished the quarterly statement?" asked Getney.

"I'll have it for you in a little while, Mr. Getney." The bookkeeper resumed writing figures into a form.

"That'll be adorable. Are you sure the fight can wait?"

"I'm awfully sorry "

Getney didn't wait for apologies.

He gave the door a vicious tug as he walked out, but the check wouldn't let it slam. Which was an added frustration.

In the conference room, the executives were at ease, pending the arrival of Getney.

Homer Biddleport, Purchasing Agent, who had never seen a professional fight, said, "On the one hand, Longo has the punch. On the other hand, Bliss has the science. To me, it would appear the men are evenly matched."

"A toss-up," said Morton Hamp, Credit Manager.

"Maybe. But I've got ten smackers down on Longo," said Ralph Traff, Advertising Manager. Actually, he had wagered twenty-five cents—with his wife.

"I heard it was in the bag for Bliss," said Ira Gruber, Sales Manager, who always had confidential information about everything.

"Yeah?" said Charley Rizzick, Plant Manager, leaving his chair. "Well, let me tell you something. Longo never took a dive in his life. The first time he bops Bliss on the button, it'll be curtains. Like this—" Rizzick feinted with his left, and floored an imaginary opponent with his right.

He came within a foot of flooring Getney, who walked in at the very moment.

"Is that all you gentlemen have to do?" asked Getney.

Rizzick mumbled something humble and inadequate. The others remained silent.

"All I hear wherever I go is fight, fight, fight. The whole organization is contaminated with it," said Getney, sitting down in the high-backed chair at one end of the long table. He laid before him the afternoon newspaper he had been carrying.

"You know how it is," said Gruber. "With all that ballyhoo, everybody's steamed up about it."

"I'm steamed up, too," said Getney, "but not about the fight itself. Haven't you heard the news?"

"What news?" asked Rizzick. "They haven't called it off or anything like that, have they?"

"No such luck. I'm sorry to say the fight is very much on." Getney's tone was bitter.

"I don't get you," said Traff. "I always thought you were interested in fights."

"I'm interested all right," said Getney. "I'm interested in something considerably more important than who's going to win. And if you gentlemen took the trouble to learn what's going on in the world, you'd know what I mean." He picked up the newspaper and handed it to Traff. "As advertising manager, you'll be especially interested. See that item I've checked? Read it. Read it out loud, so the rest of 'em can hear."

Traff put on his rimless glasses, replaced the case in his pocket, removed the pipe from his mouth. " 'Fight goes on air'," he read. He looked up. "Hmm. That's a break."

"Read further," said Getney impatiently.

Traff obeyed. " 'The Bliss-Longo championship bout will be broadcast at ten o'clock tonight over the Transcontinental and Multistate chains. A last-minute arrangement puts the bout on the air. The broadcast is being sponsored by ' " Traff paused; his eyes popped. With a quaver: "By *Meer-lee-zip, Incorporated*, who will also present a solid gold championship belt to the winner."

"Aaa, it's probably only gold-filled," said Gruber.

"No matter whether it's twenty-four karat, or only plain brass," said Getney, "I'm disgusted. With all the brains we're supposed to have, we let a competitor get the jump on us."

"But the radio rights to the fight must've cost them around forty thousand dollars," said Traff.

"What of it?" said Getney. "There'll be over forty million people listening in and hearing about the Meer-lee-zip belt, when it could as well be the Getney belt."

"But you issued instructions only last week to cut expenses," said Traff.

"Don't quibble," said Getney. His gaze went up and down both sides of the table. "Our problem now, gentlemen, is to figure out a way to offset the tremendous publicity Meer-lee-zip's going to get out of that broadcast."

Rizzick, who was always up on the fight calendar, was first with a suggestion. "Spud McGee fights Pancho Pizzaro next Monday. Maybe we could sponsor that broadcast."

"Never heard of them," said Getney.

"They're bantams," said Rizzick. "Contenders."

"What I want is heavyweight publicity," said Getney. "And champions, not just con-

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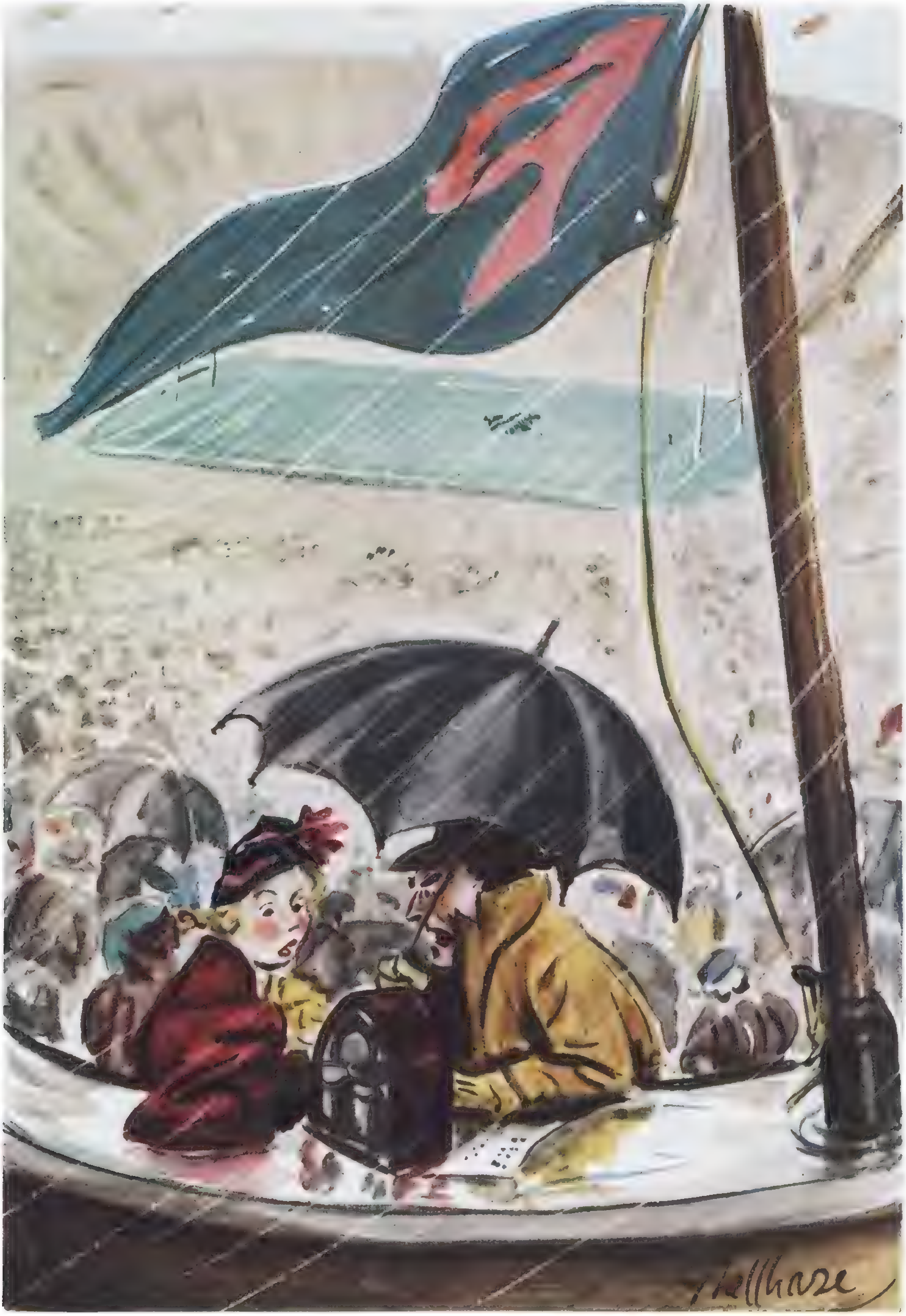
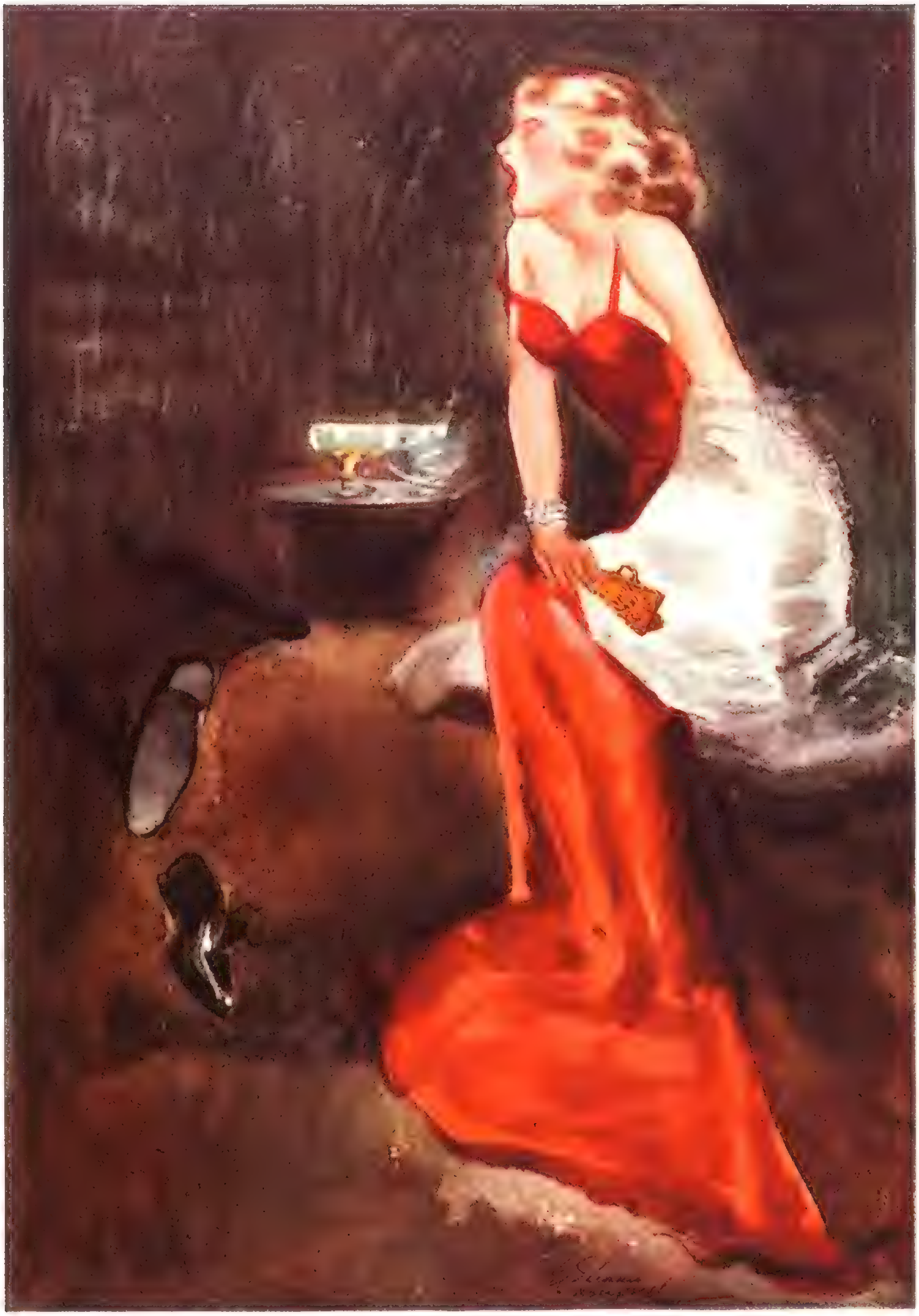


"It'll be swell when we get television."



"I've changed my mind!"

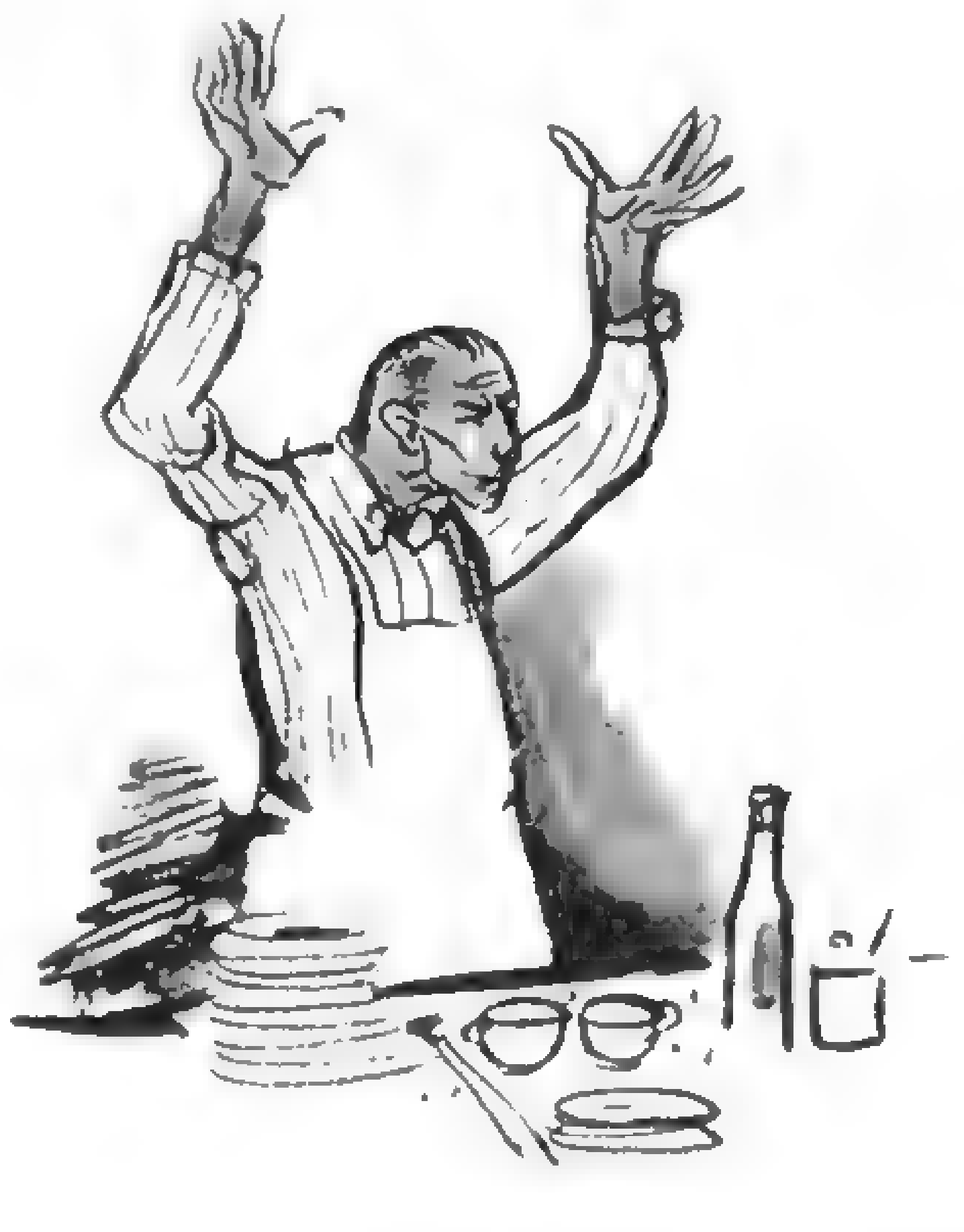
Night Shift on the Lunchwagon

Ed did exactly as he was told for he was neither a hero nor a coward—just an average man

by FREDERICK NEBEL

• FICTION •

The thing Ed didn't like about this night work was that it made Marge worry too much. She was the worrying kind. If he got a cold in the head, she put two strikes on him by swearing it would turn into the flu; and any time he had a bellyache, she suspected appendicitis right away. It drove a guy nuts. And yet he guessed she worried that way because she loved him. But anyhow it got his goat sometimes: you'd think he was fragile or something, or didn't know enough to get in out of the rain. Now she was all upset about him working here nights in the lunchwagon, down by the waterfront. She hardly ever got any sleep, worrying.



After midnight, when the shifts changed on the docks, things slacked off. The news truck would stop by at half-past twelve and the guy'd grab a cup of coffee and leave a morning paper, and after that you'd get maybe some trucks, or some bus drivers on their way to the garage, or a cop.

It was about one when the sound of the shot cracked the night silence apart and its echoes clattered among the steel piers and warehouses.

Ed looked up from his newspaper and while he was staring blankly at the screened door two more shots banged out. He turned and looked in the direction he figured the shots came from; over around Pier 6 and the railroad yards.

He strolled in that direction, as far as the end of the counter, and peered out an open, screened window. He saw nothing but blackness. Then he heard a police whistle.

"Well," he said aloud, "it wasn't blowouts anyway." Then he realized that he was holding his breath. He let it out slowly and said with affected unconcern, "None of my business." He walked back along the counter and picked up his newspaper and stared hard at it, trying to concentrate. But mixed sounds came from far away: shouts, another whistle, the slamming of a heavy metal door, the pounding of thick shoes on a wooden platform somewhere. He whistled and turned a page. Finally he returned to the window and peered out. There was still blackness; and scattered sounds that hinted but didn't tell anything.

A truck pulled up outside and two men came in, one saying, "Was them shots?"

"I guess so," Ed said.

"Gimme a hamburger and a cup o' Java. What you having, Gus?"

"Same; only make mine milk."

"Yeah," said Ed, "I guess it was shots account of I heard a cop's whistle."

"Yeah, they musta been shots all right." The two men stepped to the platform outside the screened door, peered up and down and came in again, one saying, "I don't see nothing, though. Slap on plenty onions, will you, bud, and draw that cawfee now."

"There was three shots," Ed said, looking at the open window. He twisted all the way round at the sound of a siren. "And there's more cops."

"Boy, it don't take 'em long nowadays," Gus said. "Radio and all, it sure don't take 'em long." He went outside again and his companion joined him. Gus yelled back through the screened door. "There they go, lickety-split!"

Ed stood on tiptoes and saw the sweep of headlights and then heard, close at hand, the wail of the siren again. The sound seemed to come right into the lunchwagon and sweep up his spine. The two men came back inside and Ed set out their sandwiches and drinks. In a couple of minutes another siren wailed down the hill and Gus, jumping up, cried:

"The place is gonna be lousy with cops! We would have to be behind time! I'd sure like to hang around!"

"We better shove off," his companion said. "We're late now. We gotta be in New Haven at—"

"Yeah, we better."

They paid up and went out and Ed saw the van, with its colored running lights, roll past the door. He picked up the dishes and carried them down to the end of the counter, to the sink there, and turned on the hot-water faucet. The water ran hard and swift and it was noisy. He turned it off suddenly, to listen, and was surprised to see a man standing inside the door. There shouldn't have been anything unusual about a man standing inside the door, but about this one there was. He was pale, you could tell he was controlling his breathing, and his eyes had a dark up-from-under look.

Ed looked back at him with a total lack of expression. He could feel his heart beginning to grow big and heavy, welling up almost to his throat.

The pay telephone on the wall beside the door began ringing. That was probably the boss, Mr. Bodenhaus, calling up to see how everything was. Ed cleared his throat with exaggerated gusto and slapped the counter and walked down to the end.

"Let it ring. Stay back there," the man said in a voice that strained hard to be quiet. He moved to the end of the counter and pulled a gun, pressing the butt of it in snugly against his right side, aiming the muzzle at Ed. "Get an apron," he said.

Ed, his eyes round as headlights, pulled an apron from the corner locker behind him. The man snatched it and backed up behind the counter; backed all the way to the other end, where the sink was.

"Don't move," he said. He laid the gun on the drainboard and watching Ed like a hawk snapped his arms out of his coat. He put on the apron, took off his tie, opened his collar. He stuffed the tie into the coat pocket, doubled the coat and shoved it under the counter. Picking up the gun in one hand, he used the other to shift a lot of clean dishes into the sink.

He said, "Get it, kid? I'm a dishwasher here. If anybody comes in, cops or anybody, I'm a dishwasher. You get it?"

Ed kept staring at him, unable to say anything.

The man's voice still labored to be quiet:

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Mexico for Tramps

You can live for ten dollars a month and restore your ego because even a poor Americano bum is worth robbing

by ARNOLD SAMUELSON

• ARTICLE •

I CROSSED the border a low-down hitch-hiker and found myself in Mexico an American gentleman among a people who knew nothing about American tramps and did not believe in them, but had seen pictures of Alpine climbers carrying knapsacks and sleeping bags and thought I must be some sort of an American sportsman.

I had left Minnesota in the fall in order to escape a cold winter, with enough money to eat on, intending to keep moving along the southern highways until I got tired of the wandering life and then stop and stay somewhere if I could find a cheap place to live and congenial people, and the reason I had kept going for two months was that wherever I went in the South I felt myself hated as a vagabond, their country being overrun with an invasion of hikers from the North, begging and peddling and stealing, they could not discriminate and I kept hiking and fell into that mood anybody will get when he has been on the road long enough, when you no longer think about any place you want to see but keep moving just to get away from the last town and I was down in Tucson, Arizona, before I stopped to think where the hell I was going.

I didn't want to go back into Texas, where the drivers thumbed their noses at you as they passed, or L.A., where I had just come from, or up North, where the tramps were freezing to death in boxcars, and the only other direction was south, into Mexico where I had never been. I spoke just enough broken Spanish to be amusing as a newcomer to their country and when they found out I wanted to talk as Mexican to Mexican, not as an American tourist to a native, they became very friendly that first evening in the café *Moderno* in Nogales, where I had supper for eight cents, and when I began passing out Mexican cigarettes costing two cents a pack, they were all my very good friends. Things were so unbelievably cheap and easy, besides being so new and different and damned interesting, it was like going to sleep on a park bench and waking up a millionaire, and I knew I had found the place for a hobo to stop and enjoy the winter at last.

The café people would not hear of me going up in the hills of the pastures to sleep. They had got me a ride in a truck going 200 miles south to Hermosillo in the morning and they insisted that I share their quarters in the rear, where it would be much warmer and I would be sure of waking up in time to meet the truck driver when he came in for breakfast.

They sat around my table talking about the beautiful country that lay to the south of us and telling me that it was all lies what I had heard about the bloodthirsty people down in Mexico, even from the Mexicans themselves on the American side of the border, but that the citizens of Sonora, Yaqui Indians included, were the most peaceful and law-abiding on earth. The Mexican border towns were tough, of course, but so were the American border towns tough. It was the American gangster influence.

The young fellows knew all the popular American movie stars but could not pronounce their names and wrote them down on a piece of paper and asked me how I said them, they repeating with difficulty and then forgetting and asking me to repeat once more, and, having something in common, we talked about which we thought were the good ones and who were the best and that Mae West was a good one, no? It made you think about having a woman in bed just to look at her, no? She had driven more young men to the whorehouses, after seeing her pictures, than any other actress, no? In my country, I couldn't say. We had never thought of it in that way.

When they saw me yawn and knew I was getting sleepy the cook led me through the kitchen out the back door to a shed built of shipping boxes, the thin boards shrunk so there were half-inch air spaces between them for the wind to blow through; his flashlight showed a dirt floor powdered smooth and he unrolled the sides of a corrugated paper box on the ground as a mat for me to sleep on and was very well pleased to be doing me a favor.

"Very good, no?" he said in Spanish.

"Yes," I answered, not liking the looks of it. "The best there is."

"Much better than outside in the *campo*, no?" He flashed the light around proudly.

"Sure."

"Sleep well. I wake you in the morning early."

"Thanks."

"For nothing."

He went out with the flashlight, leaving me alone in the dark in the box built of boxes, not much bigger than a pup tent, still wondering whether to hike out to the hills until I decided what the hell and dropped my knapsack and sleeping bag on the ground. If I stayed I'd be sure not to miss the ride and it might be more interesting. I might get lice.

Still, my bag was fairly louse-proof, I figured, as I unrolled it on the corrugated paper mat. It had a zipper that zipped up to my chin and when I was inside with my head out, the only way any lice could get in would be through the opening around my neck and I spread some fresh newspapers at the front of the mat and rested my head on my knapsack so that if the lice were going to reach me that night they would have a long crawl.

There was no inside latch to fasten the door and it kept blowing open and shut while I lay in my bag trying to see in the dark, and at last I went to sleep listening to the wind and the clatter of dishes the Mexicans were washing in the kitchen.

Towards midnight I heard the cook come in and roll himself up in a rag rug and lay down beside me, shivering. It was the first of January and after the hot days the nights were cool in the desert country and the wind blowing in between the boards made it the same as sleeping outside. A little while later the not-bad-looking young waitress came in with the police dog. In the dark I could vaguely see the girl cross her arms at her knees and raise her dress quickly over her head and hang it on a nail. She wrapped a rug around herself and crawled behind a door that was leaning against the wall and the police dog curled up at her feet. I was warm in my bag, which I had never considered such a luxury until now as I lay listening to the two of them shivering out loud in the dark, a panting bwwwwww-shshsh-sh-bwwwwww-shshshshsh, as you shiver after the first icy plunge into the river in the spring and someone who is trying not to laugh has tied knots in the legs and arms of your underwear so you can't get your clothes on. The girl and the cook made so much noise shivering that I had a hard time going back to sleep again.

I awoke in the daylight coming in through the cracks and found myself alone with the legs showing from behind the leaning door and the police dog curled against the feet.

The legs were still and the girl was sleeping quietly without shaking. I rolled up my bag and went into the kitchen, where I found the cook rubbing his brown hands over the stove. I was glad he had not sensed my ingratitude when he first took me into the shack last night because I was ashamed of that feeling now when I realized I was in a different country and they had shared the best they had.

The truck had brought up a load of oranges from Hermosillo and was running back empty. I climbed in with a half a dozen Indian-faced Mexican lads who were dressed like Americans except that they wore no socks in their shoes, and we headed out of town on a gravel road into that beautiful Mexican desert country with adobe huts and wigwams of plastered mud that everybody writes about. At noon the truck stopped in front of a café in Santa Ana and I went in with the driver to have a dinner that cost sixty centavos, about sixteen cents in American money, which was considered very high priced, while the Mexican boys, who could not afford to eat, sat in the truck watching us through the open door.

It was getting dark after one of those Zane Grey sunsets on the Sonora desert when we saw Hermosillo against the limestone mountain ahead and drove in between the Cruz Galvez school and the radio towers of station XEBH into the foreign-looking streets of solid, plastered walls against the sidewalks, with no glass windows, but only doors at regular spaces like the doors on both sides of a hallway in a hotel. The truck stopped at one of the heavy wooden doors and the boys jumped down and scattered.

I walked down a couple of blocks to the square of Jardine Tenito Juarez and sat on a bench facing the sidewalk beside a couple that I noticed only as an old man and his daughter, or, more likely, granddaughter, until the man spoke to me in the easy English of an American.

"Heading south?"

"Maybe."

"Be careful. You can't pass for a hobo in this country."

"Why not?"

"Not in that outfit. Everything's against you. I could tell you weren't a hobo two blocks down the street. You look too prosperous. You look like you've got too much money. Be careful."

There were only two American old-timers left in Hermosillo and I had happened to sit down beside one of them. John Luoy had a thick white stubble growing out of his red face, his big lips were dry and cracked, but otherwise in his soft hat and pressed pants he was young and healthy looking at seventy and the Mexican woman sitting beside him, whispering a few Spanish words too soft for me to hear, was a clean-looking girl of twenty. Her interest in me was quite casual.

"Hell, I ain't got nothin'," I said.

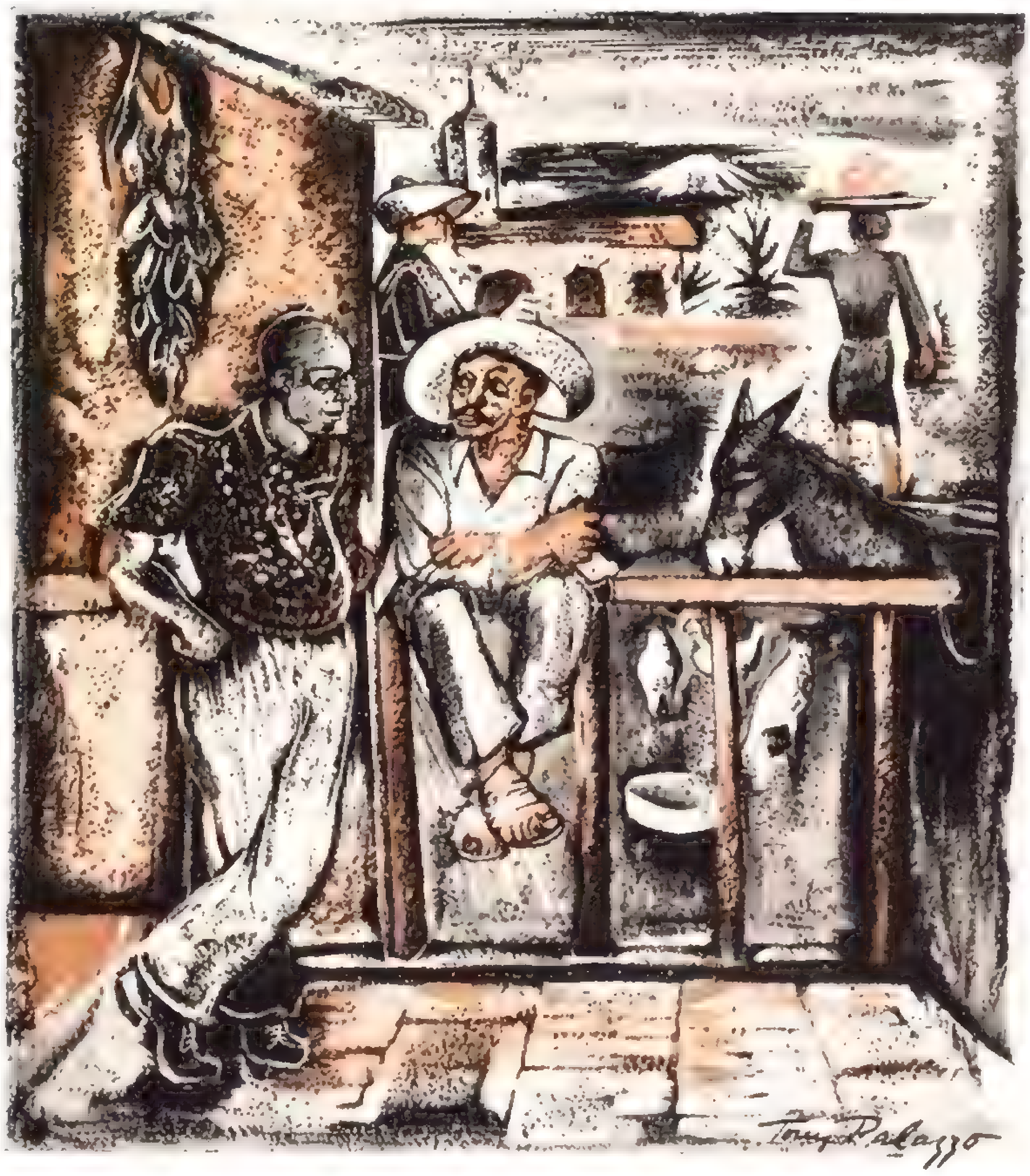
"No? You paid about eight dollars for those boots and about ten dollars for that leather jacket. That's a pile of money in this country. I've seen them killed for less. Dead men tell no tales, you see? Be careful."

"Are you trying to scare me?"

"No. I'm just telling you to be careful," the old man's disinterested voice purred. "The clothes you've got on cost plenty and you're carrying too much luggage."

"None of it's worth anything."

"They can't tell what you've got in that bag. You look like you're worth robbing and in this country they haven't learned how to rob without killing. A knife makes no noise and dead men tell no tales, you see? A life isn't worth much down here. Be careful.



"It's usually the fool that gets killed. You're being one now. I've always been careful and that's the reason I've lived to be an old man in this country. In your getup you got no chance at all. If I was going to hobo it through this country I'd hobo it right. Get rid of all that luggage. Send it ahead. Get rid of those expensive boots, not that any Mexican would want them, but they look like too much money, and wear something over that jacket. Put on some old clothes and don't even carry anything bulky in your pockets. Have a few pesos for the trainmen at each division point and then you might stand a chance to get through.

"In the early days I rode all over this country from the border down to Mexico City on horseback prospecting for gold. I know what it is. Be careful about camping outside the small towns. Even if there's two of you with dogs and guns you're taking chances. One alone has got no chance. I knew plenty Americans that have gone down and were never heard of. Dead men tell no tales, you see? Especially in this country. Many of my friends were killed and sometimes I even knew who killed them, but I couldn't say anything. In this country you keep your nose clean and watch yourself. That's why I'm one American that always came back. I'm telling you. Be careful."

John Luoy, the old-time professional gambler, gold prospector, miner and raiser of hell, who said he used to spend a bootful of silver pesos every month in the whorehouses for wine, women and song, and now, owning a gold mine that had once sold for $80,000, but was shut down and not worth a cent under the prohibitive taxes of the Bolshevistic government, had to earn his living as a smarter mechanic than the Mexicans, was such an entertaining conversationalist I was very happy when he offered to put me up for the night, and in the morning I rented the apartment next to his in order to be near him and hear him tell about Mexico in the early days and what a hell of a difference there was between then and now.

He seemed to enjoy talking as much as I did listening and he offered to take me in as a boarder, it being as easy to cook for three as two, and charged me seven cents a meal. My one room apartment cost $1.50, board $6.30, and it was easy to keep my expenses, including a daily paper and cigarettes, within ten dollars a month.

We lived on the sunny side of the street, which is preferred in the winter time because after a cool night you can open the door and let the sun in and take the chill out of the room. John's front room had a high ceiling, bare plastered walls and an uncarpeted cement floor. For furniture, he had three age-browned chairs, a cupboard, table and a double width army cot that sagged in the middle like a worn-out horse.

"It doesn't look like I've got much here," John said. "But I get along all right. Property is a detriment in this country unless you've got some way of protecting it."

We began our long talks right after dinner, sitting in the front room on the old, hard chairs, with the door open far enough to admit enough sunlight without letting the curious natives see in as they walked by on the sidewalk. We smoked the El Toro cigarettes, which had to be unwrapped and rolled over again before we could smoke them, and after we had thrown a dozen cigarette butts on the floor the Mexican girl would come with the broom and sweep them through the door out on the sidewalk.

"You've got your wife trained right," I told John.

"I never married any of them," he corrected me. "The minute an American marries a Mexican girl he loses his self-respect. Then they know they've got you and you can't keep them in their place."

Although the old-timer allowed the girl

Continued in center of page 181

The Shipping of Zigomar

He had become a sort of mascot and it amused the crew to know he was on board the submarine

by A. T'SERSTEVENS

• FICTION •

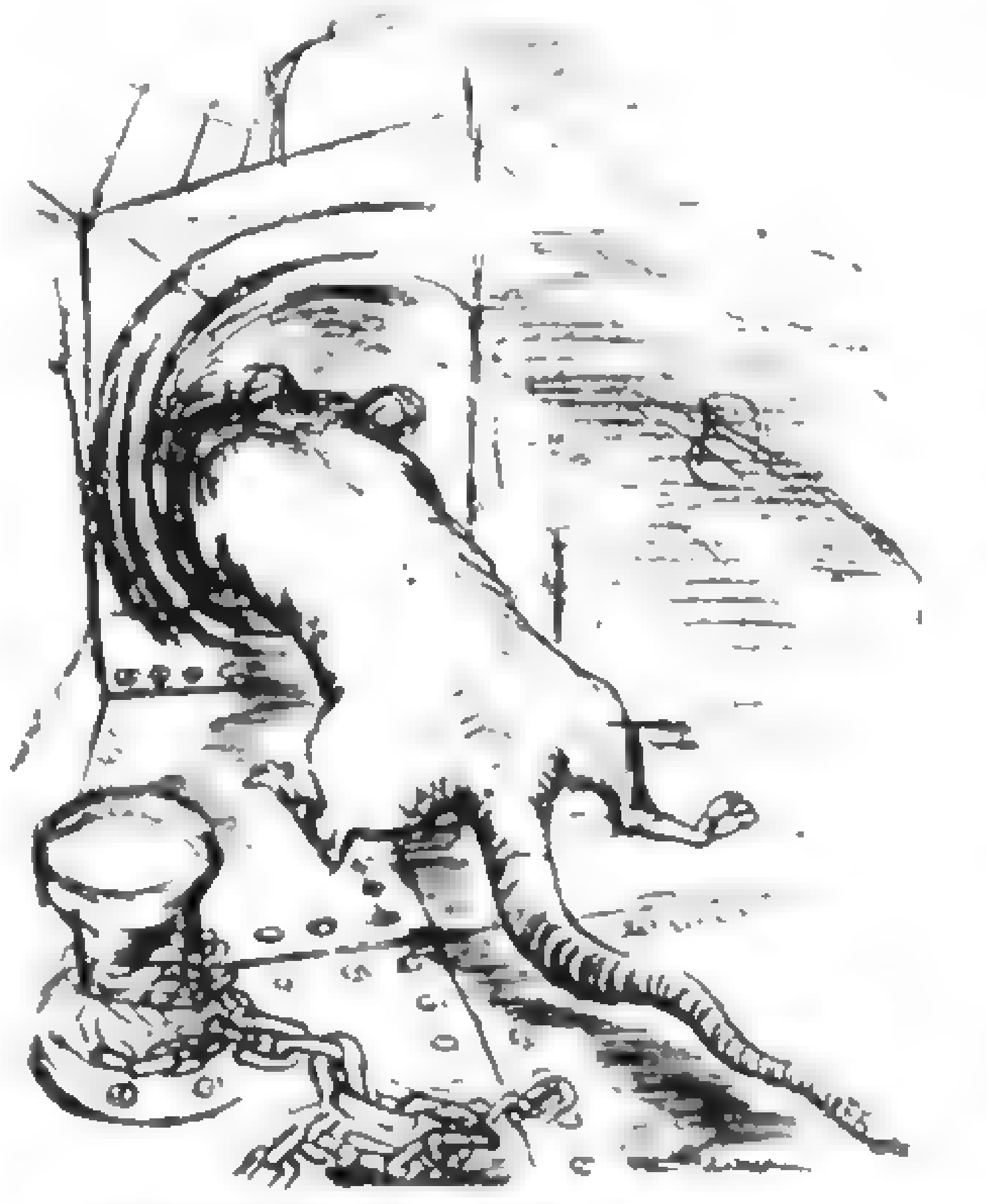
When or where he boarded us we never knew. The *Calypso* had been at sea for two or maybe three days before we became aware of his presence aboard our submarine. It was one night, after all lights had been extinguished, that we first heard his paws scraping over the decks. Only in the crew's quarters, however. For some reason he stopped his excursions at the threshold of the officers' compartment and never, during his stay aboard, did he enter that section of the vessel.

There were small pilferings in the galley, bread and scraps from the table; paw-prints on the rim of a grease can in the engine-room. At first we thought that we had twenty or thirty aboard, and set traps about the submarine, left slices of phosphorus in corners. All in vain. The only things caught in the traps were our fingers as we picked them up, while the phosphorus was never touched. Our stowaway evidently had an amazing knowledge of man's wickedness and deceit.

We grumbled about the "dirty beasts," set more traps, but as the days passed we realized that, far from being overrun with them, there was but one rat aboard the submarine.

Our quartermaster, Bagard, was the first to see him. One morning, as he was lying in his bunk, a movement on the floor caught his eye. It was a huge rat, tinged with grey, with an experienced and intelligent air about him. The animal crouched motionless, black shiny eyes watching Bagard suspiciously, then as the man sat up, he disappeared in a flash.

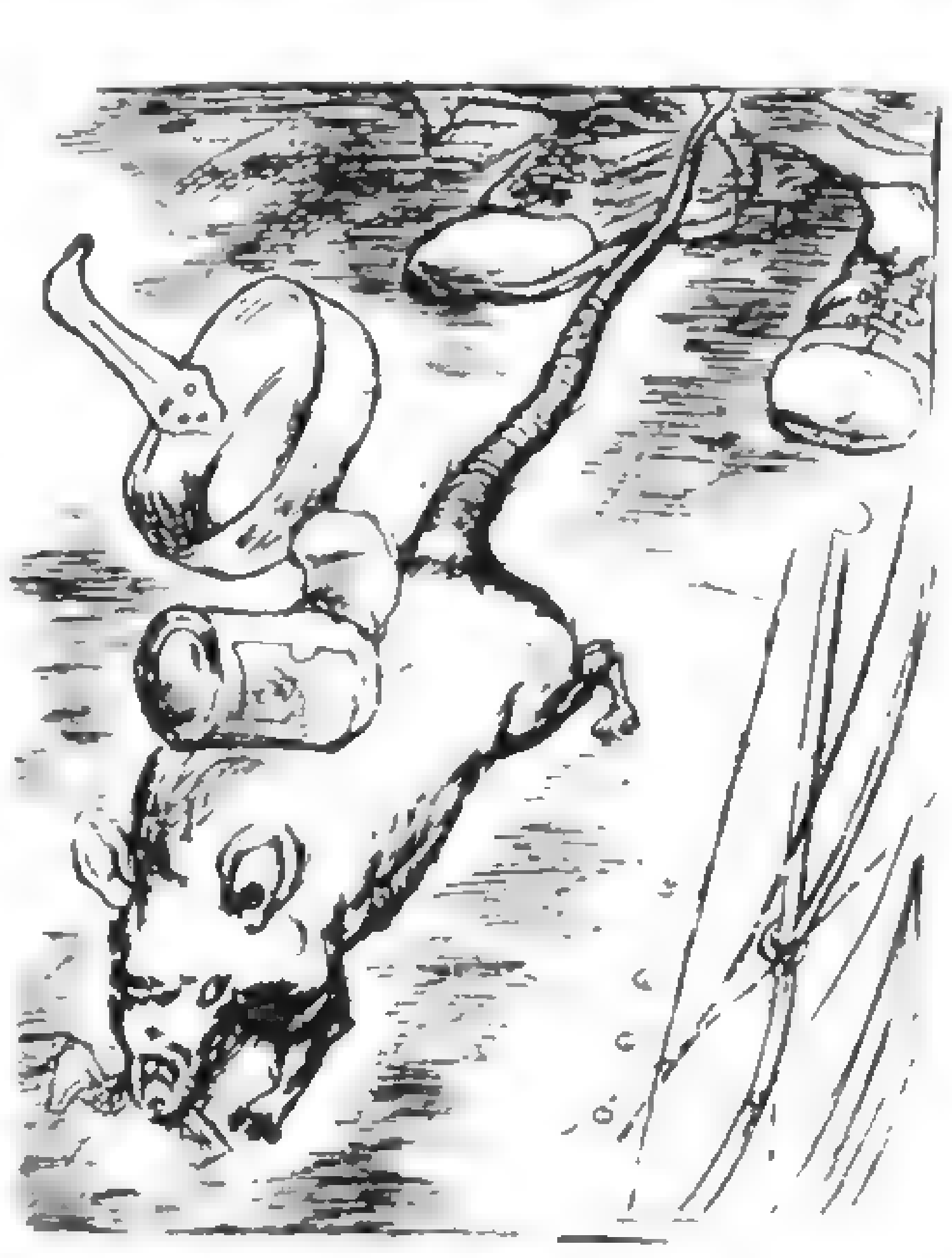
He became more familiar as the days passed, although he never altogether lost his inherent wariness, and all of us saw him at various places in the engine-room, darting across the floor of the control-room, but mostly in the vicinity of the galley. He soon became intimate with every corner of the *Calypso*, learned the hours of rising and retiring, the time for meals, even the hours of watch.


DRAWINGS BY GEORGE GROSZ

In fact, I really believe that he came to understand the signals, distinguished the tinkle of the engine-room telegraph from the clang of the bells for the maneuvers and the klaxon blasts for dives. Shortly he had molded his habits and patterned his life to conform with the routine of the *Calypso*.

Patiently, he would hide near the galley and wait while the cook Lavergne (whom we had nicknamed the Nudist, from his habit of stripping himself to the skin when the weather was unusually hot) prepared the meals. As soon as the Nudist stepped out, the rat would flash into the galley, leap to the table and nibble anything that was handy.

This made the cook furious, and he would dash into the galley, seize the first thing that came to hand and let fly. But Zigomar was wise, and he would be running to a safe hiding place while the cook thundered after him, while the crew roared with laughter as they heard the crash of crockery or the clang of a pot hitting the steel walls of the submarine, and the cook's sulphurous swearing as he vainly dashed after the raider. The cook would almost go insane when we teased him about his failure to catch the animal, and as we laughed he would almost foam at the mouth, and swear that he would have the last laugh when he had rid the submarine of Zigomar.



We never knew which one of us named him Zigomar after the famous burglar of French fiction. The officers claimed that Boucher, the radioman, was responsible for the baptism. The crew believed that Ruberol had named him, but Ruberol himself, instead of claiming the honor, insisted that the steward, Liandra, was responsible. Personally, I believe that the name occurred to all of us at the same time, for no other name would have fitted this rat.

For Zigomar was a personality. The usual rat on shipboard is a nuisance, what with his taste for shoes and belts, his habit of leaving messes everywhere, and the racket he makes throughout the ship. But Zigomar, as I have said, had fitted his life into the life of the submarine, and showed great consideration for the men's comfort. Of course, I cannot say that we loved him, as we would have a cat or a dog, or even a suckling pig such as the one adopted by the crew of the *Merope*. But he became a sort of mascot aboard the *Calypso*, and it amused us to know that he was on board, and to meet him about the submarine.

With his genius for analyzing a situation, he soon learned that he had nothing to fear save from the cook, and he fled only when that individual was present, at other times he was quite tame. It became a sort of game among the men to discover him in new places, as Liandra had, when he found him blissfully devouring a piece of Camembert on the table in the crew's quarters. But I was the first to see him take his turn about the deck. It was this way:

When I was off duty, I would sit on deck, my back against the conning tower, and read, smoke my pipe, or merely gaze at the sea, simply to be alone and think of the things that interest me. I was undisturbed, even by the officers, for they were educated men and understood that one should have help when attempting to better himself.

Well, one evening, just before sundown, with the sea lying around us like a sheet of silk, my attention was caught by a movement not far away. It was Zigomar, creeping slowly from the hatch immediately in front of the conning tower. He froze into immobility when he saw me and his eyes glittered as he watched me carefully, his head protruding, the rest of him invisible within the manhole. As I did not move for fear of frightening him, he decided that I was harmless and he came out, took a few scampering steps towards the bow and stopped, swinging his head slowly from side to side, as if carefully inspecting the surroundings.

My presence disturbed him not in the least, and it was quite evident that this was not his first trip around the deck, for he seemed to find his way easily on deck, as easily as he moved around in the interior. When I saw him headed for the open hatch that gave into the galley, I was sure that he was after food, but to my surprise he went on. For all the world, his manner indicated that he had just come up for a breath of air and a turn around the deck.

He finally reached the prow of the submarine and stopped, poised on the bow, watching the water parting to either side as we plowed along. For ten minutes or so I could still see him there, motionless, relaxed, then the sun set and I lost sight of him in the darkness.

None of the crew believed me when I told them I had seen Zigomar come on deck to look at the weather. Sautemouche accused me of having daydreams, the others plagued me with questions as to the route

Continued on page 211

ALICE FAYE
Hurrell Photograph

JUNE LANG
Hurrell Photograph

The S. D. P. H.

A war is declared against those annoying women who knew all the time that something would happen

by PARKE CUMMINGS

SATIRE

Being dedicated to the theory that ninety-nine and ninety-nine hundredths per cent of all so-called premonitions and hunches are the bunk, we have organized a research organization incorporated under the name of The Society for the Deflation of Premonitions and Hunches, and committed to the principle that the way to study the validity of these phenomena is to take into account the ones that go wrong as well as the ones that turn out to be—or appear to turn out to be—prophetic.

Our theory is that if no one else is willing to tabulate the premonitions and hunches that *don't* materialize, we'll have to take on the job ourselves. So far we are extremely limited in funds, and by the difficulty of uncovering people who are willing to admit that their prognostications ever go wrong, but we are steadily adding new converts to our staff, who, in turn, are procuring for us still further converts (who become investigators) by a sort of chain-letter system.

Our organization has changed in some respects since its inception. Originally, in fact, it was incorporated as the S.D.F.I. or Society for the Deflation of Feminine Intuition. We soon felt, however, that this limited our scope too far inasmuch as not a few of the phoniest hunches we have uncovered have turned out to be (we admit it regretfully) of the masculine variety. Again, it was our original intention to record also premonitions that *did* turn out to be prophetic, but we soon abandoned this idea because of the fact that there are in this country over twenty-seven million individuals who not only gladly record and broadcast all of their hunches and premonitions which have come true, but cannot be restrained from so doing by anything less than immediate confrontal with loaded firearms.

To wit, inasmuch as these twenty-seven million people either forget or deliberately conceal all premonitions which turn out to be obvious false alarms, it is our avowed practice—we make no bones about it—to toss all instances of successful crystal-gazing out on their ear the minute they are brought to our attention. By so doing we are merely fighting fire with fire, concealment with concealment, in an effort to strike a fair balance, and, in view of our small membership to date, we are still fighting a losing battle at that.

Here is an example of the theory that underlies our methods: Let us say that for ten consecutive days a man gets into his automobile, seized each day with the premonition that he is going to get smashed up. For the first nine days nothing happens, but on the tenth he gets into a beaut of a tangle with a Mack truck. What happens? As soon as he gets out of the hospital he, being one of the twenty-seven million, starts going around to his friends and making himself obnoxious by relating how he had a premonition on that fateful day of his accident. Does he say anything about the nine premonitions that went gefooey? He does not. Accordingly he goes around spreading the pernicious doctrine that there is a lot in premonitions. And if the victim is a woman, her associates are compelled to listen to the even more nauseating doctrine of feminine intuition.

Now how does the S.D.P.H. handle such a case? In just the opposite fashion. It records carefully the nine premonitions that went wrong, and gives them all the publicity its limited (to date) resources can afford. As for the successful premonition, our society ruthlessly suppresses all mention of the fact in the interests of averaging things up, and striking a fair balance. If caught in the act of concealment, we simply point out that successful premonitions and hunches are in practically all cases coincidences, coming in just about the same proportion as other types of coincidences. With this preamble on the aims and methods of the S.D.P.H. we shall now proceed to record a few of the most interesting case histories of punk prophecy which have come to our attention:

Case 127. Reported by our Montclair, New Jersey, investigator. Harry Fuller is a congenital bridge player. Reads all the latest books, and goes into numerous big-time tournaments with considerable success. On the night of March 19, last, played a hand at four spades. Held five spades to the ace-queen-jack in own hand, and four in dummy. Led trump from dummy, and was about to put up his queen, hoping opponent at right would hold the king. Realized perfectly that the odds favor the finesse under such circumstances, but suddenly became seized with the hunch that the opponent on his left held the king singleton. Fuller played his ace instead of his queen. King was *not* singleton, was held by the opponent on the right, and could, accordingly, have been finessed successfully and eventually caught. Fuller went down two vulnerable doubled for a loss of five hundred points.

Case 12. Los Angeles, California. A woman, Miss Effie Springle, lived in a small suburb outside the city. Kept dog tethered outside her house at night. Late on the night of May 11, 1934, the dog started howling mysteriously. Howled for an hour. Repeated process the following night. Miss Springle then got a premonition that if the dog howled on the third night, she would die before morning. Dog howled. Miss Springle inherited $272,000 two weeks later, and is now married, and the mother of a fine healthy nine-pound baby.

Case 56. Chicago, Illinois. John Tremaine saw a beautiful girl walking along Michigan Boulevard last January, and got immediate hunch that she would marry him if he walked up and proposed to her. Proposed. They took off the plaster cast last Friday.

Case 318. Brooklyn, New York. Art Finkler is a confirmed numbers game addict, and, up to December 25, 1935, had lost a total of $500.55 in continued unsuccessful attempts to hit on a winning number. Had a peculiar dream, the previous evening, that the Dionne quintuplets had been given to him as a Christmas present. The following day he plinked down fifty-five smackers on the number five. Winning number ended in seven, and Finkler's losses mounted to $555.55.

Case 92. Lynn, Massachusetts. On a warmish day the winter before last Mrs. Cora Hamilton's intuition told her that something horrible would happen to her nine-year-old son, Johnny, if he were allowed to go to school on that particular day. Johnny stayed home, and, in the short space of eight hours, succeeded in cutting his finger

Continued in center of page 234

The Toughest Field Sport

The finest trophies are bagged by hunters who don't know good heads from bad, and care less

by JACK O'CONNOR

• SPORTS •

The mounted head of a mountain sheep makes a mild and amiable appearance. Even its great curving horns fail to make it look dangerous. It is a sheep—nothing else with the sheep's characteristic look of pleasant stupidity. To the layman it would seem to compare as a trophy very poorly with the hide of a shaggy-maned African lion or the bold glitter of a Bengal tiger.

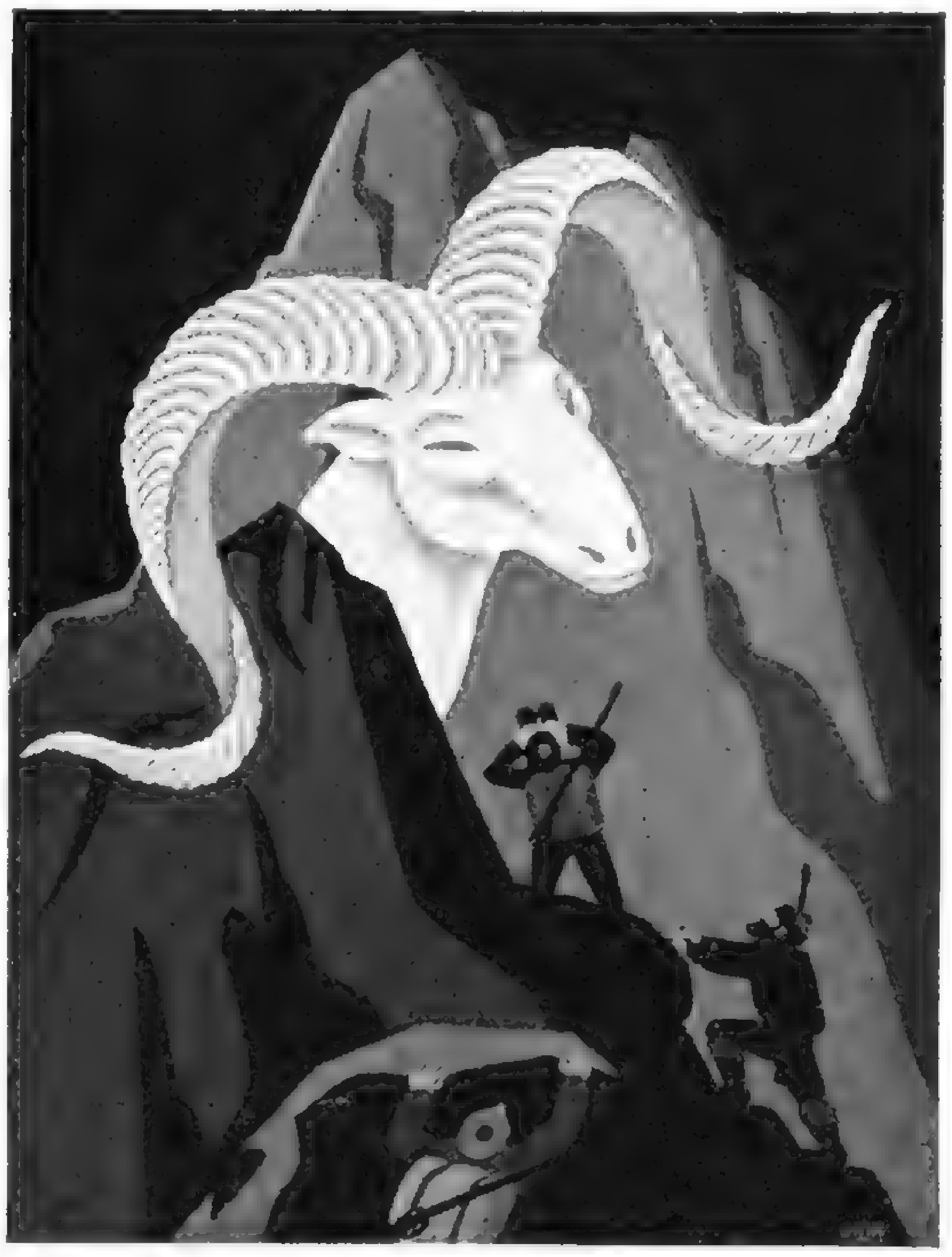
Yet the mountain sheep, that pleasant-looking creature of the light-brown eyes, with a neck that looks too scrawny to support those enormous horns, is the most sought-after big game animal in the world. He is the hardest of all creatures to bring to bag, and when the hunter has hung a really good head on the wall of his game room he has accomplished a feat in which few succeed.

No matter where you hunt sheep—in the mountains of northern Africa, the terrible cliffs and canyons of Tibet or the Indian frontier, the Rockies of Idaho or British Columbia, or in heat-tortured cactus-strewn ranges of Mexico the game is much the same. It means endless climbing, bursting lungs, tongues swollen with thirst. Lions are dangerous true! But in Africa most sportsmen shoot from a boma and have to endure nothing more uncomfortable than a few ant bites. Even when the sportsman stands on his hind legs and shoots his lion in the daytime he is nearly always backed up by a cool white hunter with a heavy double rifle which he knows how to use. Indian tigers are almost always shot from the back of an elephant or from a machan perched in a tree. And so on down the list of other game. Anyone who can hire a good guide and who has the strength to walk a few miles and pull the trigger of a rifle can get a moose, the largest of the deer kind. The same thing applies to elk, deer, antelope and similar game.

But when it comes to sheep well, that's another thing. The hunter must use his own legs. Even if he has a guide he must carry his own rifle and much of his own gear. Because a sheep can go where anything on legs can travel, he must prepare to undertake some desperate and dangerous climbing. Furthermore, sheep are seldom plentiful, in the same sense that other game is plentiful. They live by preference on rocky mountain peaks, often above timberline, where the lack of food and many enemies combine to keep their numbers down.

Yet in spite of the fact that it is a tough game, I'm a sheep hunter. I'll be a sheep hunter as long as my legs can carry me. And that won't be any too long at that. I'm thirty-five now. I have five years left—only ten at best, as sheep hunting is a young man's game. The work is so exhausting that even the best mountain men in the finest condition make it a practice to hunt only three days in a row. They always lie about camp each fourth day, resting. If they don't they quickly reach the time when their tired legs won't carry them, when fatigue will mean a misstep which will send them tumbling off some lofty cliff.

I said sheep hunting is a young man's game. I ought to amend that. It is a game for young men who have kept themselves in good condition. A couple of years ago I took a young man, a skilled rifle shot, into the desert mountains of Sonora. But he was out of condition and fat. Literally he never got to first base. He had no more chance of getting a shot at a sheep than if he had stayed in New York. The twenty extra pounds he carried weighed him down like so much lead. The fat on his body cried for more water than a sheep hunter can possibly carry. The sheep were ranging high then—between 3,000 and 4,000 feet above camp—and he simply couldn't make it. About the time he was halfway to pay dirt he became helpless with thirst and fatigue. Shamefaced and weary he had to give up and come by easy stages back to camp, where he lay half exhausted for the rest of the day. Poor lad! He really is a good shot and he has killed plenty of game. He wants a good ram head more than any trophy in the world, but it is the one he will never get. His money can hire him a hunting elephant for Indian tigers, a skilled moose caller for Canada, or a white hunter to back him up when he encounters an African lion. But all the money in the world won't hire him a pair of legs that will get him into sheep country.



It's a tough game, a man killer, but every sheep hunter likes it. In spite of its hardships there is a romance to it possessed by no other sport. For one thing you must of necessity work on the very top of the world, where you and the grand game you seek are above everything except birds of prey that wheel and dip against the flat blue of the sky. You must climb in cliffs and peaks where one false step will send you hurtling downward and where in spite of your skill as a mountain man your heart is often in your throat. In addition to covering the country you must be stealthy and quiet. You must stay out of sight and you must see the game before it sees you. Further, you must carry a combination of rifle and telescope sight which weighs around ten pounds. To that add binoculars, which are almost as necessary to the sheep hunter as his rifle, a canteen, a lunch, and a camera. If you are hunting the Rocky Mountain bighorns or the Stone sheep of Canada, you'll probably have to carry a stag shirt or a windbreaker in addition. Quite a load, you say? Well, it is, but every item is necessary. Those binoculars will enable you to save yourself from many a weary stalk, as you can decide on the heads in that bunch of distant rams. The strips of jerked venison or the handful of raisins that constitutes your lunch may put strength into your trembling legs so that you can negotiate that tricky rock-slide without tumbling into the next county. And water? If you have never hunted sheep all day in the hot sun of high altitudes, you don't know what it is to want a drink.

I have said that sheep often range from 3,000 to 5,000 feet above the highest camp you can make. Perhaps that doesn't sound very far, so I'll try to picture it for you. The Grand Canyon of the Colorado is a bit less than 5,000 feet deep from the South Rim to the Colorado River. There is a good trail all the way down, but traveling it one way is a good day's work. Hikers who try to come up often fall thirsty and exhausted before they get to the top. Now imagine that instead of going along the trail, you load yourself with

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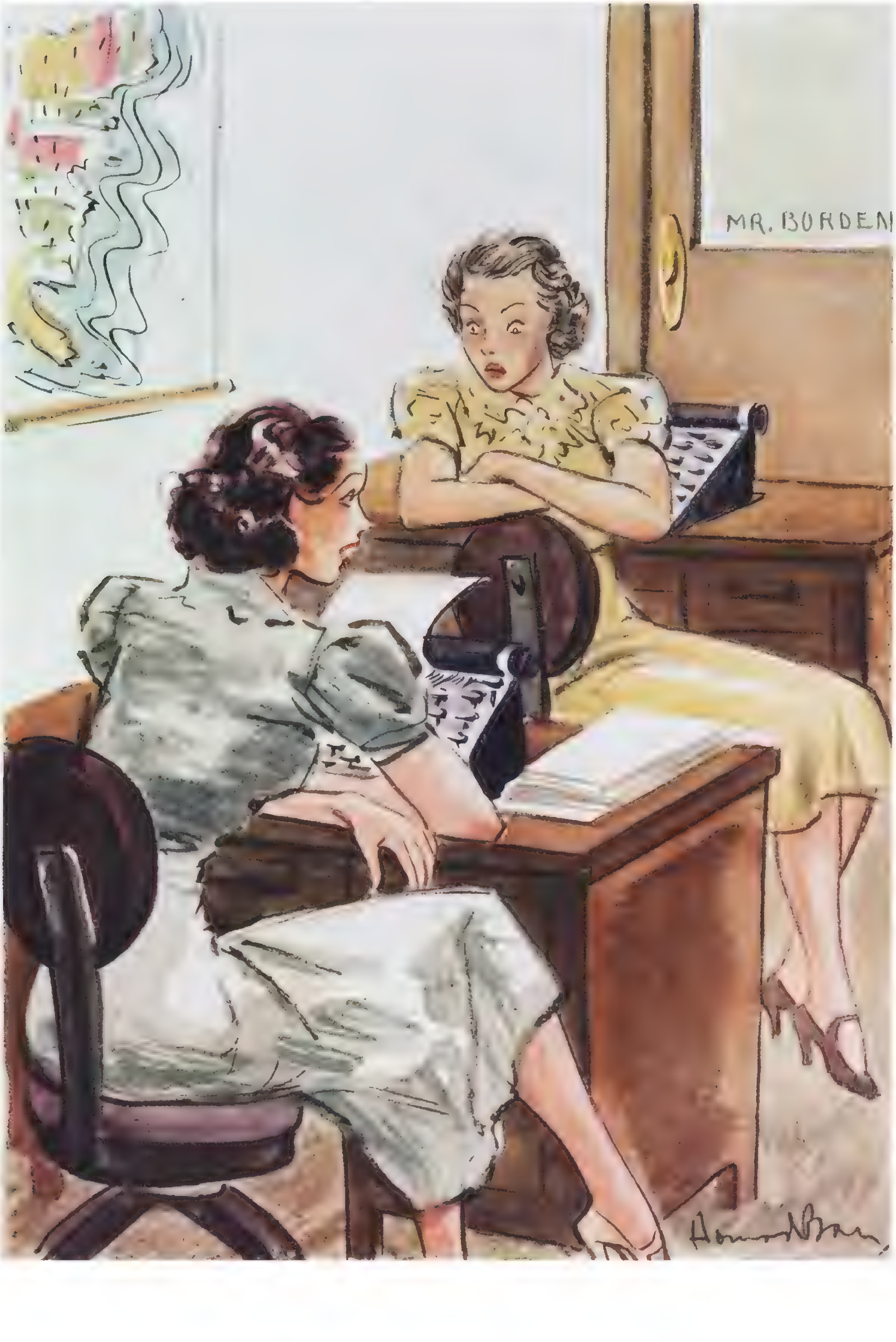
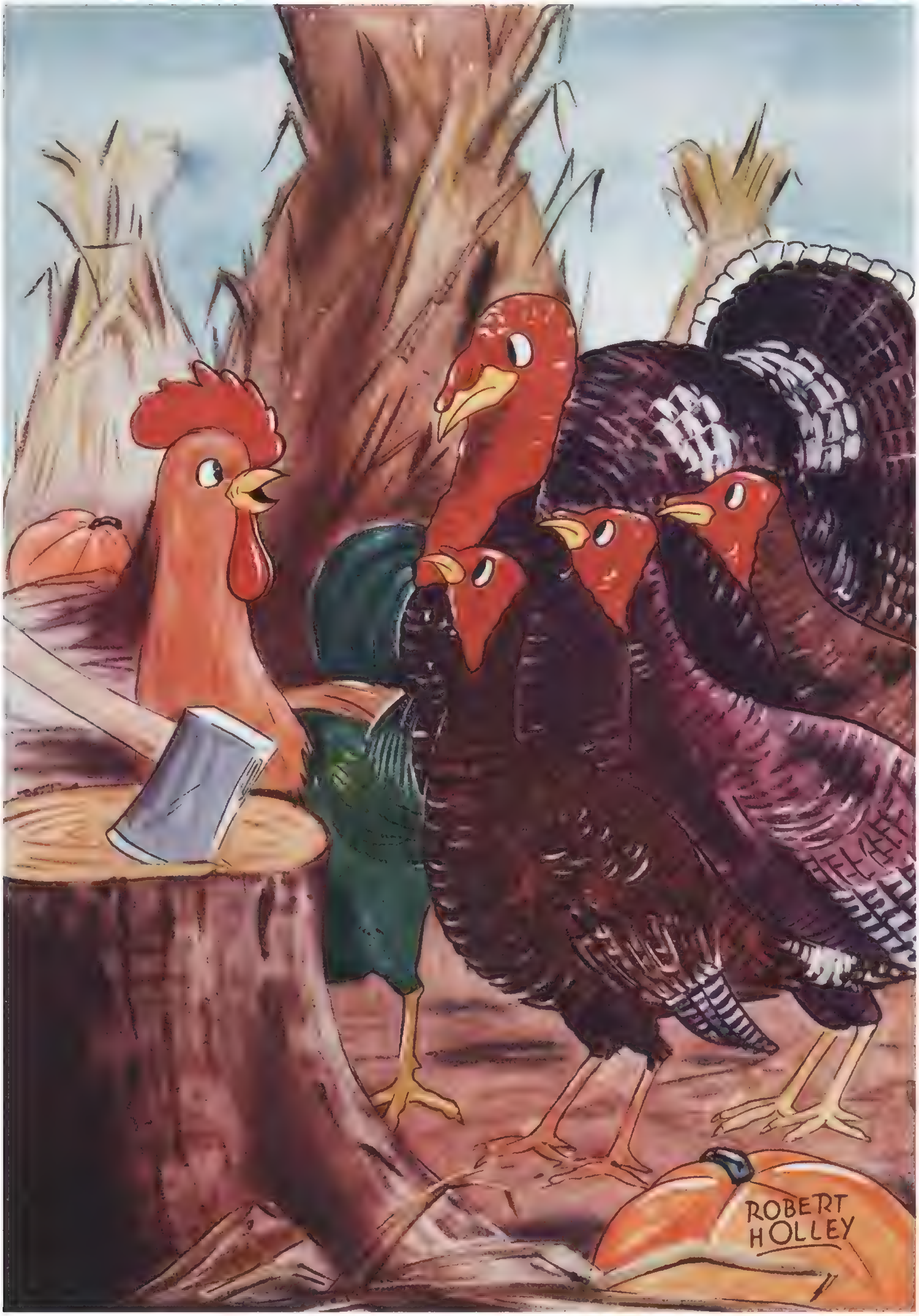


"At first I thought I'd like it here but it seems Mr. Borden's only interest is in having me write letters."


ROBERT HOLLEY

"Don't worry—I'll take care of things for you, after you're gone."

Professional Dog Lovers

You have to fan a tough mutt now and then but never touch them if they're high-strung

by JOHN RANDOLPH

• SPORTS •

For years there has been a peculiarly noxious drivel loose in the land, fostered by professional Dog Lovers whose stuff is somewhat more sickening than the drivel of the Dry Fly man who catches a trout and writes about it. It is now so prevalent that daily newspaper columns are devoted to the glory of Man's Best Friend, and writers who refer to themselves, in relation to their dogs, as The Master, foul good magazines every day.

The stuff has influenced common speech so much that almost any man who has never owned a dog of any kind can talk wisely about breeding, feeding and training, with the aid of the special dog jargon he has learned by reading. This is particularly true in the case of bird dogs, concerning which the lexicon is much more specialized and therefore sounds more knowing when employed wisely. Among any five men, two may be found who know the words and are anxious to use them.

I am one of these and I can talk as a man who has trained crack dogs since childhood, although I've never had a bird dog and have shot over them but rarely and clumsily. I do not admit it to my friends, and although I believe many of them have no more experience than I, they never admit it either.

But thousands of men every year, filled with the twaddle of the Dog Lovers and with their own wise words, actually get dogs and take them out to train them for birds. The strange part of it is that they could really do it if they took the trouble to get a few simple rules from a trainer, instead of applying the complex foolishness written for them, and expecting a sort of supernatural Instinct and Intelligence from the thoroughbred setters and pointers for which they pay too much.

For this I have the word of a man who trains a thousand dogs a season for pay. I went to see him out of curiosity, to discover how much mouth-to-mouth wisdom was trash and how much, if any, was of value.

There I found that there had been a large blind spot in the talking; while all the wise ones knew infallibly how to cure a dog of any one of several faults, none of them, or very few, ever had covered the subject of how to make him hunt in the first place, or how to make him obey or how to make him retrieve. Apparently all of them had owned dozens of dogs which were born to obey without hesitation any command, to hunt the first time out with the instinct of a young wolf and to retrieve eagerly. I know now that they were repeating the written and spoken words of the Dog Lovers.

I went to Willie Craig, in Louisa County, Virginia, who has two hundred dogs for training all the time. He said any trainer could and would tell a dog owner how to train his dog without much trouble. He said the trainer would know nobody would do it, and telling wouldn't hurt his business.

He has three thousand rolling acres at the base of the Blue Ridge, on the South Anna River. It has plenty of cover and feed, and birds are plentiful because he protects them and raises a lot of them. He trains a dog in two or three months and this is how he said he does it:

A dog is kept in a run with others for a few days and allowed to get used to the place. He is petted every day and taken for a walk on the lawn. No demands are made and no commands given.

Craig's first step is to teach them to obey a whistle. He walks them at the end of a long rope. At first, when he blows the whistle a green dog will ignore it. Craig hauls him in gently, and pets him. If he doesn't answer the whistle the second time, Craig hauls him in a little faster. He increases the harshness of the process, petting the dog each time, until the whistle is obeyed.

Don't haul a high-strung dog in too roughly, Craig warns; it will only make him dread the whistle. But give a big tough dog the works. Pet him, too, when he comes. But if he is too stubborn and headstrong, fan him a bit with the rope-end.

This business of never whipping a dog and using only loving-kindness is only nonsense to Craig. "When a man says he never uses the whip, I want to know how many dogs he has trained," he said. "You've got to fan a tough dog now and then. But you can't touch a nervous, highstrung dog. We try to do without whipping, but we have to touch one up now and then — one treatment is often enough."

The green dog is taught next to retrieve. That is easy, too, and it is done in the yard, because it is not much good to mix up those two things with field lessons.

Some dogs are natural retrievers and some have to be given the idea. All of them have to be taught. The ones who have no natural bent for it are in some ways easier to teach.

Craig uses a corncob mostly. He squeezes the dog's lips down over his teeth until he opens his mouth. Then Craig shoves the corncob into his mouth and holds it there. He repeats the word "Fetch" several times and pets the dog. He does it again and again, until the dog associates the word with holding the cob and will stand with it.

Then he holds the cob in front of the dog and squeezes his right forepaw. When the pressure causes him to open his mouth to howl, shove the corncob in. Hold it there, pet him and say "Fetch." Do it again. Keep on doing it. After a while he'll reach for the cob when you take his foot. Pet him for that.

Hold the cob a little farther from his nose, and lower. Take his foot again. Keep on saying "Fetch." He'll take it with a little pressure or none at all. Put it on the ground and try it a few times. Keep on saying "Fetch." In a remarkably short time you can teach him to pick up the cob without pressure, at the word "Fetch."

Now you can teach him to drop the cob in your hand at the word "Drop." Just let him hold it until you say "Drop," then squeeze his lips until he drops it. Keep it up until he drops at a word.

Throw the cob two or three feet from him and take his foot. He will go for it.

Call him back, or bring him back by the collar, and order him to "Sit." He won't sit, so slap his rear-end down. Hold it down and pet him. Make him Drop, and pet him. You have to keep on saying "Fetch" until he gets back to Sit.

Keep this up until he will fetch a cob thrown a hundred feet or so, Sit and Drop.

He has to be taught to fetch what he doesn't see thrown. That is easy too, if you have the patience. Cover his eyes with your hand and throw the cob. Give him the order "Dead-Fetch" several times. He won't know what you mean but he will associate it with Fetch. Take him to the cob and lead him around. If he doesn't find it and pick it up, find it for him and squeeze his foot to make him take it. Keep on saying "Dead-Fetch" while you do it. He ought to be interested by this time, and trying to understand. Do it until he'll go and find the cob

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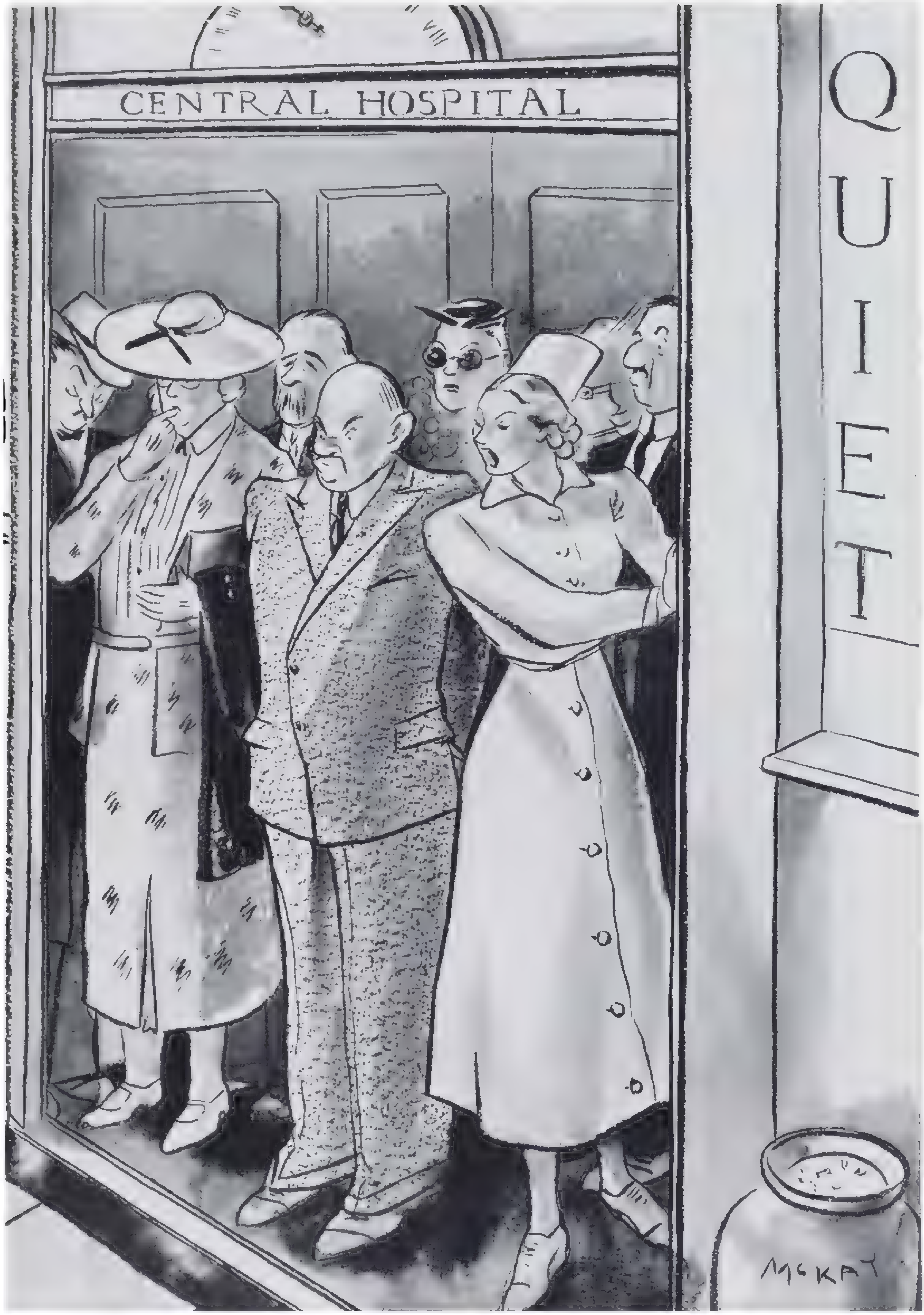

CENTRAL HOSPITAL
QUIET
MCKAY

"Fourth Floor!—Liver trouble, Appendicitis, Gallstones and Rheumatism!"

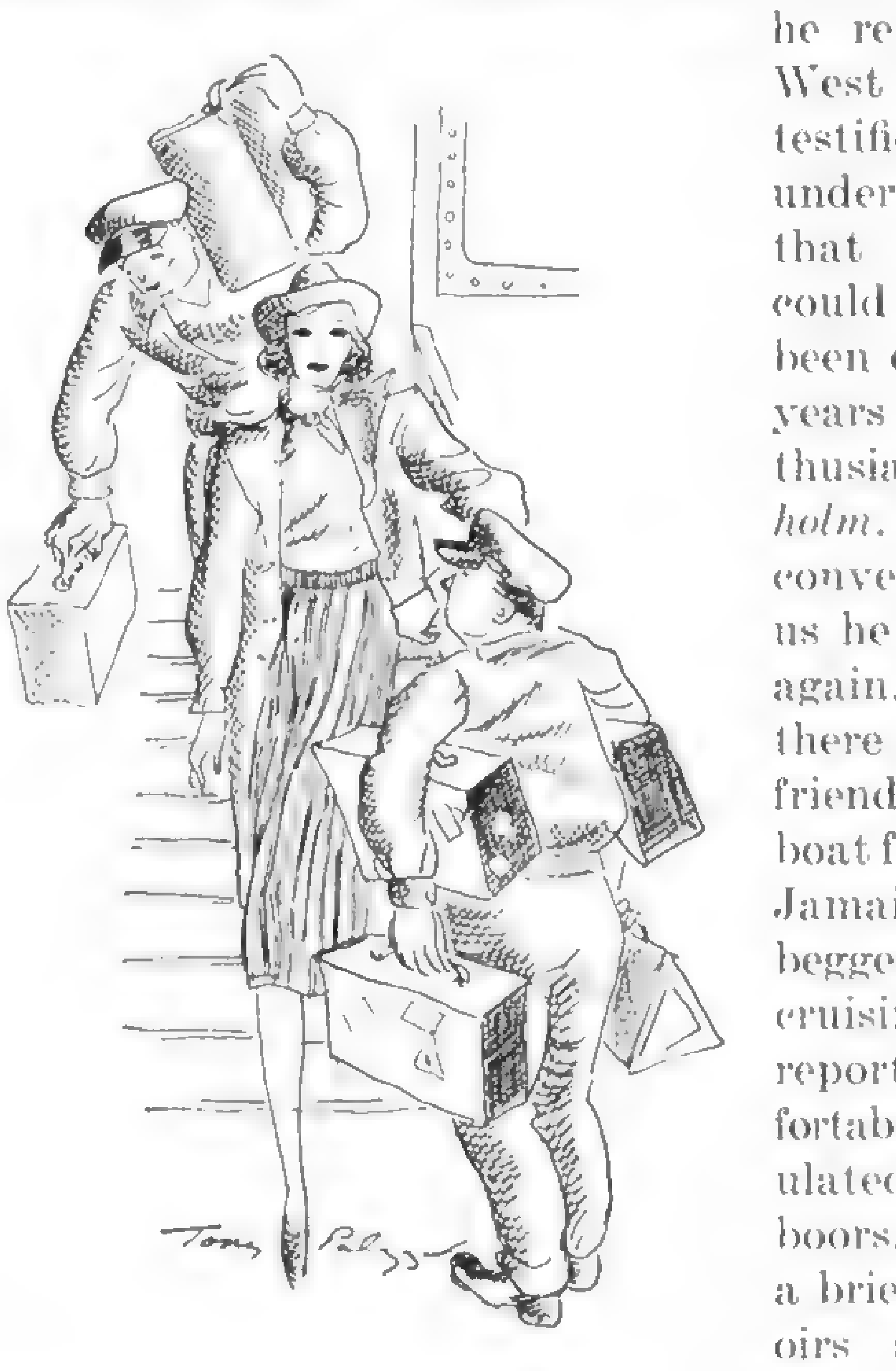
A Shop In Every Port

Each cruiser equips himself with a hand-woven clothes hamper which, bursting with bargains, he triumphantly carries aboard

by GILBERT SELDES

• THE LIVELY ARTS •

To LIFE, liberty and the pursuit of happiness we may have inalienable rights, but nothing is more displeasing than the sight of your fellow men engaged in their pleasures if you yourself lack the capacity for having a good time. We can all bear the misfortunes of others, but their fun is pretty trying. Therefore, if you are one of those morose mortals who stand by in self-conscious superiority while other people are enjoying themselves, a cruise ship of four or five hundred people who have deliberately set out to enjoy themselves is no place for you. If you can take it or leave it alone, if the spectacle of people made happy by activities which leave you indifferent does not make you envious or irritated, cruises are all right. You do not have to be a remarkable mixer, because on a well-ordered cruise you can mingle or isolate yourself at will. But you do have to take one high moral hurdle: you have to get over any dictatorial complex about the pleasures of others and admit that some people get their fun in ways you don't care for, and are none the worse for it.



Like a great many other people, I had two wrong ideas about cruises. One was that they began when ships put out to nowhere or to Halifax carrying a cabaret and an overstocked bar which opened just outside the twelve-mile limit. Actually, I discovered that cruises were running sometime in 1915 when travel to Europe subsided and, pushing my investigations farther, I came upon the date of June 8, 1867—when Mark Twain set sail on the *Quaker City* on a cruise which is more memorable than most because he described it in *Innocents Abroad.*

My second error was in thinking that I would not like a cruise. The idea of being in the obligatory company of the same group of people for a long period of time did not appeal to me. It never occurred to me that the idea of being in my company for the same period of time might not appeal to some four hundred other people. What I learned was that the obligation to be companionable is no more pressing on board ship than it is on Michigan Avenue and is actually less pressing than it is on Main Street. Also I discovered that while you are bound to meet a considerable number of fools and a couple of rats, the great majority of people on a cruise show their most attractive side. They are on a holiday and they want nothing from you. That makes them virtually perfect.

I do not speak for all cruises to all ports; my experience is still limited and it has all been pleasant. The testimony of a number of my friends falls in with mine. Franklin P. Adams was apparently as much an anti-cruiser as I had been, but I saw him the day he returned from a short West Indies cruise and he testified that he had gone under protest, being sure that what he had heard could not be true—he had been exposed for some four years to Russel Crouse's enthusiasm about the *Kungsholm.* And Mr. Adams is a convert. Like all the rest of us he wanted to start over again. On the other hand, there have been disasters. A friend of mine joined a cruise boat for the return trip from Jamaica to New York and begged me not to write about cruising without getting his report on the ship—uncomfortable, ill-managed and populated entirely by energetic boors. Mr. Noel Coward has a brief passage in his memoirs suggesting a similar experience. I think I can understand the reason in both cases. If you join a tour midway, all the faults of human intercourse are magnified; you are at the mercy of all the less attractive passengers and have not insulated yourself, by finding agreeable companions, against the inroads of the aggressive ones.

The first thing to remember about any cruise is that all the passengers are drawn from one bracket in the income scale—that is the prosperous middle class. This is true of West Indies and North Cape cruises particularly and largely of Mediterranean cruises. The round-the-world trips take in the higher brackets also. Everyone on a cruise ship must have had at least five hundred dollars to spend for cabin fare, shore trips, souvenirs and similar expenses. The men must, in addition, have freedom to take vacations either longer than usual or at unusual times. Elementary as all this may seem it is a fundamental consideration because the kind of people you meet will influence the character of your trip more than anything else (except the physical comforts of the boat you choose). You are bound to meet, for instance, a high proportion of middle-aged women, including spinsters and widows, who are free from domestic ties. Most of the business men you meet will be retired. If there are young people on board, and there usually are, they will be just before and just after the college age. There will be a few men and women, on the young side, who are really below the income level to afford such a trip, but who have saved up for several years, perhaps in the expectation of romance.

Perhaps the above explains what must otherwise appear to be an astounding phenomenon—a five to one proportion of Republicans over Democrats. At one moment last year when I figured that every cruise ship was loaded to the rails with tourists and far from home, I had an impulse to cable the President that he could go as far as he liked because the greater part of the Republican Party was out of the country. Democrats on cruises meet secretly in dark corners and, for all I know, plot mutiny.

You may go, as I did—my ship being the same agreeable *Kungsholm*—for a holiday, because you like the sea, and because you want to visit new places. Your desires and ambitions will be more than fulfilled, but you will still be an exception. Experience will teach you that for most people the purpose of cruising is shopping. A friend of mine took one of the cruises which stop at some of the out-of-the-way islands of the West Indies. At one port in Haiti or Dominica, I believe, she and two other passengers spent several hours of perfect enchantment driving through the port and striking inland. When they returned, they found that the rest of the passengers found this particular spot the least interesting of the entire tour and the reason was that there was nothing to buy in the place.

On most boats an illustrated lecture is delivered the night before you make each port. The crafty staff lecturer will mention the highlights—cathedrals, quaint methods of transportation, local flora and fauna, but invariably he will get to the real business of the evening when he tells you what the best buys are and which are the most reliable shops. In the West Indies there are several "free ports." (I gather that a free port is one in which there are no customs duties, but I may be wrong; the one certain thing is that goods are cheaper there than anywhere else on earth.) Willemstad in Curaçao is one of these and Panama City and Colon are its great rivals. In these places a bottle of per-

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First Nights & Passing Judgments

Psychoanalysts, soothsayers and fortune-tellers find discontented Hollywood a happy hunting ground

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

• THEATRE •

Having in common with many others heard much lately about Hollywood's threat to the drama, it occurred to me that it might not be a bad idea for a theatre critic to take a trip out there and get a clinical whiff of the place, together with its *mores*, artistic standards, aesthetic tastes, professional comportment, and susceptibility to Hawaiian music. A short time ago, accordingly, I entrusted my person to a sky-sleeper and the next morning found myself in that strange and alien territory. I remained for something like two weeks and I herewith tender my findings and conclusions.

Hollywood impresses me as ten million dollars' worth of intricate and highly ingenious machinery functioning elaborately to put skin on boloney. A few people there, most of them born in pictures either as producers, directors or actors, take an opposite point of view and really believe in their hearts that the films are important and even artistically worthwhile, but the overwhelmingly great majority and particularly the large number who have been drafted from the theatre are not backward in confessing that Hollywood, so far as any art goes, is like having an exciting affair with a very rich and very ambitious eunuch. The money they get out of it is, they admit, not to be sniffed at, but that ends the satisfaction.

I talked with innumerable men and women who had known a taste of the theatre and of them all only four didn't seem to be pathetically homesick for New York and the stage, and three of the four in question had been miserable failures in the theatre. In no place, whether in America or abroad, have I, as a matter of fact, ever felt the presence of so great a nostalgia. It permeates the atmosphere wherever you go. Myself a guest, I exercised discretion, to say nothing of a luxuriant politesse, and sought now and again to minimize the depression. But my discretion and politeness fell upon arid soil. One day, encountering Spencer Tracy, that excellent dramatic actor, at a garden party fully of lush femininity and giving ear to his distaste for the movie factories and his longing to return to the theatre, I allowed with my old guest charm (Faucet C turned full to Notch 4) that there possibly were certain compensations to life in the western wilderness, among them the pretty girls. "Pretty girls, hell!" he exploded, with a sweeping gesture that took in all the lulus around the swimming pool. "There aren't any pretty girls in Hollywood! Or anyway they don't seem pretty. Why, on my three weeks' holiday eight months ago I went to New York to see the plays and, by God, every one of the girls on the stage, whatever they looked like, looked like raving beauties to me!"

I understood what he meant perfectly. Hollywood makes automatons of its human beings almost over-night. And worse, automatons that are all exactly alike. There are the usual exceptions, to be sure, but once you have freely allowed for them you are struck with the routinization of all the rest, in looks, speech, dress, attitude, cast of mind, manner and everything else. The mental and spiritual poverty of the men and women is appalling. One doesn't feel this because the only things they ever talk about are pictures, money, self, and sex. Some of them, as a matter of fact, talk very interestingly about pictures. Some of them talk very amusingly even about self and money, and talk about self and money, incidentally, never implied any particular mental and spiritual poverty in Bernard Shaw, Sarah Bernhardt and other such illustrious ego-moneyiacs. And pretty nearly all of them talk with voluble proficiency about sex. The reason doesn't lie specifically in these things despite the general assumption.

The reason lies rather in the complete demoralization that Hollywood exercises upon the psyche and in its commanded and enforced obeisance to the principle of artistic and spiritual self-abuse. Few, very few, escape the influence. They are the rare ones. The others, all the others, whatever their previous condition and estate, suggest imminent corpses bursting with a final wild excess of life and in their delirium mistaking the doomful graveyard just around the corner for a combination Giannini bank, Ritz-Carlton, Moscow Art Theatre and Hall of Fame. Hollywood, as I observed when I was there, is full of self-imagined Lincolns with no slave to free them.

The Lincolning goes to such a degree that it often turns in upon itself, with the result that the place is a gold mine for professors of psychoanalysis. They have set up shop at every other street corner and they do a thriving business. Three out of every five movie people whom I met were steady customers of the fowl, and the other two were steady customers of the soothsayers and fortune-tellers who perform on the alternate corners. So greatly does Hollywood disturb the human mechanism that even the more intelligent and rational theatre outsider who comes there to work temporarily for the films soon experiences peculiar self-doubts and inner alarms. I do not in any way mean to reflect upon all the psyching doctors who operate in that region—I have no reason not to believe that some of them are capable and honest men—and I most certainly do not mean in the slightest to suggest that the late George Gershwin was not a completely intelligent and rational human being. But the fact remains, as any of his intimates will attest and as they confided to me, that after working in Hollywood for a while he also felt such a peculiarly baffling inner change in himself that he visited several psychoanalysts to put him back on the safe track. That they elaborately and soberly informed him of a multiplicity of causes, ranging all the way from his higher operatic ambitions to his love life and from his agony over the deficiencies of musical sound tracks to his self-consciousness in wearing the accepted yellow sports-shirts, and that what medical science subsequently found to be the cause was simply a brain tumor, weakens the argument against the Hollywood influence infinitely less than it conceivably strengthens it against some of the psychoanalysts.

No disagreement with the accepted point of view is permitted in the movie world, even on the part of an outsider or a guest. Any argument, however reasonable, is met with a brusque challenge to fisticuffs. That the fisticuffs seldom eventuate and that the challenger usually contents himself in hiding behind another drink is but another symptom of the prevailing childishness and empty bluster. I sat at a dinner table one evening with my charming host and a group of friends from England and Austria. Present also was a minor executive of one of the biggest picture companies. Although the talk was of literature, drama and the theatre in America and Europe, the movie man, shuffling nervously in his chair, gradually maneuvered it toward the films. "We did one great picture in *The Good Earth*, I want to tell!" he announced. "What did you folks think of it?" The ladies and gentlemen present either evaded the question or answered it politely and non-committally. The movie man pointed across the table at me. "What about you?" he demanded. "I didn't see it," I replied, very quietly. "But several of my Chinese friends who occupy high positions in Chinese art, politics, sociology and economics found certain flaws in it." That was my mistake. The movie man's face grew red, then purple, then a bullish and vivid scarlet. His eyes flashed

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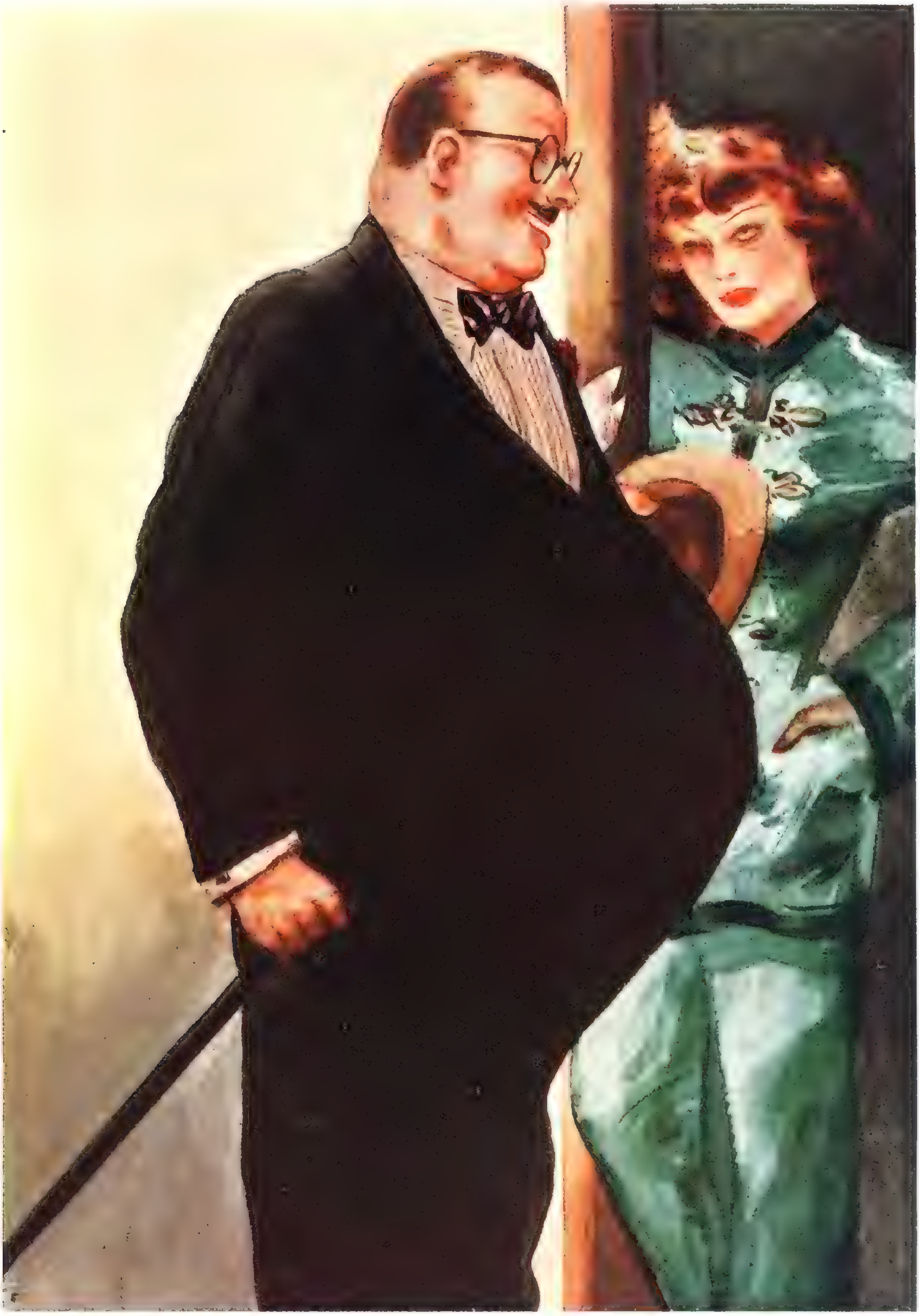
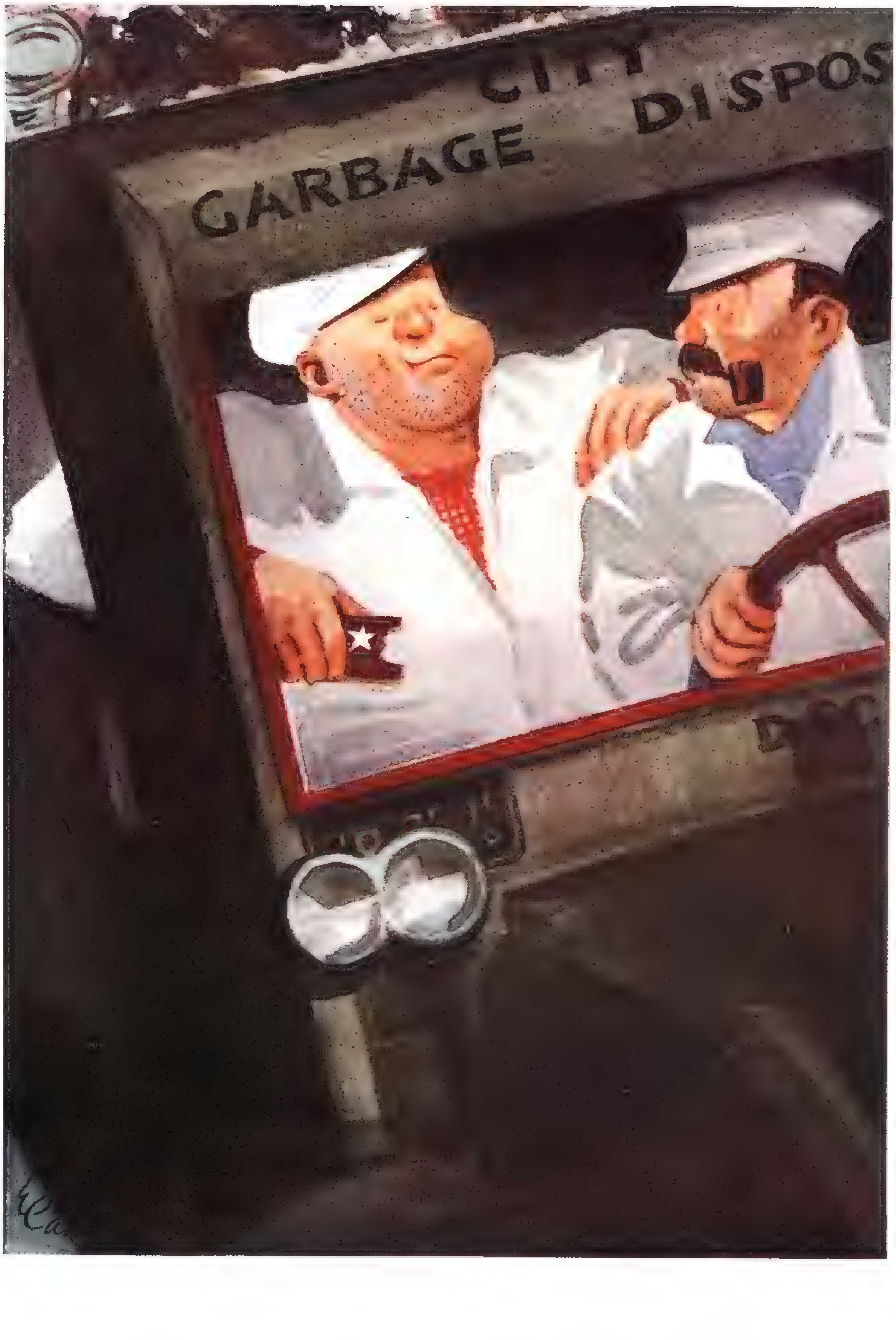


"Well anyway—it was an interesting experiment Miss Wilson."


CITY
GARBAGE DISPOS

"I knocked out another chapter last night—Knopf is dickering for it."

Young Man, Go East

There's plenty of lure all right, but it's none of that bunk about lust for adventure or glamorous black-eyed babes

by ARTHUR GOODFRIEND

• ARTICLE •

Ever since a Greek skipper called Hippalus discovered the uses of the monsoons in A. D. 47, white men have been going East. And sending home a mysterious brand of nonsense about fancy smells, or fancier women, that keep them rooted to the spot—or lure them back whenever they break away.

"It's a smell," is the usual version. "A strange, arresting smell of mold and damp hot earth sweating after rain; an unforgettable smell connected with the canebrake and the Chinese."

Or else it's the "black-eyed babies on a bamboo isle" theory. Or the "lust for adventure at the last outposts of civilization" gag. Dozens of glamorous reasons all slapping heavy emphasis on the haunting note—"*the Lure of the East.*"

Lure? Sure. There's plenty of lure in the East. But not the romantic woman-whiff-and-whiskey brand. It's simpler than that.

Take the case of young Winthrop, who graduated from Yale in 1928, and was sent to Rangoon by the Standard Oil Company. His salary of $50 a week was about twice as much as he'd have rated at the Bayonne plant. His passage paid, this is what Winthrop, twenty-two years old, did that first year in Burma.

With two other lads, he rented a house, with bedroom and den for each, living room, dining room, three bath rooms, kitchen, and servants' quarters in the rear. It had a garden and tennis court. Rent: $400 each.

They had a cook, water boy, sweeper, gardener, and a personal "bearer," or valet each—seven servants. Total expense, split three ways: $336.

To feed the household, and pay the cook his "squeeze"—an automatic Oriental expense whereby an egg which costs the cook three cents, costs the master four—$240 a year each.

Every city of any size in the East has a number of excellent clubs where exiles can drown their sorrows. Winthrop joined the Golf Club ($60 a year), and the Gymkhana Social Club, finest in Rangoon, where he danced, dined and took ample care of his evenings for $54 a year. Next, the Swimming Club, where membership, locker arrangements and clean towels cost $14.40 annually. And, finally, a box in the Turf Club, entitling him to admission to the races for himself and two ladies, for thirty meetings, with free teas to boot. A millionaire-in-Hollywood setup—for $48 a year.

His four clubs cost $176.40, an amount to be tripled when the attendant drinking and chits are considered. A car for the three boys took $300 a year from each. The last $100 took care of the little Burmese girl who made him forget the sweetheart in White Plains.

Winthrop's case is not greatly different from that of Tyler, the young dentist who graduated from Michigan in 1930, and had an offer to join a firm of American dentists in Calcutta. When Tyler came out of school he opened an office in his home town near Grand Rapids, and began the tedious process of starving to death on an income shuttling between zero and $40 a week. The Calcutta job offered free passage to India, and a commission arrangement almost guaranteed to exceed $50 a week from the start, with all materials and his own assistant paid for by the firm.

Tyler borrowed enough money for a Palm Beach suit and a tooth brush, and caught the next Dollar liner for the East. When he landed in Chowringhee Road, he had exactly $7.20 to his name.

White man's prestige impelled him to take an apartment—a five-room affair with a veranda overlooking the Maidan, the finest spot in town. Also, a boy, bearer, cook, syce and coolie to take care of his dog. He joined the Saturday Club, the Golf Club, the Swimming Club. At the end of the year, Tyler, who was a frugal man, not overly addicted to liquor, spent $3142 or about $600 more than his income. By his second year, however, he was comfortably out of debt, and putting a little money aside.

Doc Tyler has his tongue in his cheek when he writes home to the folks in Michigan on Sunday mornings, telling them how much he misses the old town, and all.

Young Stevens, a British American Tobacco man in Singapore, came out of Oxford with honors in 1930. Then he waited eleven months before there was even a nibble of a job. When the B. A. T. offer came, the family urged him to take it. None too happily, he grabbed the boat and started in at $192 a month in Singapore.

Life at home had been a drab affair—calling on a girl, an occasional kiss, teas with the Vicar and all the vicarious adventure he could gulp down in the columns of the *Times*. Singapore, by comparison, turned out to be a dream come true.

Two or three times a week, he and his chums went down to the "New World," one of Singapore's two Luna Parks, for a bit of a beat-up, and danced with beautiful Eurasian girls at fifty cents for seven dances. On rare nights, he spent as much as four or five dollars on his girl there. Whiskey, music, dusky women, an Oriental moon, moving-picture glamour . . . at $5 a night.

When his mother wrote him and told him of a fine opening in Harrod's, in London, at five pounds a week, he didn't think a split second before answering that he was quite content where he was, mater dear, thank you.

After all, Stevens had Tupper, the Office Manager's job to look forward to. Tupper was a man of fifty. On his last leave, he'd brought a wife back with him. Both he and she were from old Yorkshire families, whose pedigrees went back to the earliest days of England. But Tupper had come to Singapore when he was twenty-one, and had spent a total of thirteen months in England from that time to this.

Mr. and Mrs. Tupper lived like royalty. Nothing in the city of Singapore was closed to them. A salary of $6000 a year was an open sesame to everything from the Governor's Garden Parties, to a rousing game of polo whenever Tupper wanted it. Tupper didn't really want to go back home to England.

As for Mrs. Tupper, she had come East with serious misgivings. She couldn't speak the language. She would have to accommodate herself to an entirely new group of people, all acclimated to conditions which would be appallingly new to her. Besides, her time of life was such that it took infinite precaution to keep her once spontaneous beauty up to par. She dreaded to think what the sun and heat would do to a skin

Continued in center of page 214

(All figures in American currency.)

The Art of Un-Wenching

A healthy man doesn't need books on the art of persuasion, it's making a graceful getaway that throws him

by HERB GRAFFIS

• ARTICLE •

The case of Edward and Wallis brings into the open an issue men formerly discussed in privacy and fear, or by devious methods tried to avoid. Un-wenching, so earlier authorities thought, was a subject that men would not discuss as long as self-preservation held as nature's first law. Rather than study the subject, men have sought to escape thinking about it.

Some of the gears, levers and gadgets of the masculine escape mechanism have been displayed in this publication's "How to Make" department, which is no kin to the section of similar name in ESQUIRE's horny-handed contemporary, *Popular Mechanics*. Males, after reaching the age of fourteen (younger, in warmer countries) need no instructions on how to go on the make. Their bitter, urgent necessity is to learn how to keep from having a female put a brand mark on them and conduct the male's operations from that point on under new management.

Consequently, the articles in ESQUIRE's "How to Make" category should be accepted in reverse English as guides to unmaking. When an author writes a symposium on methods by which dolls throw curves into their men it is not for the purpose of educating readers as the fickle ladies' accomplices but with the hope that such disclosures may help liberty-loving swains get unleashed.

Such hope is very faint. In any argument with a woman the man starts second and doesn't even finish that well. In some vague way he feels he is wrong and the dame presses this advantage she has enjoyed since infancy.

Male sweethearts and spouses frequently have wondered why they harbor a deep feeling of guilt, despite their deep conviction of innocence, when they are being tried by some female. The explanation traces back to babyhood. Watch some baby boy contentedly playing with a toy; then let the neighbor's little girl of about the same age be brought into the scene.

The female's possessive instinct is exhibited early in humanity. The little girl wants what the little boy has. She crawls over and tries to wrestle the toy from him. The baby boy in normal defense of his property rights whams the infant hussy in the pan. The little girl begins to cry because her predatory impulse has been frustrated. Whereupon an adult steps into thoughtless control, spanks the little boy for his perfectly natural and pardonable action, and shames him with rebukes of "little boys should give in to little girls."

The infant boy's spirit is broken by repeated instances because women at every age want everything, and the little boy never gets over feeling guilty if he tries to hold his own against some woman.

The little boy loses the War of Independence in the first inning. The best he ever gets out of it is the bull he hands himself. There are very few exceptions.

There is ample evidence that if a woman is determined to keep a man she will do it, or in exhibiting the miserly nature of women concerning man, will see to it that no other woman gets him. (Frankie and Smith and Wesson vs. Johnny, Jane Doe, et al.) However great may be the shock to masculine vanity, it must be realized that frequently there are instances of women not desiring to retain their men, either because of intelligence, indifference or shopping instinct, whereupon the guy is thrown back into free circulation and may have the mistaken notion he has won his own liberty.

Starting from this painful and acute realization a man might make some progress in un-wenching himself.

There are disgustingly few cases of women suffering so much from loss of their men that the women end it all, although such prospect of funeral traffic jams discourages many a conceited male from determinedly calling off an affair that threatens him with the ghastly prospect of hymeneal commitment papers.

Suttee, of course, is an old Indian custom and, generally, is accepted by the American male as proof that a woman who has been properly raised finds self-barbecue irresistible when she loses her man. Those who make this interpretation fail to note that in backward India maidens are married at the dawn of their teens, or sometimes earlier, as in Tennessee. Their mental development may cease at matrimony, which is not a phenomena unique to India or Tennessee. This might account for suttee, or perhaps suttee is a practice enforced by the numerically stronger Indian males who do not fancy adding to national problems that of un-wenching from widows who have been smartened up by long experience.

It is unpleasantly the truth that there are far more cases of men being permanently un-wenched by lead, steel or poison in the vitals than there are of women deciding to call it a day because their loving men have done them wrong. This is one of the strongest arguments against a gentleman's un-wenching himself.

Inquests on such cases lead to the conclusion that persistent nuisances of the defunct male are far more responsible for his extermination in crimes of passion than any drastic, abrupt or surprising un-wenching effort boldly attempted by the late lamented. It is salvation for the male that these nuisances, if carried only to the proper degree and to the right time, will result in a non-fatal job of un-wenching.

One of the reliable methods of un-wenching is employed while dancing. Any male who puts an arm around a female in a dance clutch and holds up her dress in a manner subjecting her to ridicule from her behind is a fiend in human form and is almost certain of release by the offended female as soon as she hears how her behind has been made the butt of jests. A smart guy who will do this and act dumb about it will be suddenly and permanently un-wenched.

A very old un-wenching method is to play up any other fellow upon whom the wench's favors seem to rest even casually. By nursing along the other man and exhibiting symptoms of extreme jealousy the focus of the dame may be successfully diverted. This may not be the most sporting thing in the world because it makes an awful boob out

of the other fellow who may have contributed his help in a temporary spirit of innocent nosiness. It is a very handy method to employ for no honest man has any difficulty in nominating some guy who is superior as a worthy object of the wench's affections.

Against the employment of this procedure are two points: (a) the doll may be suspicious and refuse to transfer out of fundamental stubbornness, and (b) she may be thinking all along that the man she selected first is such an all-around no good louse that the contrast between herself and him emphasizes her merits. There rarely is a female deficient in the technique of thinking herself no disparagement, so when a male unwittingly assists his doll to rate herself as a long-suffering wingless angel he is as good as in for the duration.

In respects similar to the Other Guy build-up method of un-wenching is the encouragement of volunteer competition. This system must be employed warily because the dame often smarts up instinctively and glues tighter to her first prey. However, by giving the line a little yip now and then, and alternating these tugs with a few yards of slack, the wench may take the bait permanently. This procedure does not leave the un-wencher feeling any too pleased with his sportsmanship. It is like trout-fishing with worms. It is no good for the worm, no good for the trout, no good for the fisherman's reputation; but it may get results.

In telling the male How to Lose Female Friends and Influence People reference must be made to the sometimes successful practice of getting not so drunk as one seems to be. In this condition the gentleman leaves the lady at the table while ostensibly ducking for the boys' room, but really running out. After the lady waits in vain and has to pick up the check, she probably will consider her boy friend such an embarrassment she will sign him off.

Un-wenching enthusiasts must be warned about the employment of the boys' room sneak out method. Some wenches have so much animal cunning they regard the boys' room sneak out as a challenge and upon catching up with the guy again never let him get out of their sight, regardless of his modesty. This leaves the prospective un-wencher worse off than before.

Adventurers who go into un-wenching with the high-hearted bravado of a naked gentleman attempting to kick a man-eating shark to death in 60 fathoms of sea-water may try the rouge system of un-wenching, although vital statistics prove chances of success are only one in 63,081.

Rouge runs third to money and one-sheet-per-grab tissue as a curse upon men. Perhaps rouge is even worse. There is more of it scattered around. In some way rouge gets on most pencils, cups, towels, laundry, whiskbrooms, magazines, money, postage stamps, telephones, hair brushes and on the majority of other items utilized in modern living.

A free-for-all wench-hound is seldom bothered by rouge. Prior to bounding from wench to wench he will take two Turkish baths, shave twice over, shampoo, dig out to the quick under his nails, take nasal and aural syringes, gargle, burn his old clothes from the hide out, and bury his shoes in lime. Only in that way can he escape the complications caused by alien rouge stains.

But the normal clean-living fellow never prepares an out or an explanation for rouge marks. He often is not sure that he is guilty of being be-rouged. The stain may be his own gore sweat while he was talking with creditors, rust of pennies from heaven, or stains acquired while visiting the camp of a war-like red-skin tribe. So the gentleman simply says "damn if I know" when he is questioned about red blotches he may be bearing and thus neglect splendid un-wenching material. When asked to explain a bit of rouge branding, the prospective un-wencher should act alarmed and after studiously rehearsing his script in private, declaim:

Eric Lundgren

"Yes, honey, them's rouge marks. They were put on me by Lily. You've read of her. The papers call her 'The Kiss of Death Girl.' You know—just some newspaper hooie; but they say she's murdered twenty women in battles over men. She's a nuisance. Don't let her scare you. I told her to scram, I am your man."

Then drop the subject.

Following this there will be some deep thinking done by the dame. If enough guys would stick together and build up mysterious Lily this method of un-wenching would get good. But men have very little guts when it comes to un-wenching. They often try this perfectly logical rouge gag but won't stick to it. The wench may make some harsh retort, for instance: "Lily, the Kiss of Death Girl; my sacroiliac!" and with only that as a prompt the guy will sing the truth in high G. The lady to whom this un-wenching plan is exposed will give it circulation as a phony and when a dame starts exposing she gets more and faster circulation than a fireside chat by the President.

Volunteer assistance in un-wenching is becoming less and less frequent and never can be relied on. Un-wenching, per se, is an acutely individualistic job and with extremely few exceptions, is a failure when outsiders interfere.

A rare case of apparently successful assistance in un-wenching is that of recent record involving Mrs. Madeleine la Ferriere, known also as Miss Magda de Fontanges, her boy chum to whom she referred as the "most prominent Italian statesman," and Count Charles de Chambrum, formerly the French Envoy to Rome.

The dossier on the doll known as Mad Maggie reminds us she shot Count Charles, known in this case as Charley the Chump, in the Gare du Nord, thus marring, inconveniencing, incapacitating and to wit damn near erasing Count Charley the Chump. The Count had made himself a party to un-wenching the "most prominent Italian statesman," known to Mad Maggie as Benny. The files further reveal Maggie testified "the secretary of my statesman friend called, giving me a ticket to Paris plus 25,000 lire and asked me to leave Rome for the moment."

It was Charley the Chump's awful luck that he was assigned to step in the middle on that one. Imagine trying to un-wench a guy who gives a lady 25,000 lire! Try that only if you are tired of it all. By grace of the god who watches over chumps, drunks and heroes, Count Charley survived. Maggie, according to your investigator's recollection, caught herself a stretch in stir long enough to let Benny cool off and listen to those long, faint, lonesome-sounding whistles at night without his bosom being tormented by that unscratchable itch for the lost light of love known as Mad Maggie. If you have friends willing to risk their chances in desperate hope the loving gun woman will blast herself into the jug, then only can you rely on this manner of un-wenching. It is a fact that no man deserves a pal that noble. Certainly the "most prominent Italian statesman" never can expect from destiny another break as fortunate as the assistance received from Charley the Chump in un-wenching. Benny practically wenched himself for keeps when he sent the boy over to Mad Maggie's house with 25,000 lire. When the wencher gives the wench anything more valuable than yesterday's newspaper, un-wenching almost never can be done.

Research in un-wenching fails to show plainly why un-wenching should be arduous. A high percentage of blonde, brunette and red-headed women may be not only nuisances and menaces, but bums. However, as previously suggested in this report, a still higher percentage of blond, brunette, red-headed or bald-headed men are probably nuisances, menaces and bums, too, and in addition, no good at all. At that some doll may want the sorriest of the male lot. It may be biology. It may be economics. Or it may be insanity.

Law, force, guns, malice, knives, poison deceit, liquor, money and one-way trips on the China Clipper have proved futile in deliberate efforts at un-wenching. Un-wenching is a gift and a gift alone. ##

On Eating Oysters

In the halcyon days when saloons served free lunches, they gave you an oyster with each drink of beer

by BOB BROWN

• ARTICLE •

When I was a kid in Chicago if anyone cracking wise had told me that oysters grew on trees, I would have believed him, because in that inland city oysters in the shell were rare in my day. As a matter of fact, down in the Texas bayous oysters do grow on trees, but only inferior little fellows clinging to the rough bark of swamp trunks. Natives paddle about in rowboats when the tide is out and reach high up to pick oysters off the trees like apples, without wetting a finger. But that is just a Believe-It-Or-Not oddity, for this tree oyster is really no better than a shipside barnacle compared to the luscious members of the tribe. Tree oysters are common, too, in Mexico and Borneo.

There are mountain oysters as well, but only in butcher shops; and the Prairie Oyster, highly esteemed for hangovers, in which the gleaming yolk of an egg plays the part of the bivalve and is drowned in ketchup, Tabasco and Worcestershire. But here we are concerned only with ocean oysters and the very best of these. All over the world there are inferior sorts and freaks, the most surprising of them is the giant Bahia variety, sometimes half a yard long, and since they can't be swallowed whole, they must be eaten like a beef steak with knife and fork. The Greeks of old snacked on similar granddaddys of the sea, but they're all gone by now. In fact, our word "ostracize" derives from these huge delicacies set aside for the self-elect, and shipped to them fresh from beds 2,000 miles away, which was quite a stunt in those days.

Oysters do not grow in the Mediterranean, beyond a sickly sort hawked in Nice, Rapallo and the tourist centers, though these do serve in making *bouillabaisse*. The eater of raw oysters, therefore, must depend upon the Atlantic Ocean chiefly, though Californians have their abalone, King of Pacific shellfish, and an oddity called Olympia, an oyster so small a dozen go in one mouthful.

Chicago in our pre-airplane time was a full day's trip by train from the Atlantic, so oysters weren't flown to us in their shells, as they are nowadays, but shipped by freight in big tin cans and already shucked. When we kids were sent to the grocery for them we came back with a pint or quart sloshing in a pasteboard pail with a wire handle; the juice was watery and the meats putty-colored. Usually in the kitchen they were just rolled in cracker crumbs and fried brown, or dropped into a milk-and-butter soup of no distinction whatever. The fried ones were leathery and tasteless except for the ketchup in which they were smothered. So when I saw my first oyster shell with its iridescent pearly inside, I thought it quite as exotic as any sea shell I had ever seen in the Field Museum and added it at once as a prize to my collection of curios, arrowheads, agates, coral and such.

Then a neighbor who had been Gloucester-bred and cut his teeth on the pearly shells received a startling present from his home town—a tidy salt-encrusted keg filled with prime Bay bivalves, and after that oyster shells became so common in the neighborhood, we ground them up and fed them to the chickens. Chicago had its own Boston Oyster House then, but since nobody beyond a handful of resident Easterners was oyster-conscious, the best seafood served in that old restaurant, as indeed at the original Rector's, was fine local lake fish.

My grandfather, a Michigan pioneer, loved oysters and showed it by almost hourly fondling of their beards. He would even awaken my grandmother in the middle of the night to cook him an oyster stew. Like most of the sporting men of his time, he had formed the raw-oyster habit in Eastern saloons before covered wagons took them West, and collegiates joined the sport with their cheer: "How do we like our oysters—Raw! Raw! Raw!" Beer and bivalves had got on harmoniously together for centuries in the great booze emporiums of the Eastern ports. Usually a swanky oyster bar stood hard by the mahogany one, and this was particularly the case in Boston, Baltimore and New Orleans. The cheaper waterfront saloons chalked on their sandwich boards outside, "An Oyster Free with Every Drink." And this meant beer, of course, for whisky and oysters never mixed. The alcohol in all strong drink fries the oysters right in the Tummy, so only an ostrich can digest them. This mixture of rum and oysters killed off many a good man before the custom was given up, when we learned finally that only ale, beer, stout, porter and light dry wines go successfully with such susceptible shellfish. (Though cooking lobster without sherry is one of the major sins.)

Professional openers on the half-shell of that day stood only a cut below the bartender himself. These oyster wrestlers shone in starched linen jackets and caps and hung up amazing opening records. The greatest, I believe, was 100 caesarian operations on oysters of both sexes in 3 minutes 3¼ seconds; in Philadelphia during the 1880's.

But the bon vivants who make an art of oyster schlooping (schloop is the technical term for making an oyster loop the loop from the half-shell right into the ultimate consumer's mouth) have done much faster work than that. Today, the record is probably held by one of those hardy oyster barge captains who begin with a peck before breakfast, snack on them all day long and tuck away a final bushel by way of a comforting nightcap.

Originally oysters were not opened elegantly with the special shell-stabbing blade, but smashed and jumped on, in the crude seaside manner of the Walrus and the Carpenter. Some could be cracked open as easy as walnuts, but stubborn shells needed the services of a safe breaker. Then along came Commerce with its oyster knife and the technique of "stabbing" was developed.

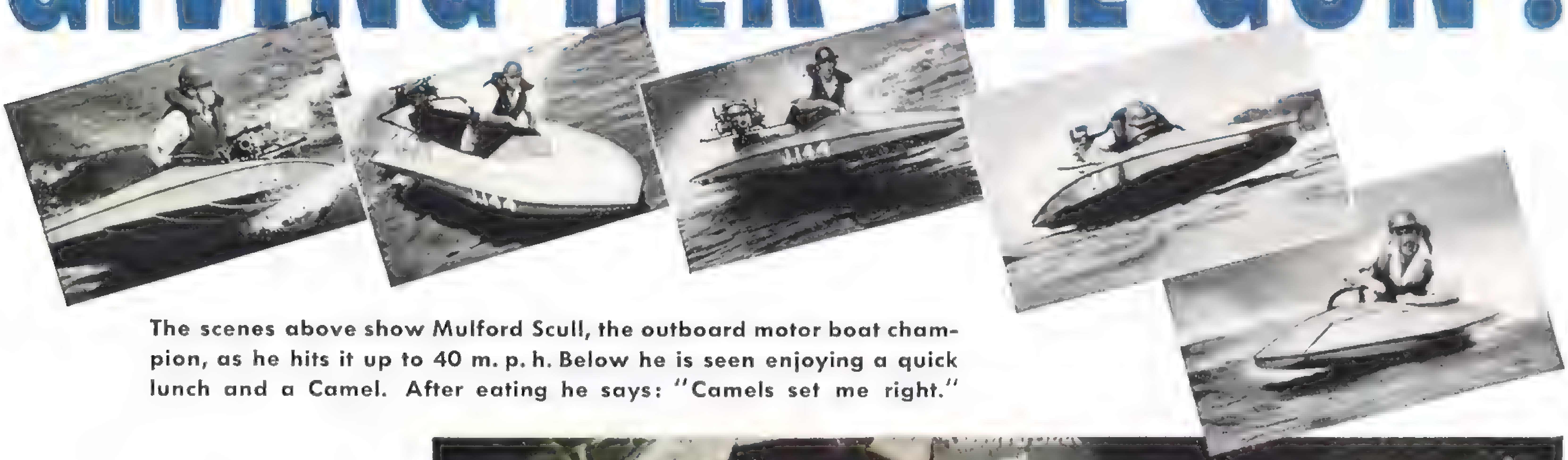
Some of the niftiest work in this line has always been seen in the bars of New Orleans (it is said that while Amsterdam is built on herring bones, New Orleans is paved with Bayou oyster shells and good intentions). Native openers in this old Creole town handle their patients so deftly that they never tear, puncture or break the skin, which deflates the plumpness and loses some of the juice. They don't even pull a hair out of the beard.

For a century they have functioned alongside the shakers of Ramos' fizzes and Sazaracs in every corner bar. They were the boys who discovered the "cock oyster" and capitalized on it. Until today the classification of that super "cock oyster" exists only in the Carnival City where bivalves are such a necessity they're even sold in the 5 and 10.

"Cock oysters" are any that vary in color from the normal. They're found in all shades of the rainbow, from delicate pink to violent purple, each of a subtly different flavoring, depending on the iodine and other nutritive and tasty sea salts that painted this pearly lily. They're picked out of the regular run of pale whites that come all of a color. While shucking a bushel of Bayou Fours, the knifeman will slip these occasional "sports" or "cocks" onto a private platter concealed under the counter, where they're kept on ice until a gastronome blows in, tips the wink and ten cents to have the special highly-colored ones set out. So rare, indeed, are they, that a whole bushel seldom yields more than a dozen or two, and when the

Continued on page 161

GIVING HER THE GUN!



The scenes above show Mulford Scull, the outboard motor boat champion, as he hits it up to 40 m. p. h. Below he is seen enjoying a quick lunch and a Camel. After eating he says: "Camels set me right."

J.64
SHOOTING STAR

LIKES a few fast rounds of squash racquets during his lunch hour. "When I'm tired I get a 'lift' in energy with a Camel—and go back to work feeling invigorated," says Theodore Crockett.

"A SALESGIRL can't afford irritating habits that come from jangled nerves," says Miss Maxine Hollen. "I've chosen Camels—once and for all. Camels never upset my nerves or irritate my throat."

IN 1929, Mulford Scull became National Amateur Champion. This year he made a clean sweep of the Class "A" Outboard events at the Miami Regatta. The trophies he's won in his years of racing fill a room.

Jolts, vibration, nervous tension are all part of what an outboard driver undergoes. In Scull's own words: "Outboards knock the daylights out of digestion. Yet when chow comes around, I'm right there—all set with Camels. Camels help keep my digestion on an even keel. I've smoked Camels for 17 years."

JACK OAKIE IS BACK ON THE AIR!

Tune in on the fun-making President of Oakie College and his college variety show, including *Benny Goodman's Swing Band*, this Tuesday night at 9:30 p m E. S. T., 8:30 p m C. S. T., 7:30 p m M. S. T., 6:30 p m P. S. T., over WABC-Columbia Network.

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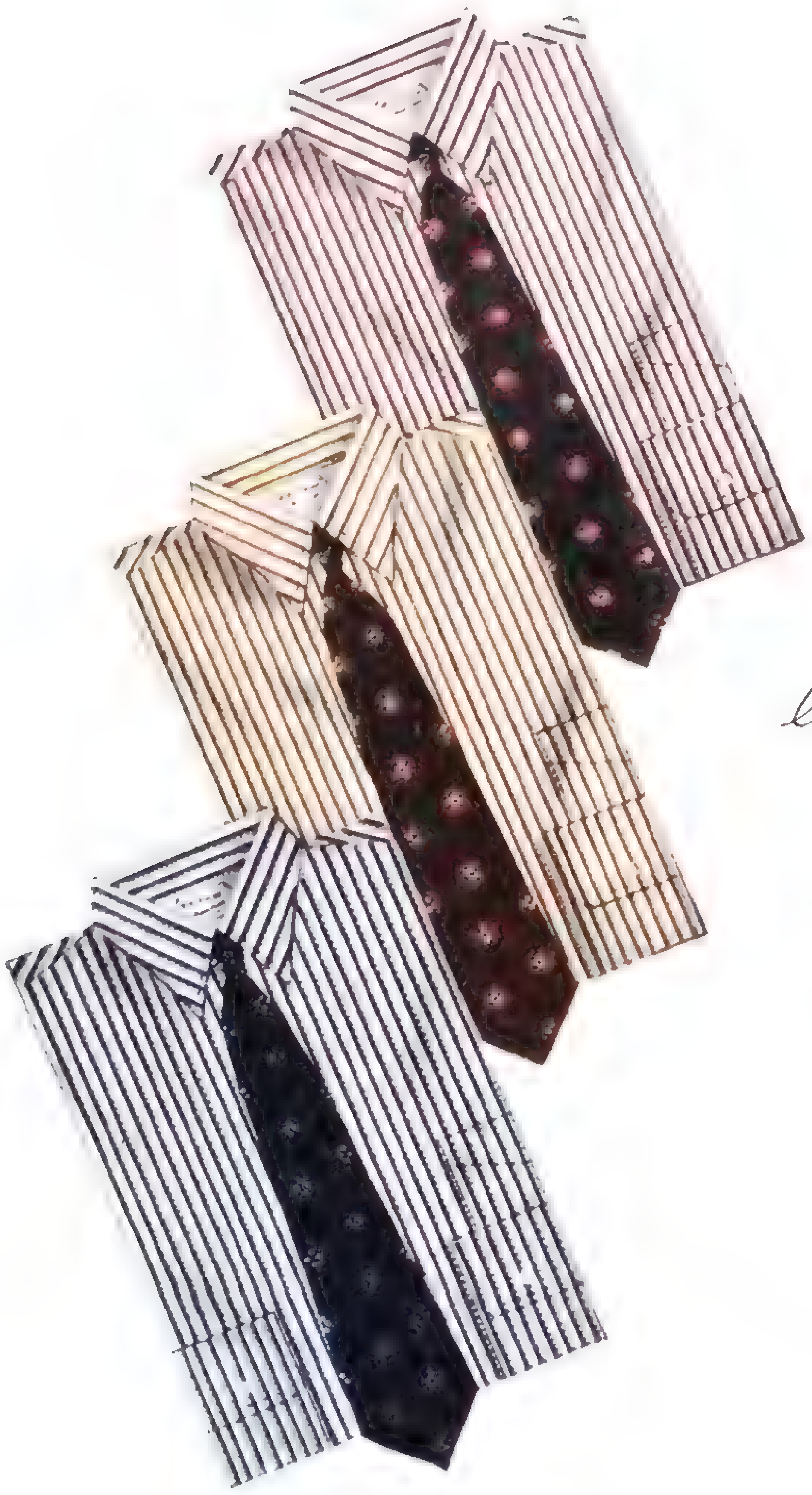
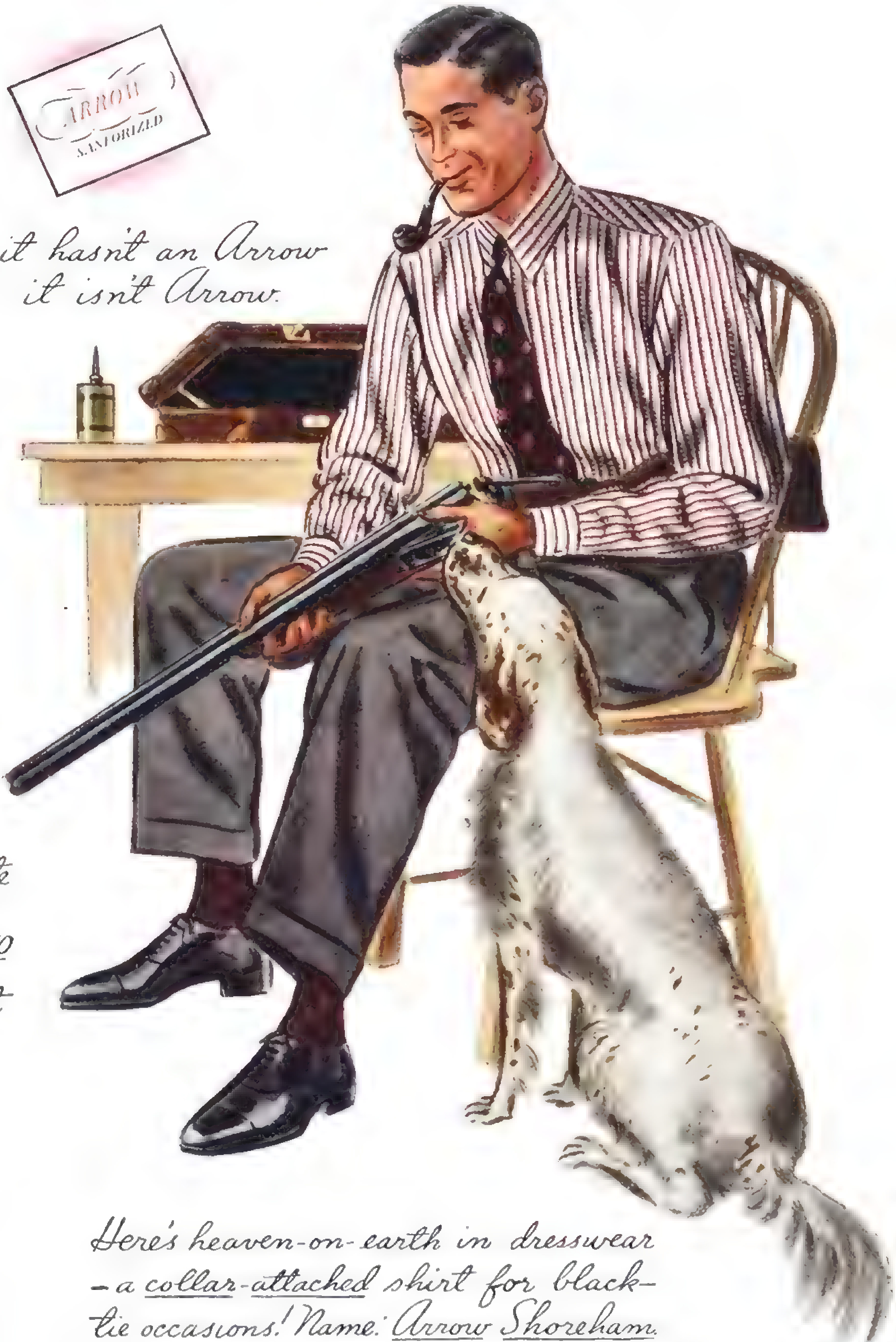
Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS... Turkish and Domestic... than any other popular brand

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
QUALITY

FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE — SMOKE CAMELS!

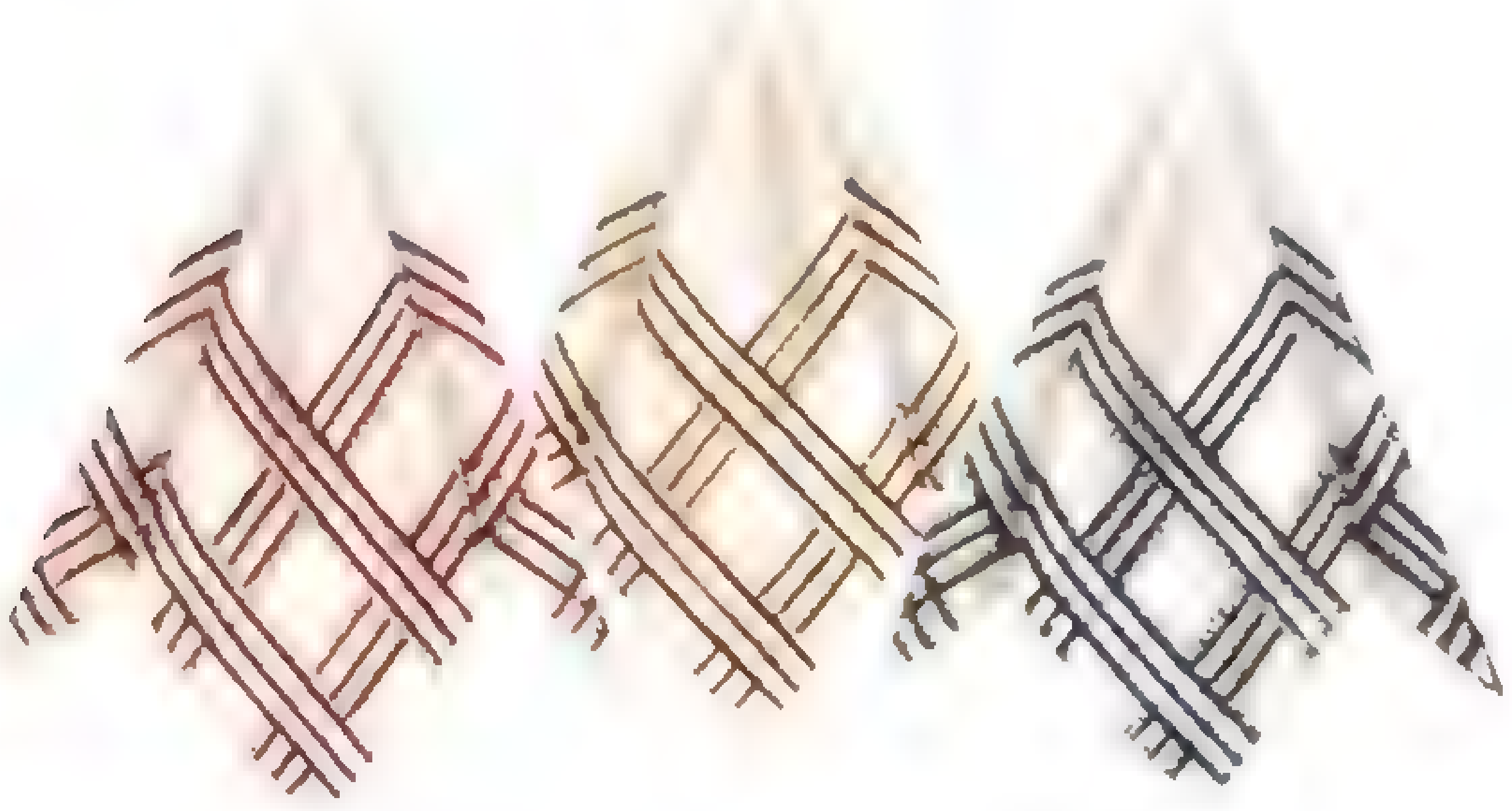
Stripes posed against white broadcloth are high-style right now. Autumn's leading example of this shirt fashion. Arrow Crowfoot Stripes Mitoga form-fit. Sanforized. $2.50.



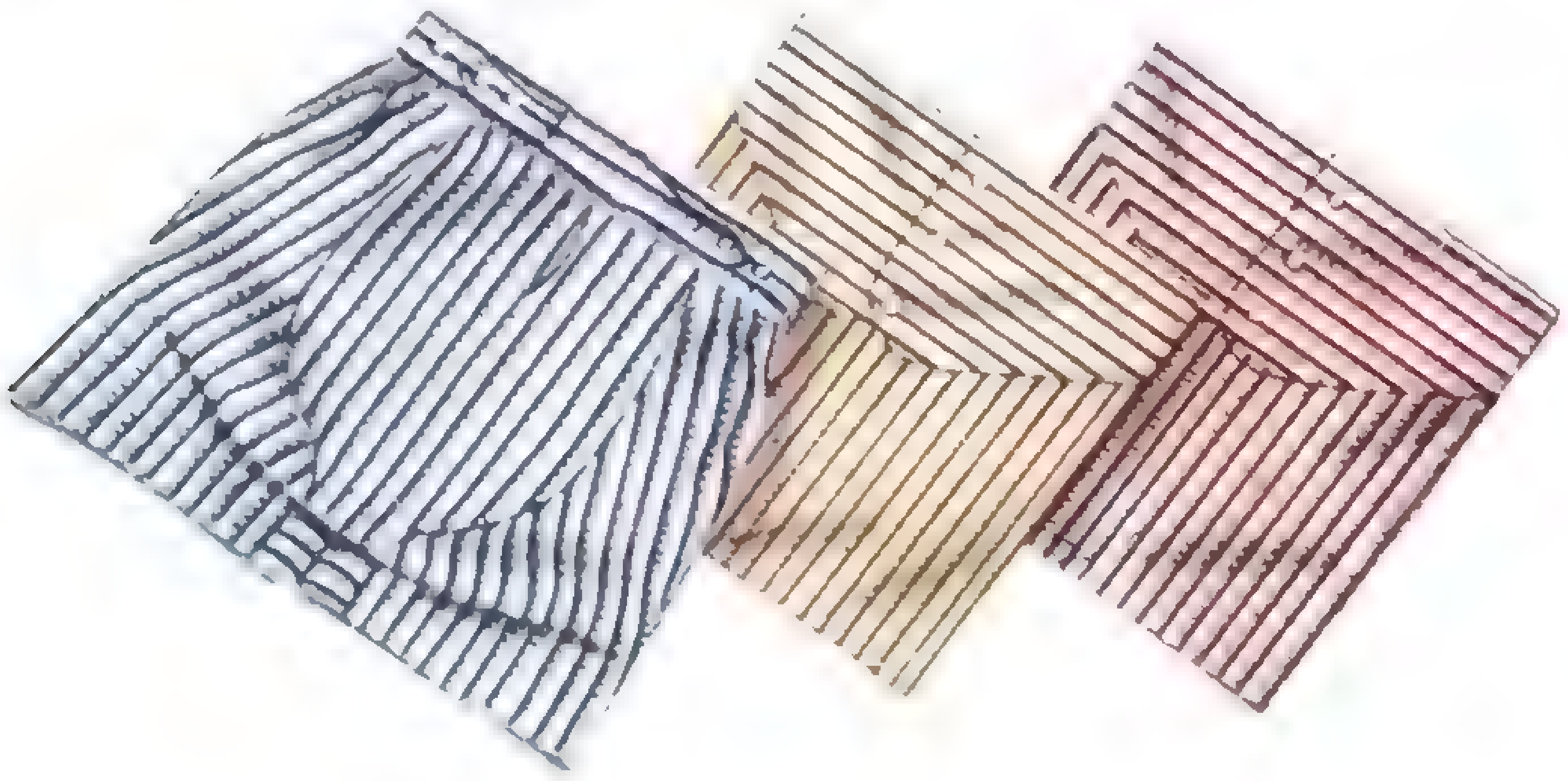


If it hasn't an Arrow label, it isn't Arrow.

To make sure of a congenial collar-mate for Crowfoot Stripe Shirts, Arrow produced Crowfoot Serge Ties. Price, $1.50 Shirt and tie make one of the neatest two-somes on earth.

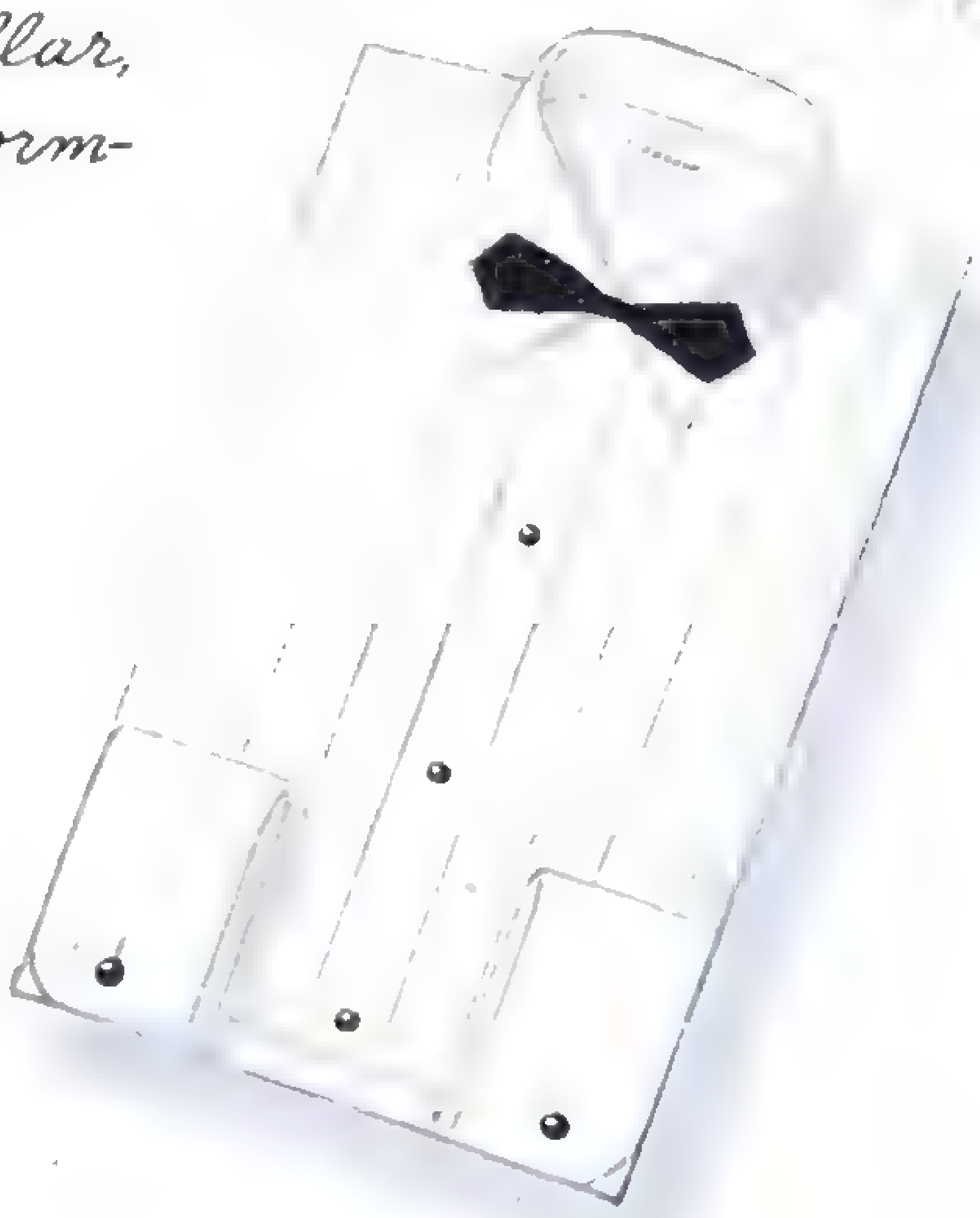


Arrow rounds out a noble job by designing Crowfoot Stripe Handkerchiefs. 50¢.



Here's heaven-on-earth in dresswear – a collar-attached shirt for black-tie occasions! Name: Arrow Shoreham. Has non-wilt Aroset collar, soft pleats, Mitoga form-fit Sanforized $3.
(Tie, $1.)

Arrow shorts are the most pleasant ever made because they have no seam to quarrel with your crotch. Pictured are three in the same Crowfoot Stripe cloth as the shirts. Each, $1.
(Arrow undershirts, 50¢ up)



Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N.Y

Selected Case History

Typical answer to questions asked 138 women about their first experience and further study of what is called "life"

ANONYMOUS

• EDUCATIONAL •

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Selected as the most representative, on a qualitative if not quantitative basis, of all the many hundreds of case histories with which we have been barraged since the publication of the survey on "the facts of life" in the July and August issues, the following is printed in good faith on the assumption that it was so motivated. The author seems, if not to prove, at least to establish strong plausibility, for the truth of the adage that virtue is indeed (and let him who wants to, add "alas") its own reward. To those who find it shocking that this reversal of the proverbial relationship of sin and its wages should be termed typical, we can only confess that it isn't typical, really, of all that we received. But it is typical of those that were printable.*

SUBJECT:

Female—Married—American Revolutionary ancestors—An only child with sweet, innocent, religious parents—One year college—Unconventional tastes and radical ideas which were never expressed in early youth—Vocation until present marriage: Stenographer-Secretary.

INTERVIEW:

Q. How many lovers have you had, to date, in your life?

A. About twenty, as nearly as I can recall.

Q. Isn't that a good many?

A. I don't think so. I enjoyed each experience in turn. No scars—only pleasant memories.

Q. How long a period do these experiences cover?

A. Eight years, beginning in 1927, the old Prohibition-Prosperity days, when I was twenty.

Q. When did you begin dating?

A. At eighteen. My parents' religious views forbade me to dance, play cards, or mingle with the livelier set of young people. All my unmarried cousins were the old maid variety. The few boys I went with were dull and conservative.

Q. What did you know of the facts of life at that time?

A. Incredibly little. I had never had much curiosity about the relations of men and women. I had a dim impression that babies were conceived by a special kind of kiss on the mouth, that they were delivered through the mother's navel, and that the boys were distinguished from girls by a flesh-and-blood counterpart of the marble fig leaf worn by a statue of Apollo in our high school auditorium.

Q. When were you set right on these points?

A. After I had left home and was out on my own as a business girl.

Q. Did your new friends and associates bring this about?

A. Yes, gradually. They were gay young people, free from home ties, making fair salaries in the business world, and eager for a good time. They would have read Esquire if it had been in existence then: they would never have looked at *The Woman's Home Companion*. They were smooth; they drank, but not sloppily; they took university extension courses and were ambitious; they had liberal ideas on sex, but did not become coarse or degraded; and they got some fun out of life.

Q. Where did your so-called seduction occur?

A. In a room at the Plains Hotel in Cheyenne, Wyoming, of all places. I wore the best looking orchid crêpe de Chine step-ins I have ever had before or after, and took a brand new contraceptive set along in my suitcase.

Q. Then the experience was not the result of a sudden impulse?

A. No. I liked the boy—an attractive lad of 23 with a real sense of humor, who had been rushing me for weeks. All my friends were doing it. Why should I lose out on something they all regarded so casually, and yet deemed so important? Besides, I honestly was not interested in marriage.

Q. Did you enjoy your initiation?

A. *Per se*—how could I? Does anyone? I loved sleeping with the chap, though, and I could see how the idea might have possibilities after one got used to it. Our association continued nearly a year thereafter.

Q. What finally separated you?

A. He was transferred to another city. We parted on good terms, exchanged letters occasionally, and then turned to new interests. I have never seen him since. I don't want to. I want his memory always to be a little glamorous.

Q. And other affairs followed?

A. Naturally. I am strongly sexed, and cannot live contentedly without love. I am not a nymphomaniac: that implies a nervous search for satisfaction which is never found. I always found it. It was always a lovely thing to me.

Q. Was it always a case of playing with fire and receiving no burns?

A. Not entirely. A few little follies; a few disillusionments; now and then, tears and moods of depression. Not enough to make me wish now that my life had been different. Who lives too wisely lives not at all.

Q. But, to be practical, how about pregnancy and disease?

A. I never became pregnant but once—when I lost my head in an automobile and was not prepared to take care of myself. Fortunately, an early natural miscarriage saved my life. I would have been spared even that if I had not slipped from vigilance just once.

As for disease, I always seemed instinctively to select the right kind of man, and I guarded myself with fastidious cleanliness. I concede that my escape was partly good fortune, however, for my closest girl friend contracted gonorrhea from a man in whom she had complete confidence, and was cured only by an operation resulting in permanent sterility. I realized that I was playing with danger each time I accepted a new lover, but I have never feared to take a chance for the sake of something I wanted. I used every possible precaution—and then trusted to luck.

Q. Was physical necessity your only reason for having love affairs?

A. Indeed no. During intervals between serious attachments, I never succumbed to the temptation to do foolish things merely because my body would have welcomed them. I never gave myself to anyone unless I liked him, had confidence in him, and felt drawn to him in a mental as well as a physical sense.

Q. How about your reputation?

A. Modern young people aren't so catty as the old generation used to be. I was discreet, and seldom confided in anyone. My friends could guess, but not say for sure. Still, when they were all up to the same stunts, were they in a position to criticize me? Usually it is the frustrated and envious who gossip. I have never known of a rebound on my good name as a result of any of my love affairs. When we joined forces with other couples for mountain house parties and motor trips, our secret was theirs as well.

Q. Did liquor ever influence your decision in regard to beginning a new affair?

A. No. I drink well, and in my day have consumed a great deal of liquor—too much.

Continued on page 229

Old Sour-Puss

One brat looked pretty much like another to Daisy, who had never been told about class distinction

by DANIEL P. MANNIX

▪ ARTICLE ▪

THEY call me Old Sour-Puss. Pretty young girls draw away from me and a silence falls on the laughing crowd at the corner drug store soda fountain when I come in to buy a bottle of iodine. And why? Simply because I put a ten-foot alligator in a swimming pool. You who are Trying To Understand Young People will not sympathize with me. The Younger Generation gives me a pain. But Daisy and I gave them a pain too.

Before the Depression, my family and I used to go to the seashore in the summers, and now we stay at home and are thankful we have a home to stay in. But we do miss the swimming, and after many family conferences over the budget, we decided to save up and build a swimming pool.

At the end of four years, by giving up desserts, nearly freezing ourselves in winter to economize on coal, and all reading around one electric light, we managed to scrape together enough to build a large, but inexpensive pool. There was nothing fancy about it; no tiling, no trick lighting effects, no artistic bath houses. But the pool was deep and wide and in a great burst of extravagance the whole family chipped in at the end and got some heavy life preservers and two rubber horses and put up some benches with waterproof pillows.

The first couple of weeks we kept telling each other several times a day that "it certainly was worth it." Then friends began to arrive.

There are a great many hints in advertisements and Chats with Auntie Agatha on how to make friends. Well, we had discovered the secret all right. What we needed was some way to get rid of them.

Every afternoon there was a crowd around the pool of happy young people. My father and sister enjoyed this sudden popularity—at first. Being an old Sour-Puss, I put off swimming until the evening when there was room to turn around.

At the end of the first week, my father and sister became less enthusiastic about our "friends," most of whom we had never heard of. A favorite stunt was for a girl to telephone asking if she could come and bring a friend. Then she arrived with five boys in tow, thus giving herself an aura of popularity and at the same time indebting them to her, so at the next dance she would be sure of "cut-ins." This mild racket was a nuisance, but not much more.

The difficulty was that the boys, realizing they were doing the girl a favor, took for granted they were equally honoring us. These gay young blades had manners that would cause a ringed-tail baboon to raise his eyebrows. When so many cigarette stubs were flung into the pool father had to buy a net to fish them out, we were mildly surprised, but when we found that picking up the newspapers, magazines, chewing gum, broken bathing caps, cigarette packages and other junk took us a good hour and a half every evening, we were annoyed. Also, much of the waste was flung in the pool and that meant someone had to put on a bathing suit after supper and get it out. If left over night, the papers disintegrated and the water was full of floating bits that went to pieces in your hands when you tried to get them out.

We had hoped not to have to drain the pool often as filling it cost $30. Two weeks after our friends began to arrive, we went down one morning to find the surface covered with a thick layer of oil. The effect was particularly unpleasant as when you dived in, you came up covered with the stuff. The pool had to be drained and scrubbed, three days work for father and me, and even then when refilled it had traces of oil.

The day before, we discovered, a herd of my sister's girl friends had arrived coated with sun tan oil and after getting their tan, dived in and washed the oil off.

Shortly after this we got another, but fortunately less expensive shock. The brother of a friend came regularly late every afternoon with ten or twelve other boys, always strangers. One day a very pleasant member of this group came up to thank us for our hospitality.

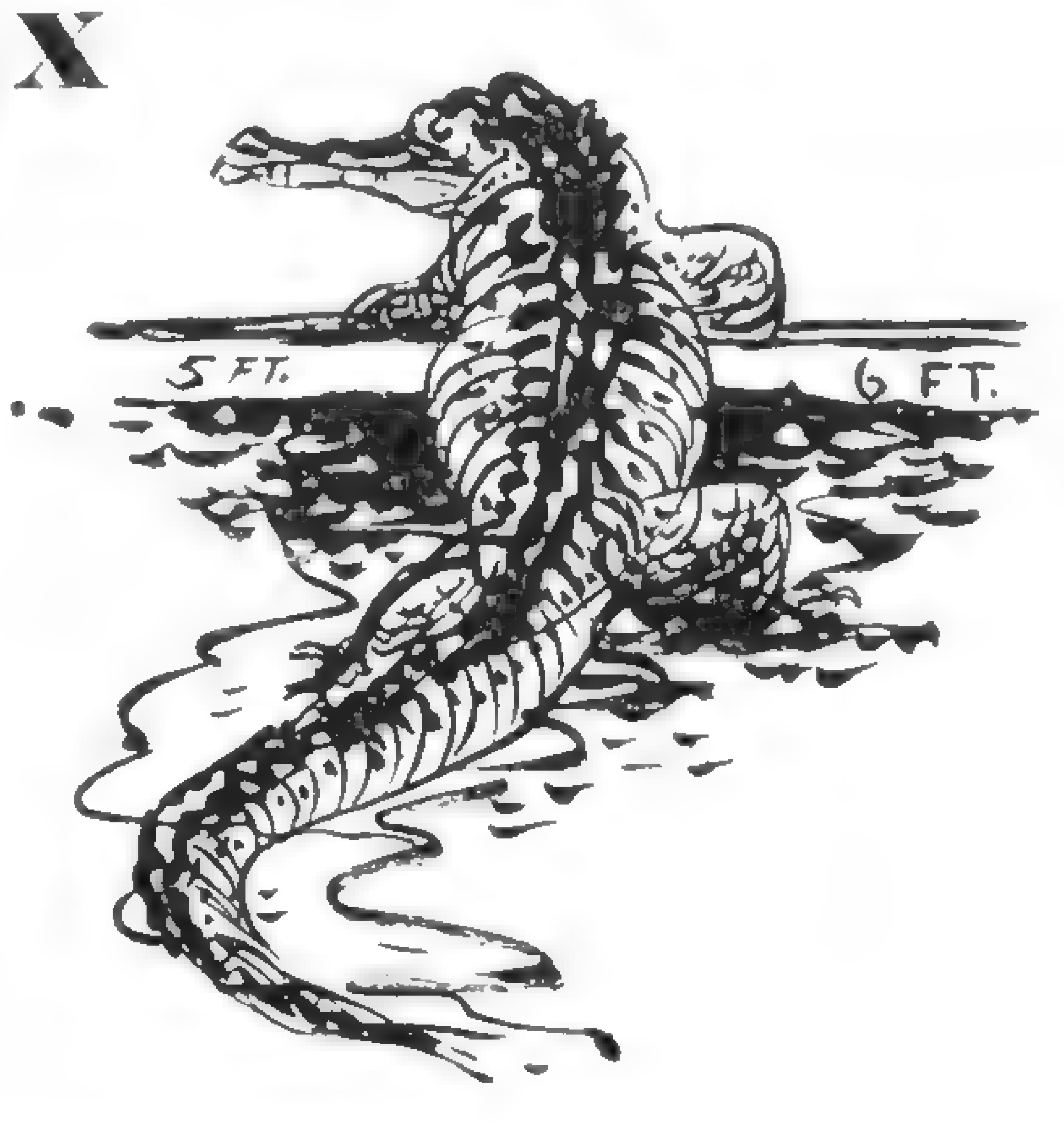
"Do you think you can make the pool really pay?" he asked after a short chat.

"Pay? What do you mean?"

"Why, H—— has been charging us fifty cents each to go swimming. I naturally thought you got a percentage."

But we were saved one disaster. One young gentleman telephoned to ask, as usual, if he could come "with a friend." We were trying to establish a rule that visitors had to let us know in advance. I said yes, and hung up, and later mentioned to a lady who was calling on us that so-and-so was coming over to swim in the pool with some of her friends.

"Don't let him!" she exclaimed. "He is making money this summer by acting as a sort of nursemaid to boys from six to twelve. He collects a dozen or so in his car and then calls up people with pools and asks to come over 'with some friends.' On arriving, he turns the children loose for the day. They nearly wrecked a neighbor's place."



This resourceful though slightly unscrupulous youth was stopped just in time.

You may wonder why we did not simply order these uninvited guests off the place. Unfortunately, they were generally the children of neighbors or friends of friends of my sister's. My father hesitated, disliking neighborhood rows and not wishing to insult any one.

But in August, the family went away to visit some relations and I was left alone. "Now promise me you won't be rude to people coming to swim" my sister pleaded with me before she stepped into the train. I drove home late that afternoon wondering just what I was supposed to do to keep order.

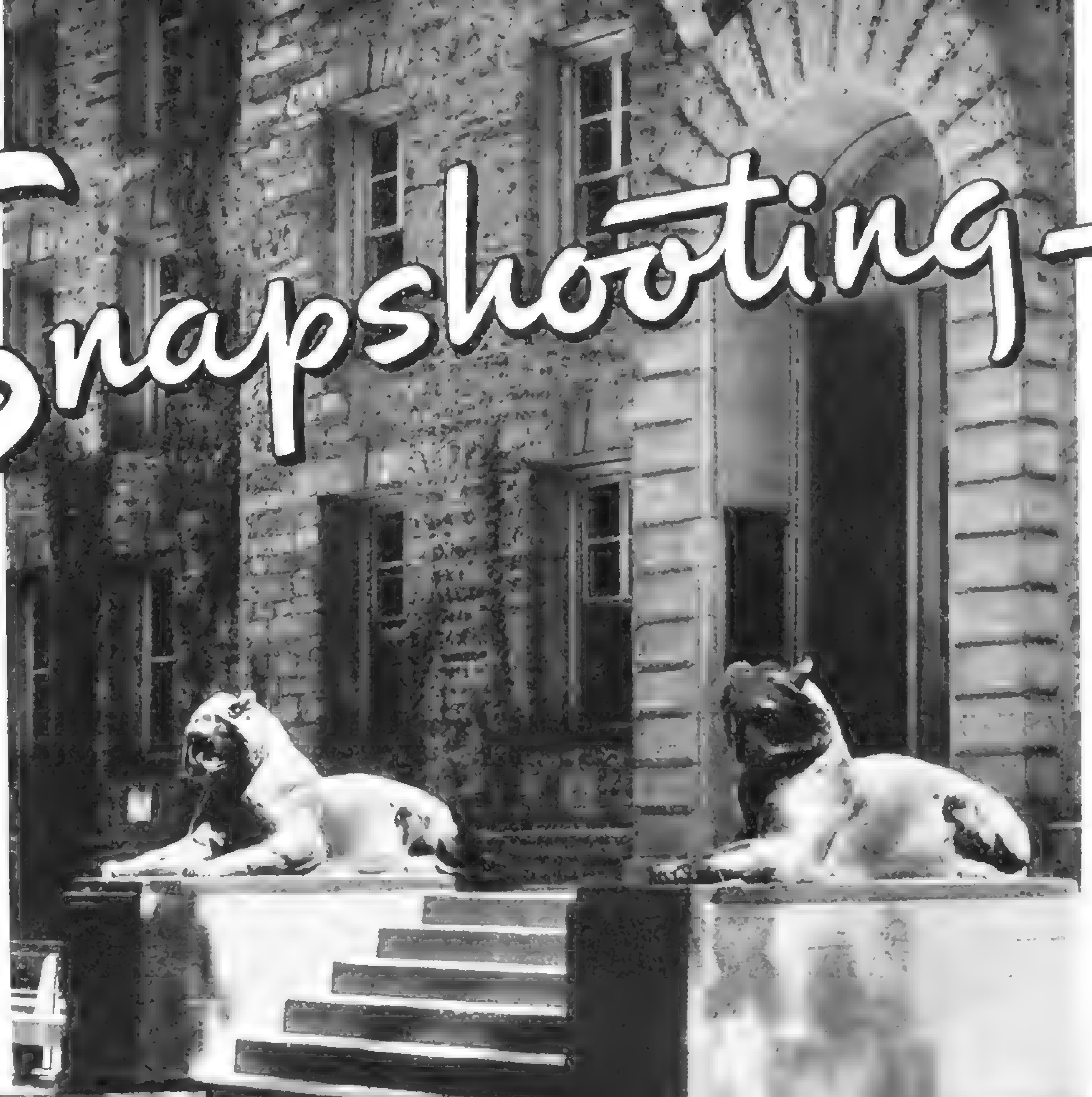
As I entered the house, I was met by a tearful maid. A swimming party was in progress. A gang of young men and women had arrived and taken possession. The maid told me they had started by throwing all the pillows from the porch into the pool and then one of the boys had lain on the heap and been towed about yelling "I'm Cleopatra!" The pillows, needless to say, were a torn and sodden mass. Some girls were upstairs, lying on beds and couches in wet bathing suits and burning cigarette holes in the upholstery. A car had been backed through the double doors of the garage and broken them in. Our rubber horses ($8.00 each) had been broken almost at once. The maid told me she had expostulated with them and had very nearly been thrown in the pool for her pains.

I went down to the pool resolved not to hurt anyone's feelings. I was unduly anxious. There was a jolly shout of "Here comes old Sour-Puss!" as I appeared. You see, I am one of those unfortunate youths who spend their time reading Improving Books and breeding tropical fish. We do not rise readily to handling a mob of debutantes, male and female.

In my usual humble manner, I asked if they would mind going now as there would be a lot for me to clear up. They told me to go to hell. I asked if the girls would mind not ruining the bedspreads with wet suits

Continued on page 227

Snapshooting— an all-time sport at Princeton



• (Right) Nassau Hall which just about means Princeton to any of Princeton's sons. Once it housed the whole college—to say nothing of a Continental Congress (June-November, 1783). Today it's the administrative heart of the campus.

FROM the beginning of the football season, through the last Yale ball game on Alumni Day, the cameras never stop clicking under Princeton's Gothic walls.

Strategic points for snapshooting are any of the seventeen clubhouse porches—University Field—down by the Class of '87 Boathouse—and all along the campus. It's mostly done in the sporting spirit that has always flourished on Princeton soil. But a fair number of Princeton undergrads practice picture taking seriously, for practical or scientific ends.

William H. Borden, '37, Charter and Triangle Clubs, and J. H. Cleveland, '38, Key and Seal, took the snapshots on this page.

• (Above) Reading from left to right, Charles R. Stevens, J. H. Pinckney, and C. Edgar Smith, Jr., on the steps of the Charter Club, looking at a bunch of their own snapshots. Taken by William H. Borden, with a Kodak Retina.

• (Left) J. H. Cleveland, '38, one of the highlights of Whig-Clio, Princeton's debating club—now about to discuss the superior merits of one of the new Kodaks. Snapped by William H. Borden, '37, with a Kodak Retina.

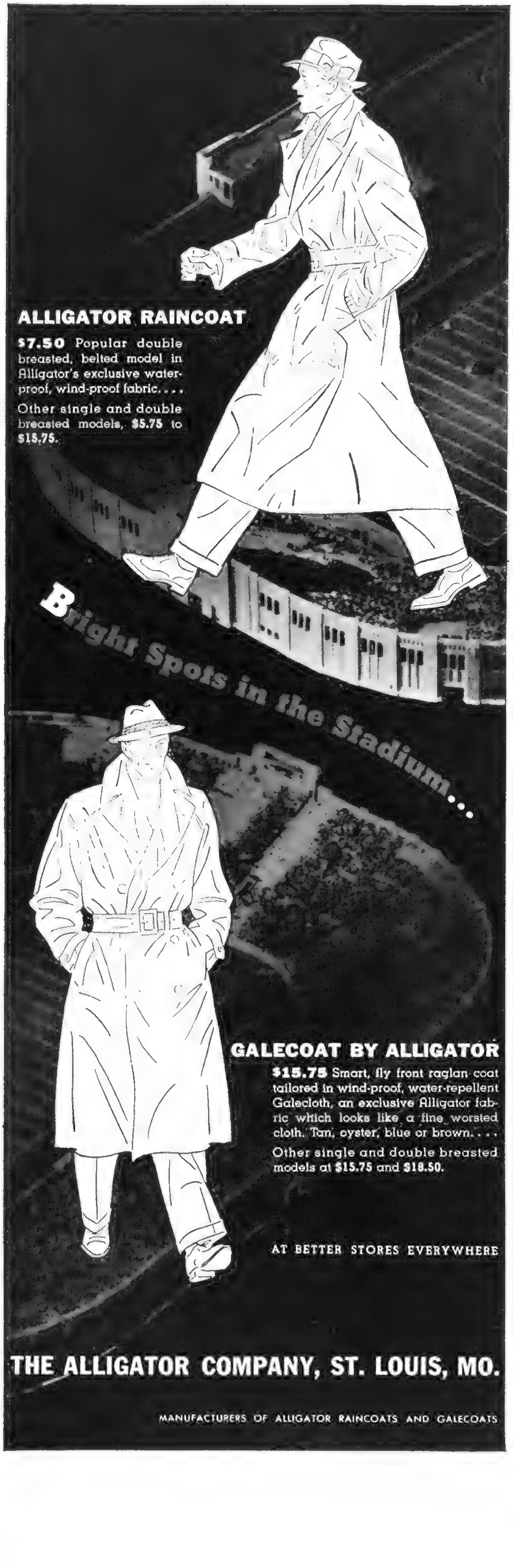
• Football has become a science at Princeton. This snap of the coach explaining a play before trying it out in an actual scrimmage was taken by J. H. Cleveland, with a Kodak.

• Standish M. Douglas, '39 (front), Henry H. Schneider, '37 (rear), and E. Tunnicliff Fox, Jr., '40 (center), on the only three-seated bike in Princeton (for rent at 75¢ an hour, by Kopp's Bicycle Store on Nassau St.). Snapped by J. H. Cleveland, with a Kodak.

• At the Class of '87 Boathouse on Lake Carnegie. A member of the class of '39 starting off in that trickiest of all crafts, a "single," while one of his friends no doubt offers helpful advice. Snapped by William H. Borden.

NEW KODAK SENIOR SIX-16 (f.4.5)—Trim, business-like, sure of results. Combination of body shutter release and eye-level finder minimizes camera movement—catches the scene when it's exactly right. Kodak Anastigmat f.4.5 lens; 1/200 Kodamatic shutter. Pictures, 2¼ x 4¼ inches. Price, $33.50—at convenient camera counters. Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N.Y.

ONLY EASTMAN MAKES THE KODAK


Bright Spots in the Stadium...

ALLIGATOR RAINCOAT

$7.50 Popular double breasted, belted model in Alligator's exclusive waterproof, wind-proof fabric....

Other single and double breasted models, $5.75 to $15.75.

GALECOAT BY ALLIGATOR

$15.75 Smart, fly front raglan coat tailored in wind-proof, water-repellent Galecloth, an exclusive Alligator fabric which looks like a fine worsted cloth. Tan, oyster, blue or brown....

Other single and double breasted models at $15.75 and $18.50.

AT BETTER STORES EVERYWHERE

THE ALLIGATOR COMPANY, ST. LOUIS, MO.

MANUFACTURERS OF ALLIGATOR RAINCOATS AND GALECOATS

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

How our book critic, still on the loose out West, learned about Keno from women

by BURTON RASCOE

BOOKS

More jottings of a bookman on a busman's holiday of three months across the continent and back again by automobile mostly but also by train, airplane, autobus, burro-back, horseback and San Francisco's cable cars into which you get, if you are a hick like me, just for the fun of riding up Nob or Telegraph Hill at an angle of about 90 degrees and riding down again, more fun than on a roller coaster.

You reach Virginia City, Nevada, from Reno over a magnificent new serpentine highway built, under a Federal Works Program Highway Project, over the Virginia Range of the Sierra Nevadas—a highway giving one a breathtaking panorama, quite the equal in exhilarating splendor to any sight I have ever encountered.

I had prepared myself for this visit to Virginia City by reading *The Saga of the Comstock Lode*, *Joseph Smith and His Mormon Empire*, *Mark Twain's America*, and re-reading portions of Mark Twain's autobiography. We had followed the Mormon trail westerward from Laramie, Wyoming, down into that cup of mountains at the base of which is the geometrically perfect pattern of a city at Salt Lake, Utah, established by one of Smith's apostles, Brigham Young, who died leaving $1,000,000, 19 wives and 57 children, and also a record for commercial acumen, progressive vision and great piety.

If many of the men and women in Salt Lake City are Mormon descendants I think the United States government erred when it abolished polygamy and reduced Brigham Young's authority, for I have never seen in any city a higher general average of female pulchritude and masculine handsomeness.

From a sample or two I had of it, the women are full of a brashness as well as beauty and they are capable of a forthrightness which we effete Easteners are too likely to set down as impertinence. I was, for instance, glancing over the magazine racks in a hotel when I was startled by a succession of questions obviously directed at me in which the inquirer waited for no answer to any one of them: "Can't I sell you something? Don't you ever read anything? Or can't you read? Can I sell you some cigars or cigarettes? Or don't you smoke? No smokie, no readie? What the hell do you do with your spare time?"

That last crack had a familiar ring and so I concluded that she had been taking the cartoons in Esquire too seriously. Under this barrage I tried a come-back with the feeblest of such answers. I said, "I don't read the magazines: I write them."

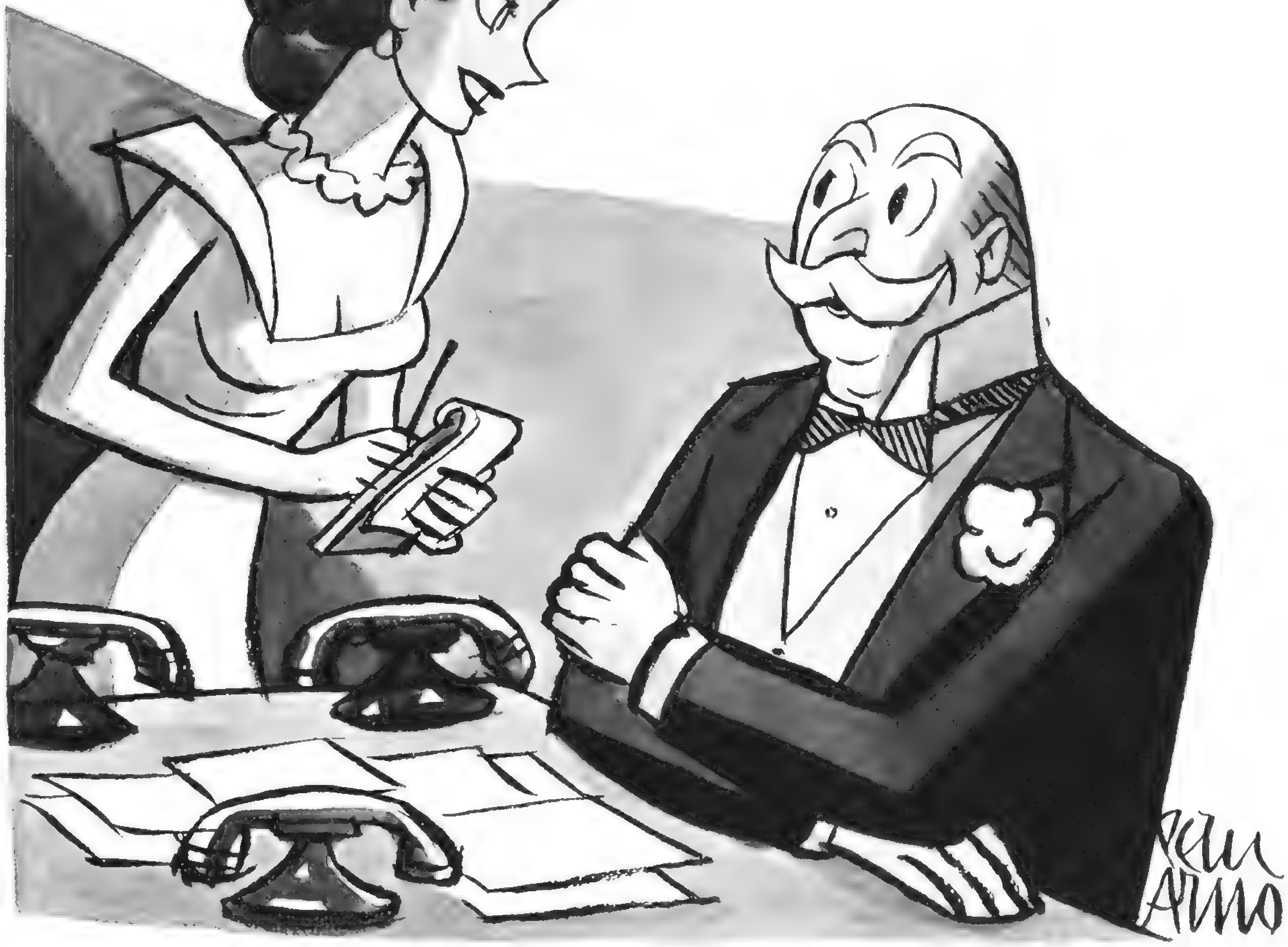
She looked at me with a quick, disconcerting flash of her eyes and started tidying up the articles for sale that were in her immediate reach, saying, meanwhile: "Well, well, well, well, well, well! A writer, unh? So you write the magazines? *Jim-Jam Gems* or the *Police Gazette*? How interesting, how interesting, how interesting! A celebrity plunked down right here in our midst. Here, Myrtle, come take a look at a celebrity! This handsome fellow writes all of *Jim-Jam Gems* and the *Police Gazette*. Who does he remind you of—somebody in the movies?"

"Don't guess, please! I know," I begged because I was resolved to bean the next person who told me I looked like the late Henry B. Walthall when he was the Little Colonel in *The Birth of a Nation* or like a very distressed looking chap in the movies whose great agony can only come, it seems to me, from his having to figure out what he is supposed to represent, or be, in these very profound dramas by Robert Sherwood and Maxwell Anderson, *The Petrified Forest* and *High Tor*.

In order to avoid hearing the conclusion of the propounded inquiry, I shifted the subject by saying, "And do you know whom you look like? You see, I am careful to use the objective case, "whom," when the construction calls for it. That should prove to you that I am a writer; but it also dates me. I came to maturity at the time when *who* was not a form of the objective case: we added an *m*. And now do you know who you look like in the movies? You don't

Continued on page 236

After learning about Realsilk's "Shop-at-Home-or-Office" Service for Men Artist Peter Arno drew the following—which we gladly bought to reproduce in this advertisement.



"...at ten o'clock the Smoke Abatement Committee; at ten thirty the Realsilk Representative; at eleven your attorney and at eleven fifteen you take your acidophilus milk."

SHOP FROM YOUR SWIVEL CHAIR

—Let the Realsilk Representative Bring Smartest of Haberdashery Right to Your Own Office

We've got something here!

A service that sets up a men's shop right in your own *sanctum sanctorum.*

Makers of the famous Realsilk Socks ("The Best Wearing Socks in America—bar none") now announce their latest boon to busy business men. Saves time. Saves money. And gives you an extra half hour for business or dictation.

You make an appointment with the Realsilk Representative. He comes and displays merchandise that makes Beau Brummell look like something the cat dragged in.

Realsilk silk socks with the six-ply toe and heel in patterns to please a visiting English author or a Park Avenue Playboy. Also the new Realsilk Scotch plaids, all-wool, in patterns that practically play "Annie Laurie" by themselves. Also 6 x 3 wool "Toppers" (come up half-way and stop without benefit of garters) and 6 x 3 French-type lisle. And sizes from a Tom Thumb 9 to a Man Mountain 13.

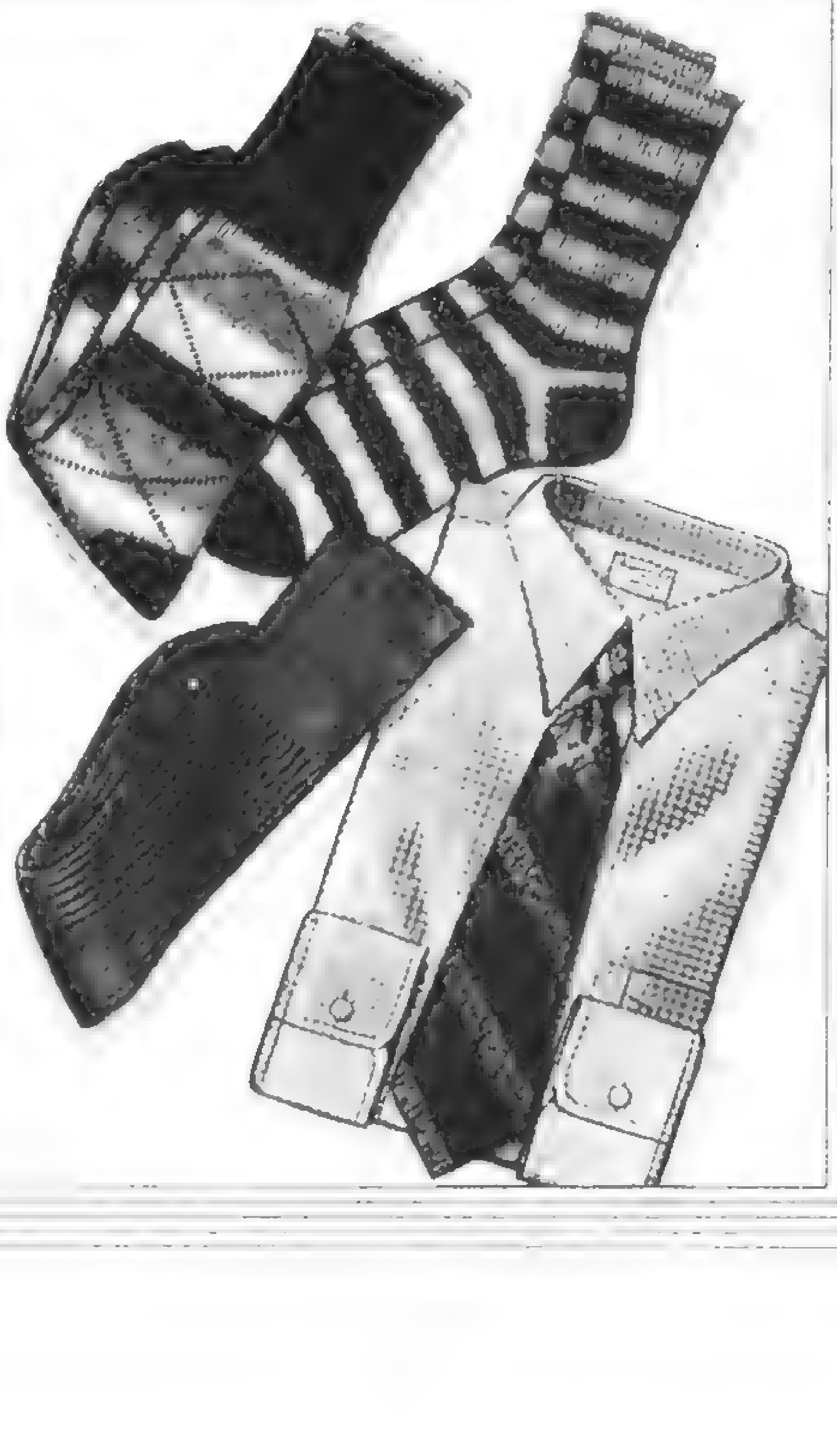
Also full cut shirts with longer tails. Also underwear that'll help your Table Tennis. Also ties. Also pajamas—and all those other intimate things men enjoy.

Call the Realsilk Representative today, tomorrow or Thursday—know the Happiness of Handsome Haberdashery.

REALSILK HOSIERY MILLS, INC.
Indianapolis, Ind.—Branches in 200 cities

REAL SILK
SERVICE FOR MEN
IN HOME OR OFFICE

If the man with this button doesn't look for you, it will pay you to look for him. See your phone book.



DIDN'T YOU HEAR, SULLY? KREML'S REDUCED IN PRICE!

IF you've got your eye on a certain little prettiness . . . Or if you're still in love with your wife . . .

You ought to be tickled pink that Kreml Hair Tonic has been reduced in price.

Because this famous tonic does such handsome things to your hair.

And now you can afford to use it to your heart's content.

Excessive falling hair is checked. Dandruff is removed.

Your scalp feels fresh as a daisy, your hair feels vibrant with life.

And such obedience to the comb! Lustrous and pliable, your hair lays down and lies there.

But Kreml never gives it that greasy, plastered-down look.

"The perfect tonic and dressing," such is the spirit of more than 50,000 letters received from grateful users.

Ask your druggist for Kreml. Call for it in the barber shop or beauticians.

Try Kreml Shampoo, too! It's made from an 80% olive oil base.

KREML

REMOVES DANDRUFF—CHECKS FALLING HAIR
NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

Roulades and Cadenzas

Using machinery to fake the tenor rôles might have its compensations

by CARLETON SMITH

• MUSIC •

MY constant readers, all thirteen of them, have written to notify me that the musical season is about to begin. To prove it, they have enclosed cuttings from their respective home-town papers, most of which originate, I notice, on what is labeled, doubtless for want of a more imaginative term, *society page*. Somewhere near the bottom, tagging along after endless lists of high-sounding and hyphenated names and almost obliterated by ecstatic expressions glaring forth from the faces of over-stuffed dowagers, appear the names of the profession's well-publicized Pullman habitués, who not only this season but presumably until the end of recorded time will dole out at every railroad junction the same bromidic bits of Bach, the same stereotyped tunes of Schubert, and the same firework stunts of Liszt or Sarasate.

Invariably, there is lengthy gloating and neighing over the fact that the women's committee has been able to secure the services of such a celebrated soprano. Now and then follow extracts from that lady's 1932 press book, listing every opera house, existent or non-existent, on three continents regardless of the fact that from most of them the *prima donna* has long been dropped. Occasionally there is an exclusive interview with the "famous diva," written by her press agents and either indexing her wardrobe or describing the accomplishments of her various protégés.

From cities with more cultivated civic pride come pages of photographs of the local maestro. If he is not posed in mid-air, like a faun about to take flight, he is seated before a score looking exactly as if he were Almighty God. Reading about him leaves you with no doubt that God Himself would ask his advice before embarking on any musical undertaking in that town. Muddleheaded people, it seems, continue to believe that any person who waves a stick over a bunch of musicians while they strive to get through a string of notes written down by Mozart or Beethoven must therefore have the heart and mind of both Mozart and Beethoven.

From all this I am supposed to conclude that we live in a musical country in the most enlightened artistic period of its history. It is true that we now prefer music dramas to opera, that we not only listen but look at our *prima donnas*, and that no longer can any Italian jostler, stevedore, or gondolier, able to shout a high C, be thrust into heroic rôles and sent roaring around our cities to pass over the prostrate form of music like a steam roller with a first-class whistle. It is also a fact that sales of gramophone pressings of the classics increase each month, that instrument dealers with concertinas and pianos are on the up and up, that corporations have offered the muse a retainer's fee. In the opinion of pork-makers, liniment salesmen, and automobile dealers, we have become musical.

But have we?

Not one person in ten thousand can, or cares to read a musical score. Two halls are sufficient for the morsel of first-rate music required by the largest and richest city in the world. Save for one month in the year, there is not a full-fledged opera company between New York and San Francisco. The house in New York is filled with bloated tycoons who, having exhausted their claims on Morpheus, contemplate the last act of *Die Götterdammerung* exactly as I contemplate the Newark airport light after a rough crossing of the Alleghenies.

It's well enough to boast that we have more symphony orchestras than any other land around the globe. No matter that the halls in which they play are so antiquated they had better be torn down and the space used to park the automobiles of those who go to the movies. Never mind that the acoustics are invariably cracked, that nine out of ten have an echo, doors that squeak and radiators that pop. Provisions for smoking, lounging, drinking, and making oneself comfortable enough to enjoy the music are unknown. If a similar state of dilapidation existed in our stadiums or movie palaces, there would be a national panic.

And, have you ever looked into the faces of our symphony audiences? Ever notice their almost drugged expression of boredom, indifference, and stupidity? They are precisely like the members of

Continued on page 178

NO "CHECK UP" NEEDED
How many times have you given your trousers a quick "check up" before facing the world? This is unnecessary—with the neatness and security of the TALON fastener!

TIME-SAVER
What a difference in ease and speed and all-round convenience it makes when you have the TALON slide fastener—instead of *five* separate fastenings—on your trousers!

"It made me Feel like giving my old Pants away!"

IT EVEN LOCKS
Notice these facts especially: the TALON slide fastener, perfected *expressly* for trousers, is flat-lying...as flexible as fabric...can't catch underwear...even *locks* automatically at top!

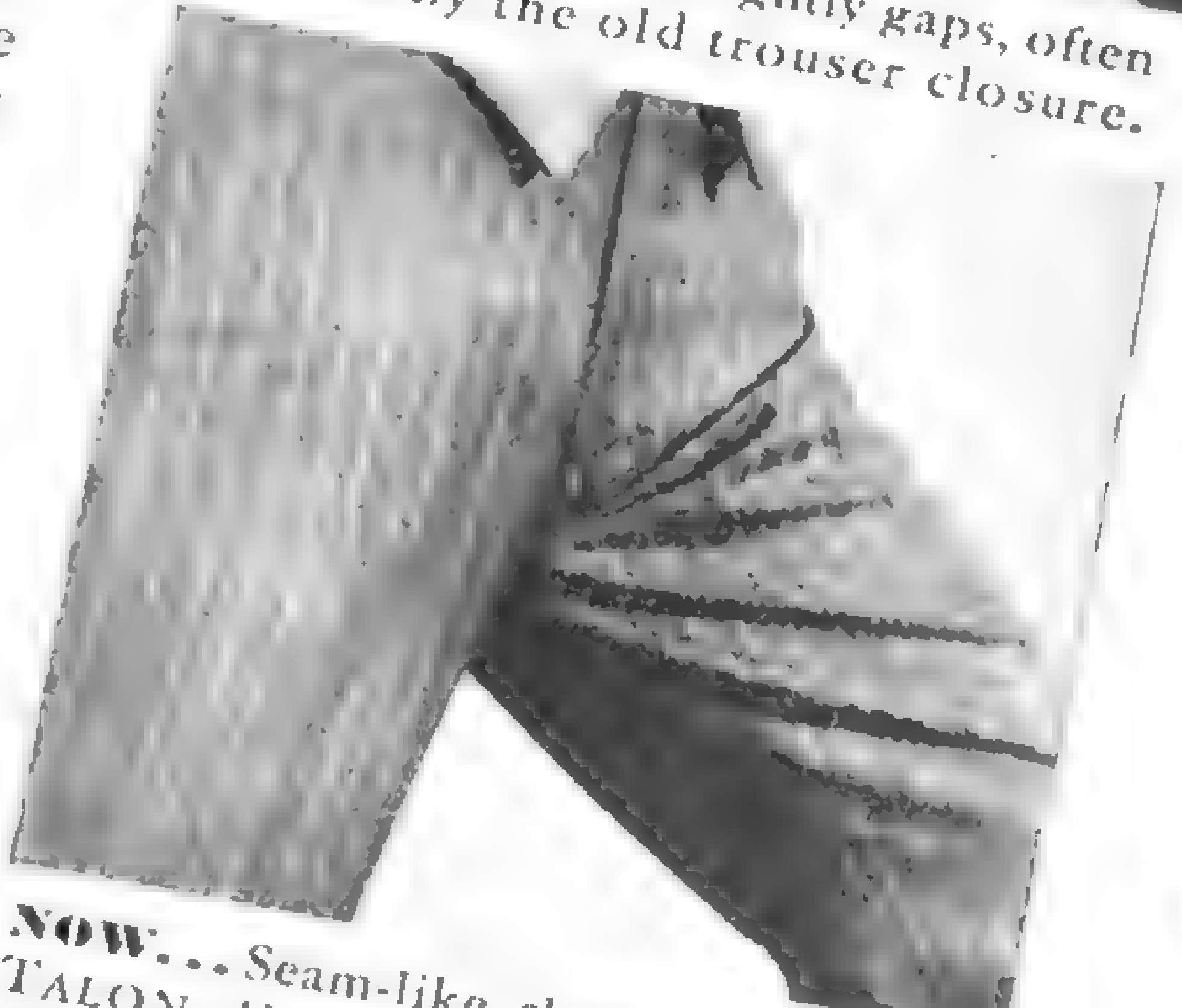
AMAZING EASE, SECURITY, NEATNESS OF **TALON** Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. FASTENER NOW HAVE MILLIONS OF MEN DEMANDING IT.

"I ACTUALLY dread putting on trousers with the cumbersome, old-fashioned fly," writes Mr. S., of New York, "now that I've worn the Talon slide fastener."

Why continue to fumble with *five* fastenings on *your* trousers—when you just *slide* the Talon fastener open or closed? Why risk offensive gaps—when the Talon fastener is as neat as a seam? Why have fastenings that can open by accident—when the Talon trouser fastener gives perfect security?

Introduced in expensive clothes, the Talon fastener now comes on better suits of all prices. Ask for it!

FORMERLY... Unsightly gaps, often caused by the old trouser closure.



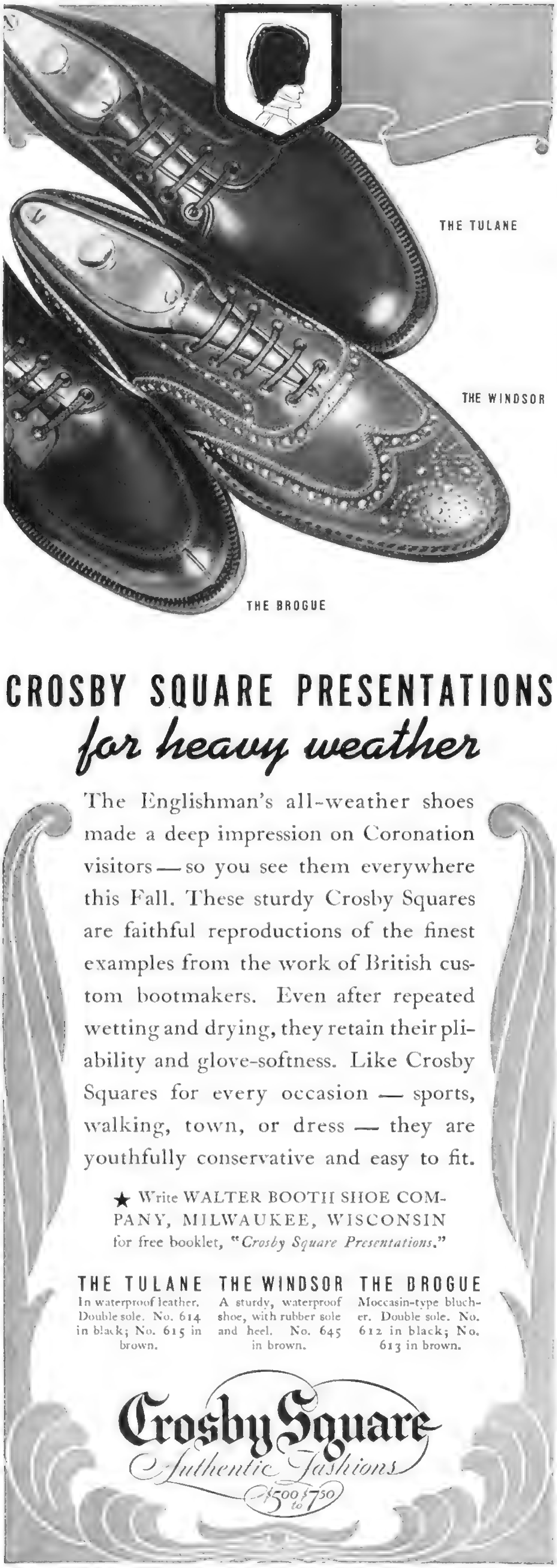
NOW... Seam-like closing, with the TALON slide fastener for trousers.

TALON
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.
Slide Fastener

HOOKLESS FASTENER COMPANY, MEADVILLE, PA.

NEVER BREAKS OFF
Have your suit pressed, dry cleaned any number of times . . . Even then the TALON fastener will work as easily, quickly as the day you bought it!

*TRY THE **TALON** Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. FASTENER ON YOUR NEXT SUIT—AND YOU'LL NEVER GO BACK TO THE OLD WAY*



CROSBY SQUARE PRESENTATIONS
for heavy weather

The Englishman's all-weather shoes made a deep impression on Coronation visitors — so you see them everywhere this Fall. These sturdy Crosby Squares are faithful reproductions of the finest examples from the work of British custom bootmakers. Even after repeated wetting and drying, they retain their pliability and glove-softness. Like Crosby Squares for every occasion — sports, walking, town, or dress — they are youthfully conservative and easy to fit.

★ Write WALTER BOOTH SHOE COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN for free booklet, "*Crosby Square Presentations.*"

THE TULANE
In waterproof leather. Double sole. No. 614 in black; No. 615 in brown.

THE WINDSOR
A sturdy, waterproof shoe, with rubber sole and heel. No. 645 in brown.

THE BROGUE
Moccasin-type blucher. Double sole. No. 612 in black; No. 613 in brown.

Crosby Square
Authentic Fashions
$\$5^{00}$ to $\$7^{50}$

The Candid Cameraman

A trip through the land of United States Steel with your Uncle Meyer

by **MEYER LEVIN**

• MOVIES •

A Man's Movie Guide

GO OUT OF YOUR WAY TO SEE

Dead End: Again, the screenplay tops the stage play. Lillian Hellman's script puts body and balance into what seemed a sketch on the stage. Mainly, the part of the girl stands out. Perhaps because it is the best thing Sylvia Sidney has done in years. Her scene where she tells the cop about picketing comes right out of the screen. The cast is perfect; Allen Jenkins surprisingly strong as Humphrey Bogart's shadow. The film has touches of the brooding doom of *Winterset*, in the tenement-street scenes. A social document of first importance; and a nearly-great photoplay.

Spanish Earth: Epic documentary film of the Spanish war and work in a Spanish village, made by Ernest Hemingway and Joris Ivens. You will have to ask your exhibitor to secure this film, as it is not booked through the usual outlets, but through the William Morris Agency, 1270 Sixth Avenue, New York.

GO ALONG TO SEE

It's Love I'm After: A different Leslie Howard and a quite different Bette Davis in a larking farce about an actor's loves.

GO ALONG IF YOU MUST

Back in Circulation: Now Joan Blondell is trying to bounce into Jean Harlow's place. This is *Front Page* with a girl as Hildy Johnson.

It's All Yours: Mischa Auer saves another Cinderella story.

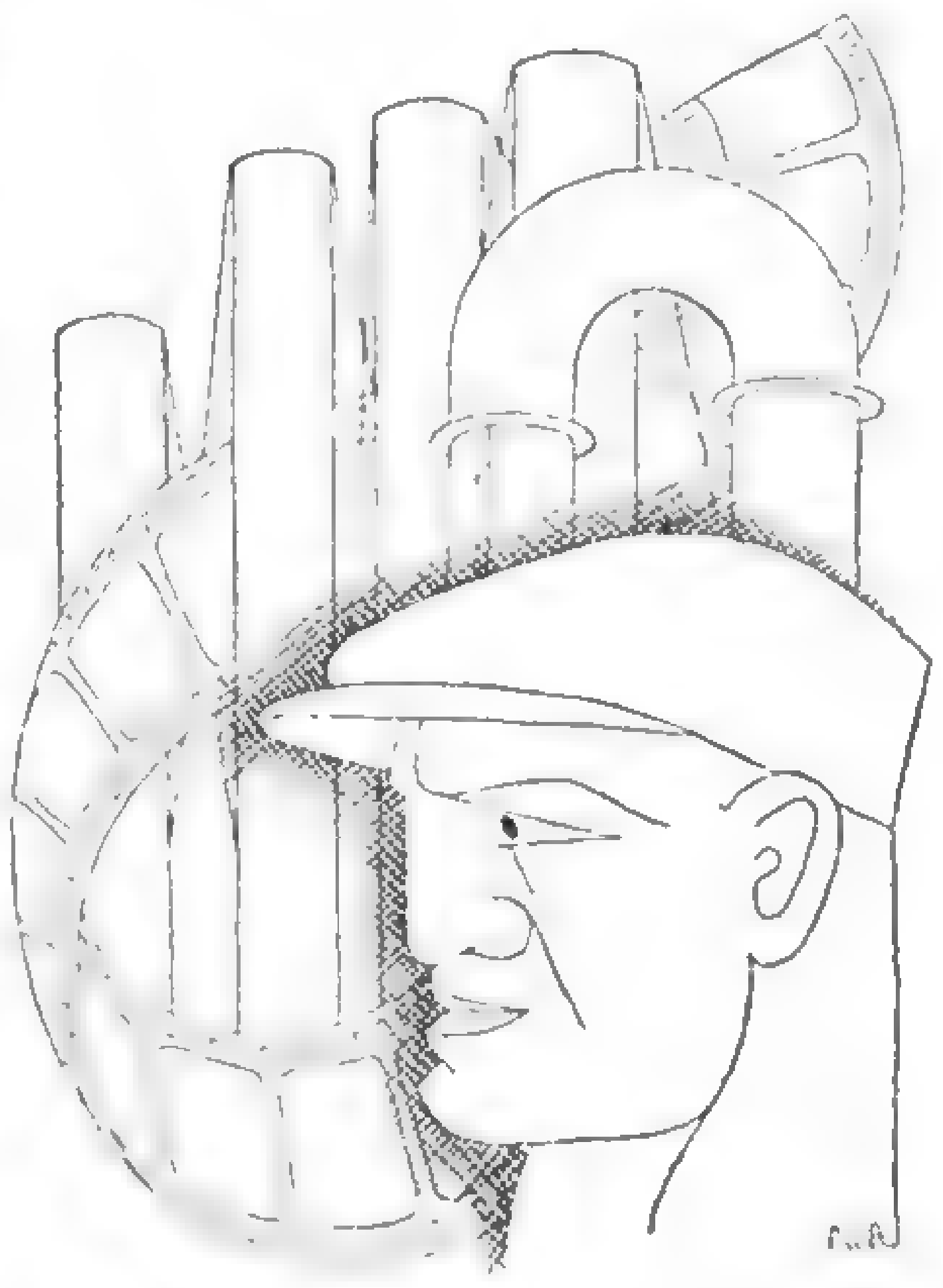
That Certain Woman: Bette Davis, she suffers, and she suffers, and she gives, and she gives. But you can't blame her for the story. The director, Edmund Goulding, wrote it himself. One credit: there's a little boy in this, handled naturally.

Varsity Show: Ted Healy saves another collegiate musical.

WASTE

Life of the Party: Something about a lady who becomes a radio singer and marries a millionaire. Joe Penner, Parkyakarkus, and Victor Moore are funny, it is true, but in this case they just make the rest all the more pitiful.

Mr. Dodd Takes the Air: Something about a lad who becomes a radio singer and marries.



The advertising boys have at last got to United States Steel. Just as a smart publicity adviser convinced John D. Rockefeller he didn't have to be America's bogeyman, but could become enshrined in the hearts of mothers as a kindly old gentleman who gave away shiny dimes, so the smart lads have convinced the head steel-makers that theirs need not necessarily be the bogey-industry. For, in the public mind, the making of steel is a fiendish job carried out by near-naked slaves in a murky cave of roaring flames, a job for brutish men working in constant fever and fury. Men who work in steel are thought of as a race apart, living in grimy company towns; and they are thought of as a race of super-laborers, Paul Bunyans of industry.

Now comes the time when United States Steel, having been foresighted enough to accept the age of union labor, is foresighted enough to accept the dependence even of a corporation whose products are so remote from the consumer, upon the consumer's good-will. So the United States Steel Company, which need not advertise to you because what do you know or care whose steel goes into your bed-spring, nevertheless goes modern to the extent of indulging in a public relations department, and in the making of a movie which, mind you, will advertise no products, but which cannot help but have an educational effect, an effect of creating public good-will, most useful in the long run.

A few years ago it was about as difficult to get permission to use a camera inside a steel-mill as it is to get permission to take a snapshot in Japan. The mills were a closed realm. If they had been guarding a thousand secret processes they could not have been more impervious. I used to drive past the Gary mills of the Carnegie-Illinois Company, on the way to the Dunes. They stretch, self-contained, between the highway and Lake Michigan. There is even a moat-like creek that runs in front of the tract, with bridges over the creek the only access to the area of belching smokestacks. Once I drove up to the main gate, and asked if visitors were ever allowed. The answer was no.

Now, however, there's a differ-

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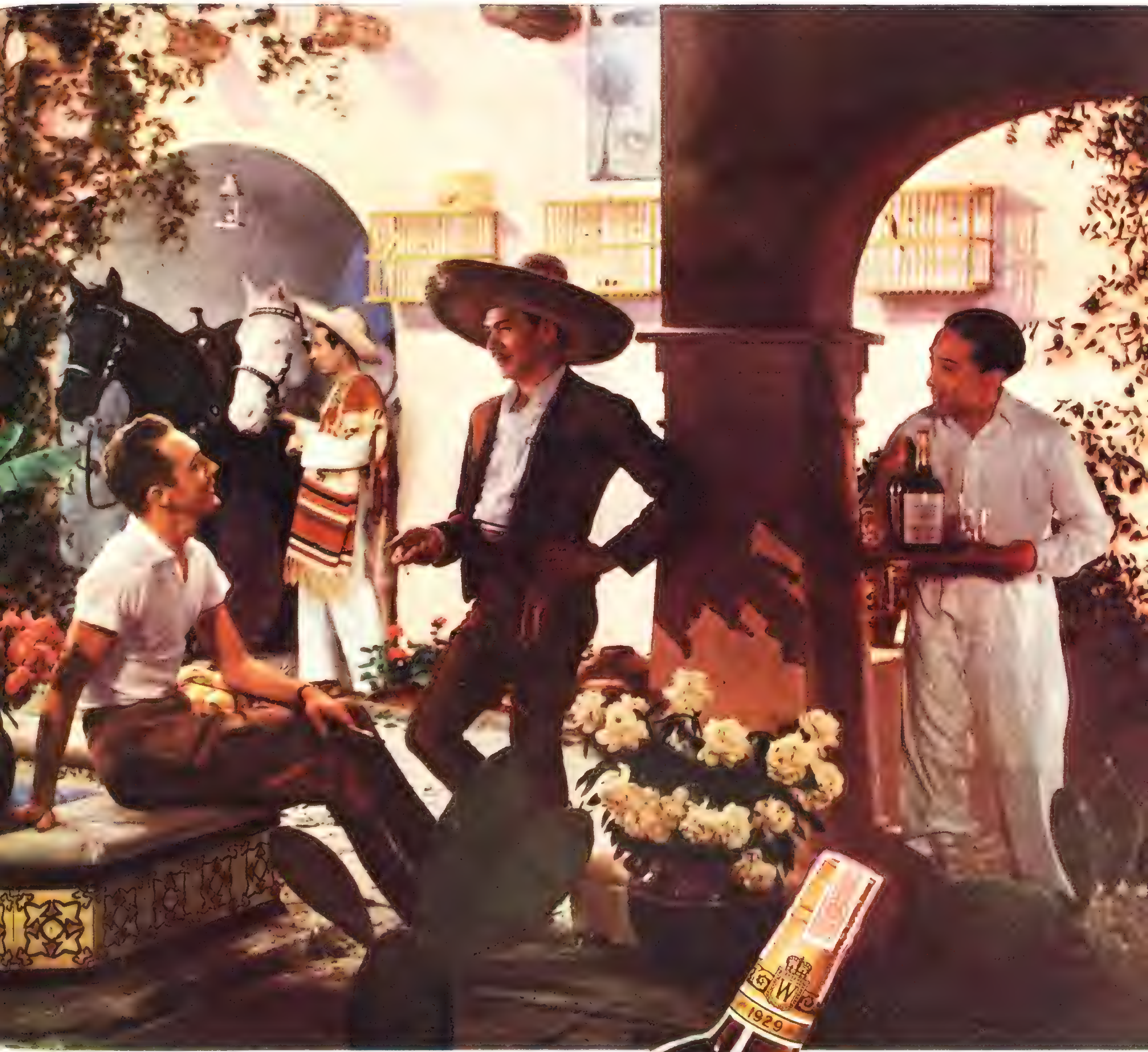
Viva México!


1929
Canadian Club
Canadian Whisky
Distilled and Bottled by
Hiram Walker & Sons
Limited
Walkerville, Ontario, Canada
THIS WHISKY IS 6 YEARS OLD
90.4 U.S. PROOF

"Circling the centuries-old pyramids of San Juan Teotihuacan on horseback," writes J. C. Thatcher of New York, "was certainly a change from circling the bridle path in Central Park! Even my host, in honor of my visit, was dressed in ancient traditional Mexican garb. But I found that Mexico knows a modern trick or two. For, back at the hacienda, what was waiting for us but my favorite–Canadian Club! 'Also in honor of your visit,' said my friend. In respect to a country with such heart-warming customs, I raised my glass. 'Viva Mexico,' I toasted. 'Viva Canadian Club!' responded my host."

"Canadian Club" (*90.4 proof*) is the only whisky of its kind. But Hiram Walker also makes ryes, bourbons, gins–whatever type of liquor you or your guests like, at whatever price you like to pay. At dealers, clubs, bars, hotels. Hiram Walker & Sons, Peoria, Ill., Walkerville, Ont., Glasgow, Scotland.

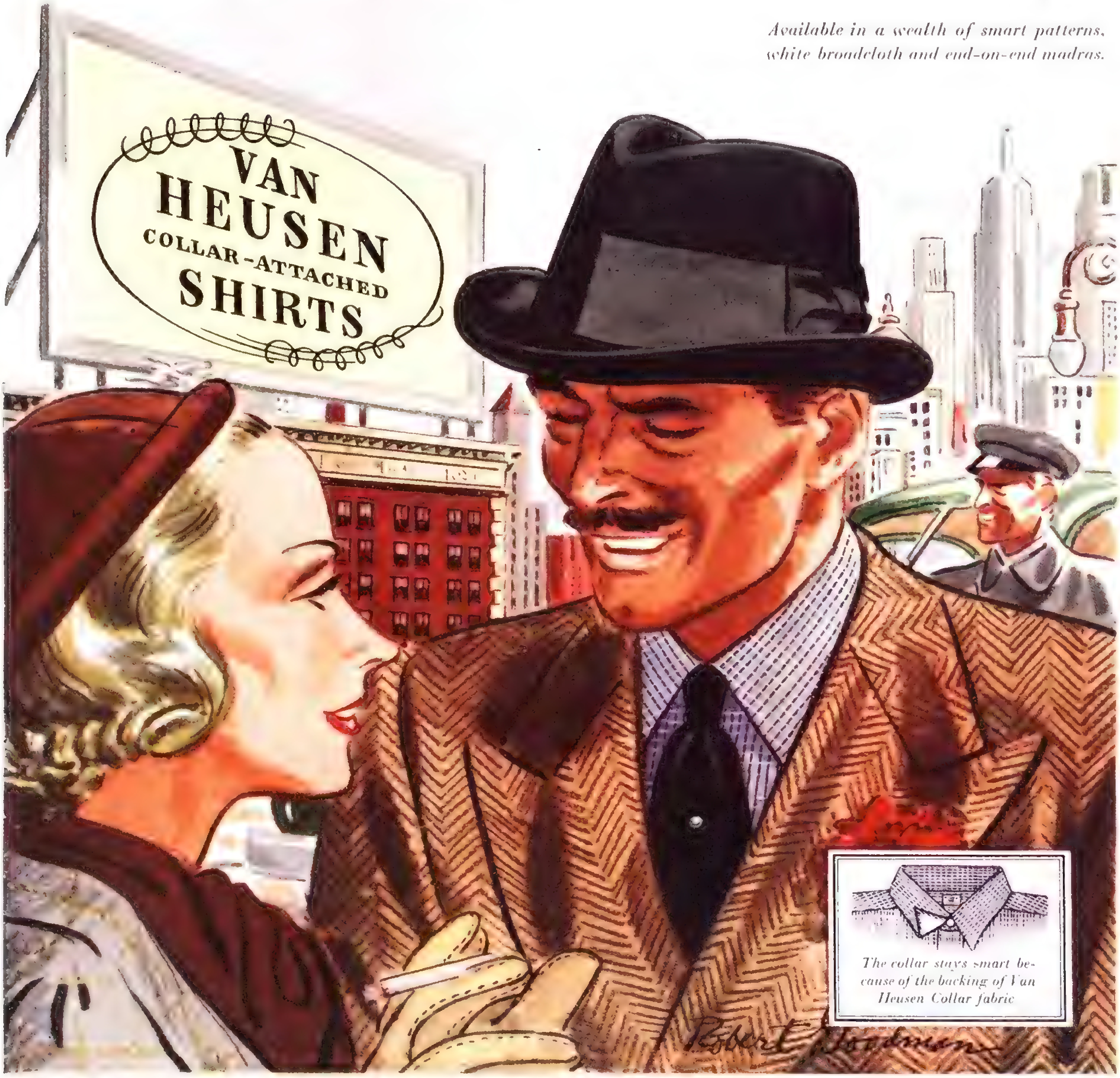
Ambassador of good will to 87 countries

Hiram Walker's "CANADIAN CLUB"

A Shirt is only as smart as its COLLAR

Exclusive patterns and colors – of course! But the *NEW* Van Heusen Collar-Attached Shirt has an exclusive "extra" found in no other shirt – the patented Van Heusen Collar fabric. At last, the wearer of a collar-attached shirt may enjoy the same measure of collar-smartness that wearers of separate Van Heusen Collars have enjoyed for years. At better men's wear stores everywhere. **PHILLIPS-JONES, NEW YORK.** Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. Feb. 2, 1922

Available in a wealth of smart patterns, white broadcloth and end-on-end madras.



The collar stays smart because of the backing of Van Heusen Collar fabric

Comin' through the Rye

How these United States almost divided over their rye whiskey

by **MURDOCK PEMBERTON**

• POTABLES •

SOME future historian, if writing from the realistic instead of the popular sugar-coating hypocritical viewpoint, may say of these United States that they were founded on Rum, solidified by Whiskey and redeemed by Gin. And he wouldn't be far wrong; for, from the Boston rum party to the coming of age at the death of prohibition, these diverse states have had a lot to do with the nectar that comes from ripened grain.

Whiskey itself has been in two major engagements of history, not to mention the minor affair of what the Governor of North Carolina said to the Governor of South Carolina and the never-ending battle between the mint-mashers in juleps and those who stick the sprig in at the top.

When you stand at the bar with your old-fashioned or your bourbon sour, you may not be concerned with anything more than the interval to the 5:15, or the time before the next round. But your sturdy ancestors thought so much about that whiskey that they were ready to start an open rebellion against their government and risk the separation of a new-born union. But for the perseverance of a man called Alexander Hamilton and the bravery of a guy called Wayne, you who live west of the Alleghenies might be citizens of New Ireland or New Scotland, with a coiled snake in a field of grain as your flag.

It was along in 1791 that young Hamilton thought up the excise tax. The Revolution was over and it was tough going paying the cost. We then didn't have any war debts owed us by other countries, but still it was tough. Being a Puritan nation, founded on the old Gospel of St. Paul, that if anything was fun it was wrong and that if it was wrong it ought to be taxed, Hamilton right off thought up a tax on whiskey. Some soothsayer told Alex that he was going to be the best Secretary of the Treasury until the Sainted Andy Mellon came along, and he was very proud of the excise tax. The distillers in Philadelphia were willing; the rancor of the war kept the imports of Scotch down and there was a great local demand for American whiskey.

But the boys on the other side of the mountain didn't think so much of the tax. It was a hardy race that crossed the Alleghenies, mostly Scotch and Irish. Coming from a land where the pot-still was a necessary part of every farm, they became small-time distillers as soon as they became farmers. They had brought with them to the new country, along with their love of liberty and pursuit of happiness, a fondness for their native drink. To their distress they found that there were no peat bogs in their new land, but they went ahead determined to make a potable as near as possible to their old home brew.

The whiskey became an integral part of the agricultural life which was the main business of western Pennsylvania at that time. There were about twelve hundred souls in Pittsburgh, but they were unaware of the iron and metals that were to be found later. The only means of transportation was by mule-back over the mountains into the eastern part of the state. It was pretty difficult to transport grain by mule-back. But the wheat and corn distilled into whiskey brought a dollar a jug in the east. And you could get a lot of jugs onto a mule, especially one that had been trained under George Washington.

Things went pretty well until Hamilton thought up the tax. Or rather, until Hamilton thought that the tax being set, something ought to be done about collecting it. The eastern distillers couldn't do so well when every Scotchman or Irishman was a private distiller, so they began to nag Mr. Hamilton and ask him what he was going to do about those rowdies out west.

The first thing Mr. Hamilton did was to appoint some tax collectors. First, he tried picking them in the district. That was pretty hard, as a tax collector in those days smelled to the boys lately home from a war based on tax rebellion just like a man sent from George the Third. None of the local boys wanted to make good in that capacity. Finally, one who everybody in the county agreed was a low-life, took on the job. He no sooner stuck his nose into the first still than a local committee called on him, cut his suit in half, patched him up with tar and led him to the river.

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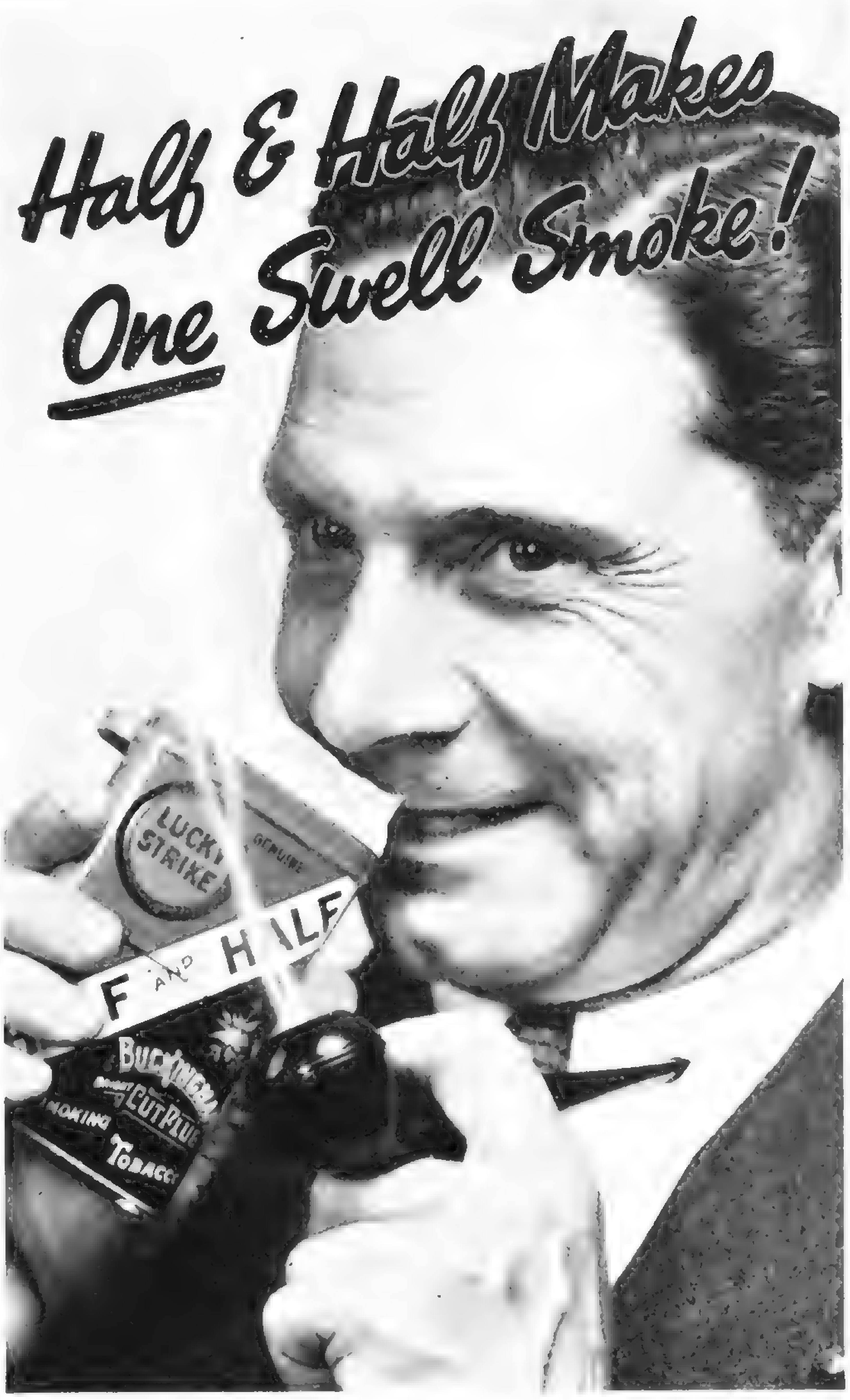

You'll be grateful for a tinful of good old Half & Half. Cool as the thought you've been hooked for a raffle. Smooth as the news: "The turkey is yours." Fragrant, friendly, full-bodied tobacco that won't bite the tongue—in a tin that won't bite the fingers. Made by our exclusive modern process including patent No. 1,770,920. Cool and smooth. Smells good. Makes your pipe welcome anywhere. Tastes good. Your password to pleasure!

Copyright 1937, The American Tobacco Co.

No Bite!
No Bite!
Still no Bite!

Not a bit of bite in the tobacco or the Telescope Tin, which gets smaller and smaller as you use up the tobacco. No bitten fingers as you reach for a load, even the last one.

HALF AND HALF
The Safe Pipe-Tobacco
FOR PIPE OR CIGARETTE

LIKE THE SPRING OF A TACKLE
"NATURAL RESILIENCE" MAKES BOTANY TIES WRINKLE-PROOF
Botany Tie
REG U.S. PAT. OFF.

This label guarantees wrinkle-proof service

The unique and exclusive fabric of which your Botany Tie is tailored has "live" natural energy, causing it to spring back to fresh smoothness . . . preventing unsightly wrinkles when you wear it. You pay no more for this special service and satisfaction. Botany Ties are only $1 *and* $1.50.

BOTANY WORSTED MILLS • Passaic, New Jersey
THE BOTANY TIE • The Botany Robe, Men's and Women's Wear Fabrics, Botany Top-Dyed Knitting Yarns

BOTANY TIES
ARE WRINKLE-PROOF

TRADEMARK

BOTANY TIES WRINKLE-PROOF

MAKE THIS TEST: Your dealer has the new Botany Ties in the new "Planned Patterns" designed to go with the new suits and shirts. Ask your dealer to let you crush a handful of Botany Ties. Note how they spring back to fresh smoothness. If you can't locate a dealer, write us, and we will direct you.

Botany Robe
This label identifies the genuine.

NEW THIS SEASON . . . THE BOTANY ROBE . . . made, like the Botany Tie, from fabric to robe, by Botany Worsted Mills. Ask your dealer to show you this finer lounging robe for men. $12.50 up

Comin' through the Rye

Continued from page 125

The local boys had a lot of fun after that. They had town meetings and parades and as fast as Hamilton would send out another still-spotter, the committee would call on him and tell him that if he didn't like this country, he'd better go back to where he came from. Hamilton finally hit upon the expedient of appointing the most respected citizen in the community his excise man. But that didn't help. The boys hadn't learned picketing then, and when they went out they didn't carry banners, but the old rifles left over from the war. It got to be pretty messy at times.

The real hero of the Whiskey Rebellion, as the historians call it, was unknown. He was a fellow called "Tom the Tinker." Whether he was one wit or legion, has never been determined by the savants. But "Tom the Tinker" liked to write and every time one of Hamilton's men showed up, Tom would write a note and pin it on a tree in the town square, telling the Whiskey Boys to get ready. Tom was not only a real wit but also somewhat of a prophet, for when he foretold the burning of a non-whiskey man's barn or house, it always came to pass.

After three years of this, including three years of debates in Congress, the Government sent out some troops. Hamilton said that there was grave doubt if the states would stick together and he felt the only way to cement them was with blood. Finding that the local militia wouldn't shoot their brothers, some Jersey Horse were sent into the fray. The Government said it was open rebellion. The Pennsylvania farmers said they were just mad at the tax. What stopped the whole thing was not a pitched battle of major proportions, which seemed imminent, but a victory in another quarter. Just at this time, word reached the Western settlements that Wayne had whipped the Indians and the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers were now open to commerce. Trade moved westward and the Alleghenies were forgotten. And the tax was paid gladly.

The Second Whiskey War was of the same duration but was fought in the modern manner by words and publicity methods. It seems rather strange now, but the country was greatly excited from 1906 to 1909 over a pronouncement from Dr. Harvey Wiley, who was the papa of a pure food law, that whiskey was whiskey only when it was aged in casks. A lot of people made whiskey by other methods and they got right after the good Doctor. Unless you are an oldster, or like reading orators on a holiday, you would be bewildered by the pother. It all ended happily, by President Taft going out and saying what was what as to whiskey.

Your correspondent, who did all that homework for you, believes one of the things he came across is interesting. The Second Whiskey War seemed at the heart of it to be a battle between the esthetes and the chemists. And hurrah, the esthetes won. The esthetes claimed, and proved, that part of the enjoyment a man got from drinking was due to his sense of smell and his palate. Just as a chemist couldn't tell the difference between a pear and an apple by analysis, they defied the chemists to determine a qualitative difference between rum, brandy and whiskey.

The manufacture of rye and bourbon is almost identical with the making of Scotch, as described last month. Lacking peat for the malting process, the American whiskeys do not possess that phenolic flavor. The flavors predominating in the American liquor are obtained by blending and aging. The same essentials that make a good Scotch are present in the manufacture of a good rye or bourbon good water, good grains and the blending for taste. Cleanliness need hardly be mentioned, as modern methods call for one hundred per cent cleanliness.

The rye types are usually made of a mixture containing 70 per cent rye, 20 per cent barley and 10 per cent malt. The bourbon types are usually 50 per cent corn, 30 per cent rye and 20 per cent barley malt. There are two processes of fermentation, sweet and sour. The latter is made by a continuation of the ferment, that is, using some of the last mash for a ferment for the new batch, while in the sweet fermentation each vat is fermented with water and yeast.

There have been many efforts to age whiskey, especially since prohibition. Most experts seem to agree, however, that there is something that comes from age that cannot be gained any other way. Storing in charred oak barrels still seems to be the best method. I once found in a bar in Bradford, Pennsylvania, a fifty-gallon cask on tap that had been aged for forty years. It had a delicious aroma and was like a mild cordial.

Speaking of aging, there is an authentic story of a man who bought, on the eve of prohibition, a warehouse of grain alcohol. He had it put in oak barrels and sent to Cuba. Twenty years later he had it sent back and found that he had some very fine twenty-year-old rye on his hands. The barrels had been formerly used for sherry.

The coloring of whiskey with caramel seems to be as old as whiskey itself. The flavoring is mainly an individual thing and varies with the different manufacturers. Some of the processes are trade secrets, but the general agents used are rum, sherry, raisins, apricots, prunes, peaches and sometimes apple. Storing is a vital factor. The storehouse cannot be wet, as that makes for a

Continued on page 128

UNVEILING

"Scoop"

LASTEX FOUNDATIONS
STYLED *by* HICKORY

"with that artful uplift"

DESIGNED FOR ZESTFUL LIVING!

When your figure is as young as your ideas—and your madcap moods are many—you'll glory in the discreet control of this action-free fashion. Two-way stretch Lastex shrewdly hinders wayward curves, gently persuading your figure to lithe smoothness. You'll adore the artful uplift designed in lace on the all-in-one. A saucy minimum of discipline to flatter your gay Fall frocks!

BEAUTIFUL • YOUTHFUL
CONTOUR CONTROL

HICKORY

A SCOOP in Value . . . and a SCOOP in Style

Foundation (for formal) $5 • Girdle (for about-town) $3
Pantie (for sportswear) $3

Please send us the name of your corsetiere if she hasn't the exact Hickory Foundation you want . . . we'll welcome the opportunity to be of service to you. Address: Miss Ruth Stone, 1149 West Congress Street, Chicago

A. STEIN & COMPANY • Chicago, New York, Toronto, Buenos Aires

Bostonians
DELUXE SHOES

THE BERWYN
WING TIP OXFORD IN
BROWN SHETLAND

You are Invited
to enjoy the luxurious comfort of
STA-SMOOTH INNERSOLES
exclusively in
BOSTONIAN DeLUXE SHOES

A clear, smooth-walking surface next to your foot that cannot ridge, curl, lump-up or cause footburn... Footwear representing the farthest development in fine shoemaking

NINE FIFTY AND UPWARDS THE PAIR
At Leading Men's Apparel and Shoe Stores

Comin' through the Rye

Continued from pages 125-126

musty liquor and, if the storing place is too dry, the loss by evaporation is too great.

The American has been as loyal to his drink as other nations have been to theirs. In France they well know what rye is from the insistence of the American soldier who from homesickness or taste, demanded his familiar tipple. All over the world in ports of call you will find rye and bourbon whiskies for the traveler who will not forsake his drinking habits.

A recent survey of the United States, made by one of the statistical concerns, showed the center of the rye and bourbon consuming areas centering around Chicago. That, I take it, suh, is because Kentucky hasn't as large a population. The seaboard areas were influenced by the mixed tastes of foreign palates, inherited or acquired, although the American whiskies hold their own with the imports. As long as we do not become a wine-drinking nation, it is safe to assume that the distillation of rye and corn will be our wine of the country. It is a rather pleasant thought, if we must be nationalistic, having our nationalism manifested in something that flows down so easily.

Not since we gave a recipe of the way Bernard of the Mascotte Restaurant makes *zabaione* have we had as many letters for further instructions as to the effect and ingredients of the Scotch Punch that takes six weeks to mature.

Dr. G. E. Swartley, of Souderton, Pennsylvania wants to know if we meant mint tea, and did we mean a full quart of Scotch or a fifth. And Stanley J. Wright, of Wells, British Columbia, wants to know if, by a "cup of tea" we meant a cup of tea leaves or a cup of brewed tea. We single these two out for answering, as most of the others wanted to know the exact potency of the punch and what became of the six uninvited, unknown guests who stayed over for three days.

As to quarts, that was a sort of figure of speech. As far as we know, all Scotch comes in fifths in this country. As to tea, that also is a figure of speech. When you speak of drinking a cup of coffee no one would expect you to drink the coffee grounds or even the china cup. But tea—that seems to be a brew of another color. Then, and hereafter, when we say a cup of tea, we mean the liquid brewed from tea leaves. Discard the tea leaves and hang onto the cup and saucer for visitors. The tea for the Scotch Punch should be medium strength and China or green tea is preferred.

Correspondent Wright submits a recipe of his own which he states is a favorite with the ladies:

Wright Special

6 jiggers of rye
6 jiggers of port wine
juice of 3 lemons
4 teaspoons of sugar
Shake in a shaker with cracked ice, then add the beaten whites of 3 eggs. Shake for another few moments, then pour into cocktail glass in which a cube of pineapple has been placed.

Herewith are some of the old-time cocktail recipes that were in favor before the dry era. Nostalgia has managed to help some of them keep their names, but many appear now under other titles.

Amaranth

1 dash of Abbott's Bitters
⅔ jigger rye whiskey
Stir, add powdered sugar and fill with carbonated water.

Brown University

½ Bourbon whiskey
½ French vermouth
2 dashes orange bitters

Chauncey

¼ rye whiskey
¼ gin
¼ Italian vermouth
¼ brandy
dash of orange bitters

Cliquet

1 jigger bourbon whiskey
juice of one orange
1 lump of ice
1 dash of rum
Stir instead of shaking

Commodore

⅓ bourbon whiskey
⅓ crème de cacao
⅓ lemon juice
dash of grenadine syrup, serve in champagne glass

Ewing

1 jigger rye whiskey
1 dash of bitters
Stir

Fanciulli

½ bourbon whiskey
¼ Italian vermouth
¼ Fernet Branca Frappé

Hearns

⅓ bourbon whiskey
⅓ Italian vermouth
⅓ absinthe (or legal variant) dash of bitters (Hold your hat)

Honolulu

⅓ bourbon whiskey
⅓ French vermouth
⅓ Italian vermouth

Japalac

1 jigger rye whiskey
1 jigger French vermouth
juice of ¼ orange
dash of raspberry syrup

Liberal

½ rye whiskey
½ Italian vermouth
3 dashes Amer Picon
dash of orange bitters

Manhattan

½ rye whiskey
½ Italian vermouth
dash of orange bitters
Serve with cherry

Original Old-Fashioned

Muddle
¼ lump of sugar
with 2 spoons of water and dash of bitters in bottom of glass
add one lump of ice
add generous jigger rye whiskey
1 piece of lemon peel
(all sorts of feminine variations have crept in with practically a fruit salad in the glass)

Pan American

1 jigger rye whiskey
½ lemon, muddle
3 dashes syrup

Rye Flip

1 egg
½ spoon sugar
1 jigger rye whiskey
Shake, strain and sprinkle nutmeg on top

Ordinary Highball

1 generous jigger rye whiskey
1 lump of ice
Serve in tall glass with carbonated water

Columbia

1 jigger rye whiskey
1 piece lemon peel
½ lump sugar
Fill with hot water

Whiskey Sour

1 jigger rye whiskey
½ juice of lemon
½ spoon sugar
1 lump of ice

KNOX
JAY HYDE BARNUM

Woodland Felts

FASHION'S SMARTEST FOR INFORMAL WEAR

If you are the man for a dog and a stick and a cross-country tramp—for a drive through crisp air and swirling leaves—then your hat is the new Knox Woodland Felt. Knox-styled to your tweeds, your Camel's Hair, your Cheviot or Shetland—Knox-toned to soft, rich mixtures of the shades and tints of the out-of-doors—Knox-finished, to a rough, knockabout natural texture, or a semi-smooth, brushed lustre. You'll find Knox Woodland Felts in a dozen of Fashion's favored colors, in the popular Backswing* and other new Knox styles, in any Knox Shop.

KNOX HATS • $7.50 TO $40.00

*TRADE MARK

KNOX THE HATTER · Fifth Avenue and Fortieth Street · NEW YORK
DISTRIBUTORS IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

When Cars Were Very Young

Continued from page 60

mentioned more often than even the renowned Selden's.

Of course, motoring then was strictly a rich man's diversion, for although prices were not high compared to today's figures, it was cash on the line with no trades or 6% terms. Consequently, only the wealthy bought motors and the backbone of the first Show were the Vanderbilts, the Astors, the Goelets, the Stuyvesant Fishes, the Morrisses, the Oelrichs, and all the rest of the 400. They all came down from Newport a week early in order to take in this new attraction which came just ahead of the Horse Show. And the General Public, who attended at an average rate of 5,000 a day, went more to see the Newport set than the cars which, to them, were only a foul-smelling headache.

As one candid commentator observed in the daily press, however, "the odor of naphtha, not altogether a pleasant one, perhaps, was a vast improvement over the one which permeates a horse show."

For this and other reasons the 1900 Show was far more exciting than any you'll see today. On the roof of the Garden, for instance, they had a wooden ramp or runway advertised as being 50 feet high but, in reality, only about 30 feet.

Up this hill one manufacturer boldly drove his two-seater gig to demonstrate that it could climb. When it reached the top, four burly men picked it up, turned it around, and then it started down again while strong men clenched their teeth and fair ladies blanched at the daring of it all.

Inside the Garden a wooden track surrounded the display area and here cars were driven in two lanes (slow and fast) for the benefit of the skeptics who had to be shown that they'd run before they bought. For the Advanced or Third Degree Skeptics, barrels and other obstacles were placed on the track so the steering ability and control of the cars could be shown. And the most spectacular event of the week indoors was the night a 14-year-old boy actually steered a 1-cylinder carriage in between all the obstacles without hitting a single one!

My, how we applauded that.

Day and night the shiny motors, steam, electric and gas, whirled around the board track while Society peered down from their private boxes. "Family parties with little children went out," reported one writer, "and it was a pleasure to see the delighted faces of the little ones as the swift vehicles carried them around the ring.

At first the children would hold very tightly to the seat, as if they expected to fall off, but later they became more confident and laughed with glee at every revolution of the wheels."

The kids' instincts were right, of course, because falling off one of those noble vehicles was an adventure denied modern sissies who have been softened down to underslung cars not as high as your chin. Miss Frances Griscom, a socially prominent motorist of the day, was painfully injured when, according to the newspaper account, "her skirt caught in the running gear when she alighted from her car, throwing her headlong.

After first-aid treatment, however, she pluckily entered her dog cart and drove home."

Both animals and clothes, of course, played an important rôle in motoring then; the first for towing services; the second as the basic factor which helps put every new sport across. The ancient "get-a-horse" wheeze is familiar to everybody and it was no stage crack.

For one reason, the best part of the early cars were the engines which were usually powerful enough to pull the driving parts right out by the roots if given half a chance. And with roads what they were, they got plenty of chances.

The weak points were the front axles, tubular and of bicycle stock; tires, which could produce a dozen punctures in 100 miles; and brakes which burned out without fail on the first trip through hilly country

Gear shifting was an art in itself even in the early cars employing the planetary type; but when the sliding gears came along later, it was more than an art it was a gift from God which numerous drivers never acquired.

The electrics, too, were great patrons of the towing business. Most of them in the 1900 Show were rated as 25 to 40 mile cars meaning that you could go that far on one charge of the batteries.

But since the electrics were so smooth and seductive, the driver invariably exceeded the cruising range before he realized it. And then he had to be towed to the nearest Recharging Station or home, whichever was nearer. By 1901 there were over 100 recharging stations on main roads within 50 miles of New York. But the number wasn't half enough.

The steamers, naturally, did not have this drawback, but they had others. One was that you usually had to have an engineer's license to drive one. Another was that you sat right over the iron boiler, which made it lovely on a hot day.

A third was that as soon as the gas cars began to gain in numbers, garage men began to refuse accepting steamers for storage because of the permanent pilot light which had to be kept burning in them.

And since the police wouldn't let you leave them alone overnight on the street, you either had to own your own garage or take the thing to bed with you!

Nevertheless, the electrics were very strong in the first Show while the steamers easily dominated the field.

In that year for the first time a gasoline car (called an "explosion engine" then) beat a steamer in a free-for-all race, but it was another five years before gas began to be a real factor. Despite that, the Stanley people found it advisable to give a $1,000, one year boiler insurance policy with each car sold!

The sum and substance of all these inconveniences, plus the horrible roads, was the fact that a 50-mile trip for pleasure was just about all a strong man in the pink could stand in one day. And that, of course, could only be done with the proper regalia: goggles, duster, gauntlets, and a flowing veil for the lady.

You've all seen the pictures reproduced many times since, but the gravity of motor costuming is best summed up by a Rogers Peet ad in *Automobile Topics* which said, tersely:

How to dress your chauffeur.
How to dress yourself, when in an automobile.
What it costs.
Ask us.

Virtually all cars were owner-driven then, for motoring was a sport, not the prosaic means of conveyance it is today, and the term "chauffeur" applied to the driver rather than to a hired hand.

After the first novelty wore off, the more wealthy began to adopt the professional chauffeur idea while others merely borrowed the French idea of carrying a mechanician along to do the dirty work when the bus broke down.

The paid drivers, however, brought no credit to the early automobile since too many became involved in that form of skylarking we now call "joy riding" with the upstairs maid. And one neat form of petit larceny the pioneers among them thought up was to get pinched for speeding, have the boss pay the fine, and split the "take" with the constables.

Working it in reverse, it was a French professional driver who pulled what is doubtless the first traffic ticket "fix" in history. He was driving King Leopold, of Belgium, through Paris, when their snorter hit a streetcar. A bicycle gendarme dashed up with his notebook drawn and pencil poised, asking the name of the owner. The driver beckoned him closer and whispered the name. Whereupon the cop bowed low, waved them on and probably gave the motorman hell for running down His Majesty!

Even in 1900 this business of hitting foreign objects was a matter of grave concern. One of the most amusing incidents of the first Show involved a motorboat builder who became an automobile manufacturer over night. When it came to the steering question, he installed his tiller after the prevailing fashion of motor boat steering gear: i.e., when you pulled the handle to the right, the car went to the left, and vice versa.

When his demonstrator, a landlubber, took the car out on the track for the Obstacle Demonstration, he couldn't get used to the idea and the vehicle crossed him every time he tried to steer it. After he had smacked down the third barrel in succession, he climbed out of the gig in disgust and left it standing in the middle of the track.

And maybe we didn't laugh at that, eh, kiddo?

This fear on the public's part that the cars couldn't be manipulated safely was a much greater stumbling block to early progress than any doubt of mechanical reliability or any concern about excessive speed. That attitude is reflected by one young blade's letter to a Long Island newspaper editor who had been ribbing him for his recklessness and disregard of human life.

"If you would like to make a wager," wrote the motorist, "that I cannot bring my car, going at a speed of 15 miles an hour, to a dead stop as soon as a horse and wagon going at 10 miles an hour, I would be happy to accommodate you."

Occasionally, of course, some dumb (or, rather, deaf) pedestrian got in the way of an auto and was knocked down, causing no end of bitter comment in the daily press. Irked by the unfairness of it all, *Automobile Topics* finally burst forth with a statistical defense which said, "In October, 1900, there were 906 accidents from runaway horses in France involving 92 deaths as against only 23 auto accidents resulting in no fatalities and only 2 injuries." The editor didn't bother to mention the ratio between horses and cars, but since there were only 8,000 cars registered in the entire United States in that year, you can do your own figuring.

Being an automotive man, he was naturally prejudiced in favor of the new vogue. But if he is still with us, he must look askance at the motorists of 1937 who have descended so low in the scale that one of them had the owner of a pony cart in the Bronx arrested recently as a hit-and-run driver when his little wagon ripped a fender off an automobile and then sped away!

"Haymotors" is what we smart alecks called horse vehicles in those dear, dead days. And when somebody confidently predicted that "the Automobile Show in future seasons will, indeed, prove a formidable rival to the Horse Show," we little dreamed that things would come to such a pretty pass! #

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TO STADIUM
STATE
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You save time in starting and time on the road with the new winter gasoline which oil companies are putting in their "Ethyl" pumps.

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Look for this emblem on the base or globe of every Ethyl pump. It means best-grade gasoline.

NEXT TIME GET ETHYL . . . A BETTER RUN FOR YOUR MONEY

They Was Murders in Them Days

Continued from page 76

to take their place alongside the cops. They had to be. One never knew when he would be called upon to compare the flames which gutted the premises with the reds of Rubens or the vivid hues of Veronese.)

"I then looked around the room. It was elegant, but wild and extravagant in its ornaments. On the drawers was a small library, composed of light novels, poetry and monthly periodicals. There hung on the wall a beautiful print of Lord Byron as the presiding genius of the place. The books were Byron, Scott, Bulwer's works and the *Knickerbocker*."

(If there may still be remaining doubts about the culture of reporters of that day, this should effectually dispose of them. Had one of the present day seen Byron's portrait, he undoubtedly would have written: "On the wall hung the picture of a distinguished looking man, alleged to be one of the dead girl's lovers. The janitor stated that he had seen him come and go frequently, sometimes remaining until very late at night.")

"This extraordinary murder has caused a sensation in this city never before felt or known. I understand that a large number of fashionable young men, clerks and others, were caught in the various apartments by the police. It was Saturday night."

(As to this, one can only say that until Saturday nights are abolished and some other night substituted, this sort of thing will go on.)

"The murdered girl was a perfect Millwood. She has seduced by her beauty and blandishments more young men than any woman in the police records. Last summer she was famous for parading Wall Street in an elegant green dress, and generally with a letter in her hand. She used to look at the brokers with great boldness of demeanor. During her residence here she carried on an extensive country correspondence with every part of the Union. We learn from the post office that during last summer she received from three to eight letters a day. Her postage bill exceeded that of several brokers in Wall Street. Her private correspondence is of a remarkable character, resembling that of Abelard and Eloisa."

(The student of contemporary American life can learn much from this short paragraph. First, he will observe a distinct change in the habits of Wall Street brokers. Constant contact with the forces of civilization have made them much less shy, so that it is no longer necessary for a beautiful woman to stare at them with such boldness. Their shyness and timidity then, however, were so great that none of them would allow themselves to be approached by a woman unless she was properly introduced. This accounts for the letter which Miss Jewett always carried on her saunters through the "Street." Undoubtedly it was one of introduction.

(One puzzling item remains. The records of the post office indicate that Miss Jewett carried on an extensive mail order business. None of the experts on behaviorism who were consulted have been able to throw any light on how this was accomplished.) ###

Lots of Luck

Continued from page 79

was tried by a jury . . . Luck is a funny thing. I've been trying to collect data on the subject. And you know what Napoleon said when his staff recommended some officer to the rank of general. 'Don't tell me about his virtues,' he said. 'Tell me only one thing. Is he lucky?'"

"Is luck a very complicated subject?" she asked.

"Well, it starts off simple enough but it soon becomes quite involved."

"Do they teach it in schools, professor?"

"In colleges they do."

"Seems funny that one must go to college to learn about luck," she laughed.

"Oh, not at all," insisted the professor. "It involves higher calculus and the theory of probabilities. I assure you, Miss . . . Martin that it is a very serious intellectual pursuit."

The hesitation in his voice when he spoke her name seemed to mean something. He had not spoken her name before and he was somehow a timid man, with a soft eye and a mild manner.

She laughed and turning to Rivington said: "If luck is that high-brow, then it lets me out."

"Lets me out also," admitted Rivington.

"Ah!" said the professor and his face lit up with great animation. "It is better to have luck and embrace it blindly than to know all about it and not be able to find it. Far better to be sure. And to think that the whole world is moved by a finger of God and the drop of chance. And in science it is hard to say which is which."

That seemed a very strange expression and Florence repeated it several times to herself. "A finger of God and the drop of chance." She nodded her head and spoke aloud: "Yes, I think I know exactly what you mean, Professor. Of course I can't reason it out but I have a feeling I know. Chance does drop. Things you don't think about suddenly fall together."

"Yes," the young professor agreed. "And when they fall together they are different than when they are apart."

Later, as they walked around the deck and Rivington was lounging lazily on a deck-chair the professor grew bold enough to ask if Mr. Rivington was not a relative.

"No, not at all. He is just a friend."

"Seems a very nice fellow."

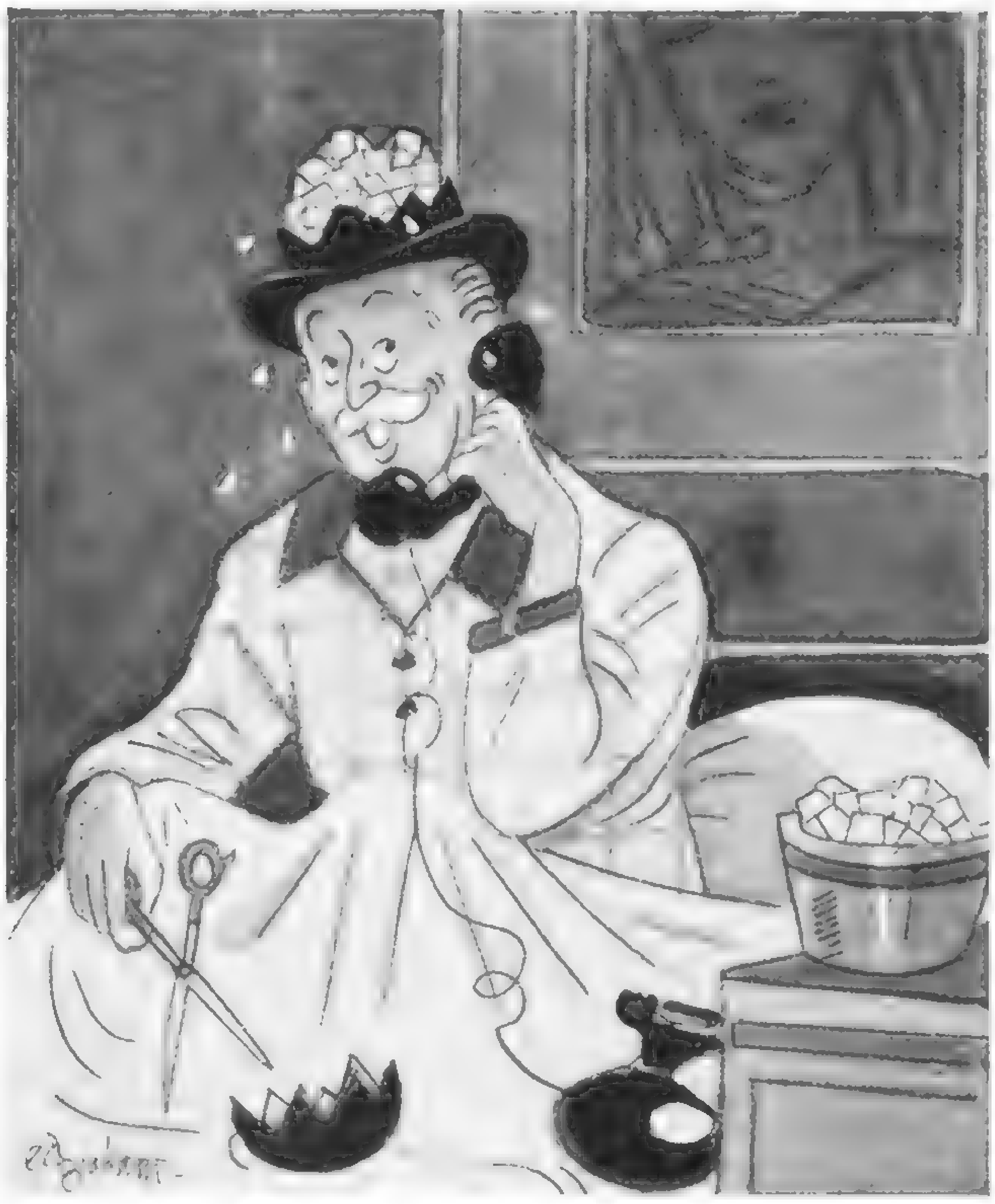
"Oh yes. He's a good sport."

"Traveling for business or pleasure?"

"Well, it's just a trip for me but he goes over quite a bit on business."

"This is just my second visit to Europe," he volunteered. "We get

Continued on page 134



"It's marvelous! You cut the top out of a derby and fill it with ice cubes!"

In behalf of hats

. . . may we protest the above sacrifice of an estimable derby? Hats are useful in many ways. They keep off the sun. They cover a bald spot. Their custody supports many hat-check girls, and remember, some of these may be orphans!

However, do not expect a hat to do everything. Scientific research shows that it is far more useful on the night before than on the morning after.

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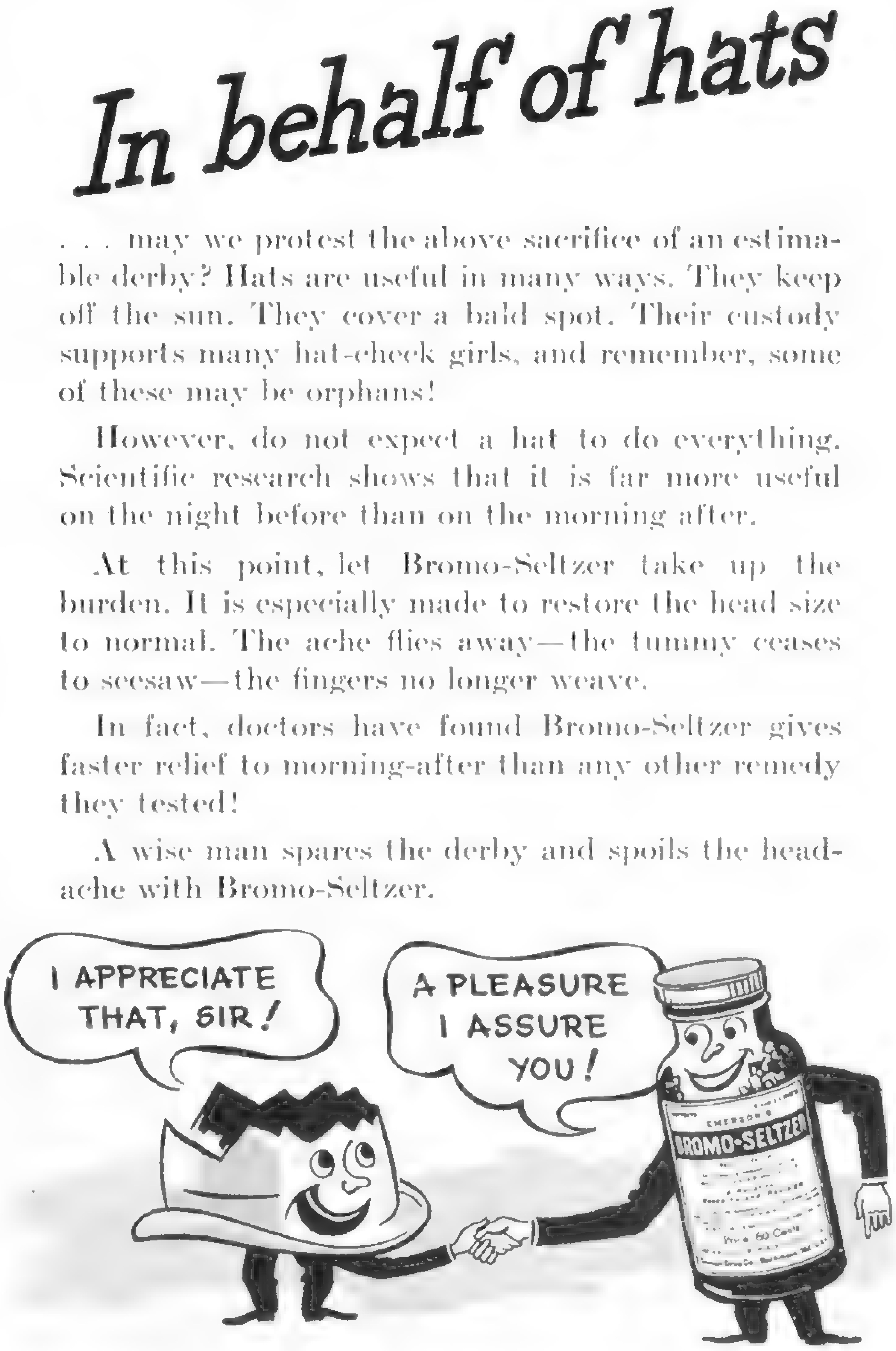
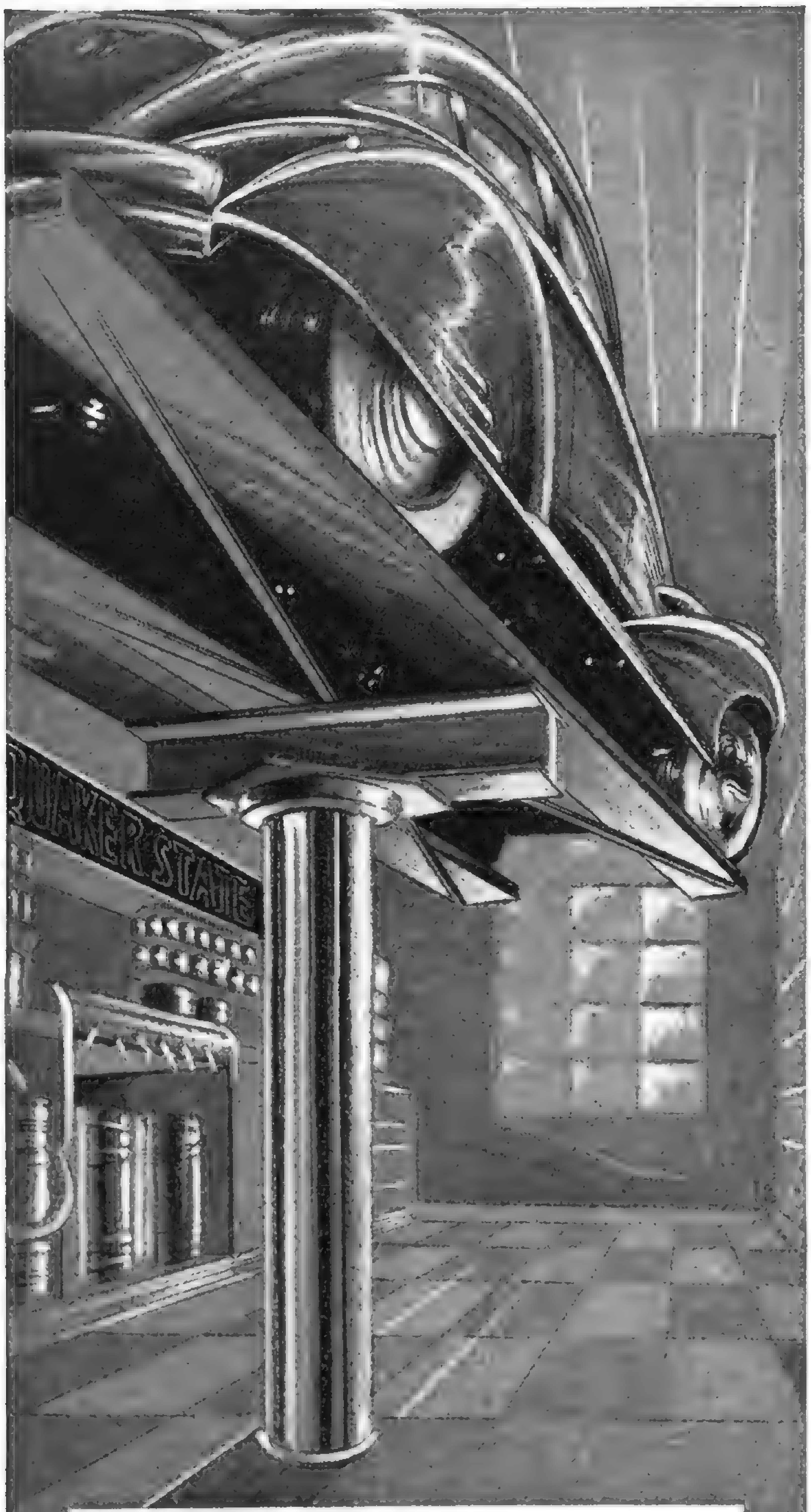
A wise man spares the derby and spoils the headache with Bromo-Seltzer.



I APPRECIATE THAT, SIR!
A PLEASURE I ASSURE YOU!
EMERSON'S BROMO-SELTZER



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on the wall nor the Chesterfieldian manner of the attendants . . . it's the QUALITY of the grease they gun into its joints, and the motor oil that they pour into its crankcase, that makes the real difference to your car. Quaker State Motor Oil and Superfine Lubricants are the finest money can buy. At the same time, they are economical because they stand up longer. When you change to Quaker State Winter Motor Oil, you'll find you GO FARTHER before you need to add a quart. And with Superfine Winter Greases, you'll GO FARTHER before the first squeak. Quaker State Oil Refining Corporation, Oil City, Pennsylvania. Retail price, 35c per quart.

IT'S SMART . . . TO USE QUAKER STATE

Lots of Luck

Continued from pages 79-133

four months vacation in the summer, but it's kind of lonesome traveling all alone."

"Yes, it is lonesome traveling alone. I think it is more lonesome for a woman than it is for a man."

After lunch the professor found Rivington nursing a large cigar in the smoking room. "I say Mr. Rivington, I wonder if you would like to read this murder mystery, it's really quite exciting." He handed him the book.

Rivington looked at the book with a squint in his eye and he scratched his head.

"I guess I'm not very strong on books, Professor," he admitted. "And those mystery stories are kind of foolish to me. Don't even like them in the movies. They go against my grain."

"That's all right. I just read them for relaxation. Sometimes you run into a good one."

The young professor lit a cigarette and after a slight pause he said: "You know, I think Miss Martin is a very attractive girl."

Rivington nodded and pressed the ash from his cigar into the ash tray.

"She told me," continued the professor, "that you were just a friend and I was wondering . . . I suppose you will think me terribly bold but I am a bit old-fashioned or rather . . . What I want to say is . . . Well, does she mean very much to you? I would not for the world . . . I should really like to see more of her but I do not want to cross anyone's path and . . . You understand, I would not want to do anything that was not right or pay attention to someone who was already attached. I hope you don't mind my talking to you so frankly?"

"No. Not at all. In fact . . . That's all right, Professor. I just know her casually and we just happen to be traveling together and . . ." He drew a leather card case from his pocket and brought out a snapshot which he placed on the book between them. "That's the missus and the kid. They will sure be glad to see me. Bringing her a bottle of perfume from Paris and I got a talking doll in the suitcase for the kid. The damn thing talks French a mile-a-minute. Picked them up at the last minute. In fact I got Miss Martin to go along with me. But we are just casual acquaintances and it's all right with me. Maybe do her good to have some serious interest."

"Well, I'm glad I spoke so frankly. You certainly have a pretty child, Mr. Rivington. Now, I guess I'll go out on deck and see if Miss Martin would care to look at this book."

"No. I don't think she would care much for it either." He blew a cloud of smoke from his mouth.

He was right. She didn't care to read. She said she was too much of an outdoor girl to enjoy paper inventions. And the professor admitted that life was richer than books. He could meet lots of high-brow girls who had a glib smattering of Renaissance literature or some subject requiring six pairs of eye-glasses but these girls had no joy or gaiety in their souls. He told her also, "forgive me for talking about myself," that his main subject was physics and that he was single and had never been married and that he was thirty-one years old and had been appointed to his post only a year ago and that he had a Ph.D. and hoped some day to achieve Sc.D., which he explained was a doctor of science. To be twice a doctor seemed quite unnecessary to Florence, but nevertheless she kept her opinion to herself. The young professor was a type she had not known before and he seemed a decent fellow.

When they tired of sitting in the steamer chairs they walked around the deck.

The four school teachers, liverish and gray in the face, said that she came on board with one man and was now running around with another. And on top of it all the hussy had a cabin to herself. But they borrowed the murder mystery from the professor and took turns reading it.

Later Florence said: "They are starting the horse races in the smoking room. Come, let's go in and play! I'll show you how to win."

And really she did win. Her luck was uncanny. Rivington said she was psychic and that women were always more psychic than men. And the professor enjoyed very much to see the "compounding of computations" as he called it. With the winnings they bought a bottle of champagne and drank it with much relish and free laughter.

In this manner things moved along. The earnest, dried-up, pale, bespectacled professor was most infatuated with the full-blooded, bursting with life and joyous Florence. Her red full lips and the lively twinkle of her eye were something quite removed from thermodynamics. As for Rivington, he merely lit another cigar and regarded it all as a simple thing called romance.

One evening after supper she went to her cabin to get her coat and walking through the smoking room she placed her arm on Rivington's shoulder.

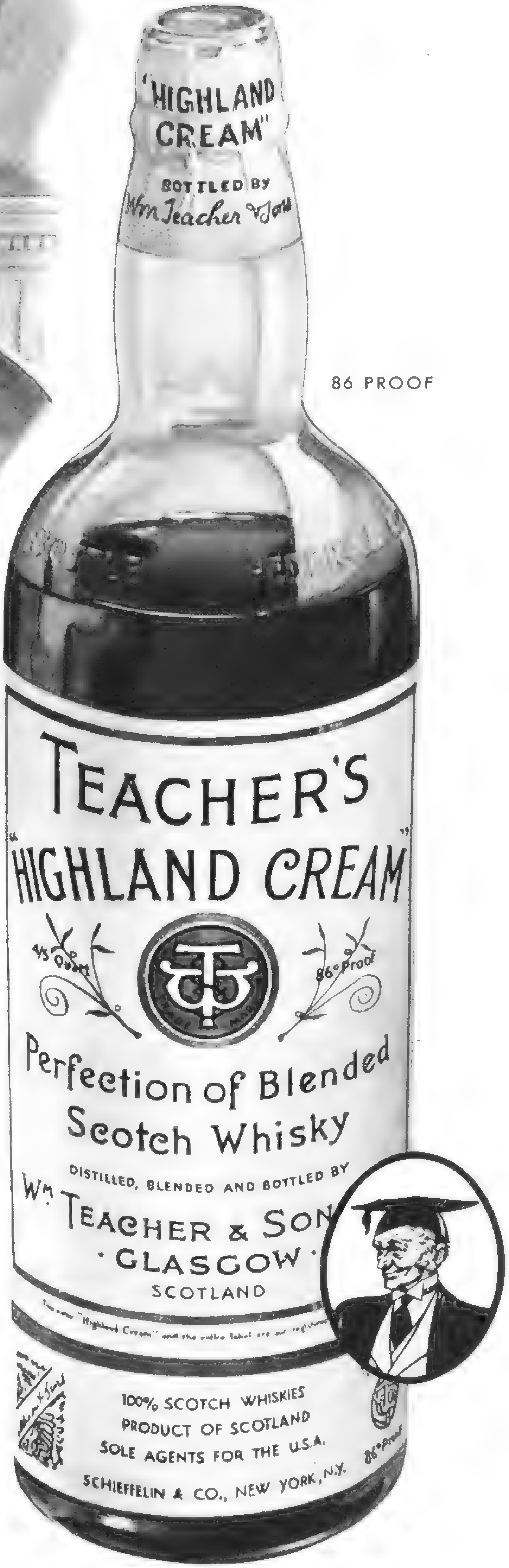
"Would you like to come out on deck with us? The professor wants to explain the stars to me."

"That's all right, Florence. I don't care much about stars anyway. I'll remain in here."

The night was quite clear and the professor was able to point out Jupiter and Venus and trace the path of the Milky Way but he also tried to give her an idea of the enormous distances and how they were measured in light years.

"Those numbers sound just

Continued on page 136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Lots of Luck

Continued from pages 79-133-134

crazy to me," she confessed. "A million years means less than five or ten to me. I am thirty years old and ten years means I will be forty. My God! But a million years means nothing to my life."

"You know, Florence," he said, "I've told you a good deal about myself but you have said very little about yourself."

"Well, I'd rather hear you talk. Besides there is very little to say. I can wash dishes and I can drive a car. Drove once from California with a friend of mine in three and a half days."

"That's going some."

"Going like Hell day and night . . . Oh, sure, I can swear also forgot that."

He laughed.

"Staying in New York?"

"For a while perhaps," she replied.

"Let me take you to supper some evening?"

"Perhaps. Don't know."

"Why not?"

"Well. Just don't know."

"You will give me your address?" he asked.

"Guess I better take yours instead and if . . . if I get the time I will phone you."

"Expect to be busy?"

"Yes."

"Very busy?"

"Yes."

"Even too busy to telephone me?"

"Oh, yes," she laughed and like a bit of glistening quicksilver, slipped through his hands.

The last night out they danced and there was a raffle held for the benefit of the seaman's hospital. Contributions were received and raffled off. Florence won a bottle of champagne and a toy rattle. The rattle made a lot of racket and once she shook it hard in the faces of the school teachers who smiled but really thought it quite undignified. The professor enjoyed his share of the champagne. Paper caps and streamers were distributed by the stewards. Quite a bit of money was raised for the seaman's hospital and everybody had a good time. And Florence seemed to enjoy it more than anyone. She danced and danced and the ripple of her laughter was heard above the music.

In the morning the pumping sound of the engines was silent. The ship had passed through the Narrows and was anchored in the harbor awaiting the pilot and immigration officers.

The professor was soon up on deck and looked out at the early morning mist rising from the surface of the water. The Statue of Liberty could be plainly seen and beyond was the dazzling horizon of Lower New York. The slanting sun caught the tops of the buildings and it all appeared as a scene suddenly illuminated by some stroke of magic. Here at last was America and he was glad to be back.

Florence came up on deck later. She looked pale and weary. The smile, the joy, the twinkle in her eye were gone. She looked out on a gray misty scene. The metal woman of Liberty was bronze and the distant buildings seemed to resemble a row of sharp jagged teeth.

He came over to speak to her but she pretended not to see him and ran back to her cabin to finish packing.

The passengers formed in line in the dining room to present their passports. Soon the officials appeared and Rivington walked to the head of the line, showed his papers. Florence stood close by and they were the first to be checked off the list. The school teachers who had been waiting for some time thought this rather unfair.

As the busy little tugs were warping the vessel into the dock and all the passengers hanging over the rail trying to recognize their friends in the crowd on shore, Florence spoke to Rivington.

"It's been a nice trip and this looks like the end."

"Yes. You've been a good sport, Florence. It's made it much easier for everyone."

She smiled with a tight bitter smile. "I like to be obliging. And maybe there is something you could do for me. Who would you say is the smartest lawyer in New York? When I say smart I mean real smart."

"Well, there is a little fellow by the name of Tannenbaum. I don't know if he is the smartest in New York but I do know that he is the fellow they are most afraid of. They never know what trick he will pull next. And he's been very lucky lately."

"Well, then, I guess he's the one. Thanks."

The professor came up to say good-bye. He had a long stream of words ready to deliver but Florence cut him short.

"You've been very nice to meet and perhaps sometime I may surprise you and call you up. But you better not stand here with us. We are getting off before the rest."

The timid man could see that there was something quite serious going on. He moved back toward the other passengers. In another minute they began lowering the gangplank and the passengers began shouting to their friends on the dock.

Rivington drew out a pair of nickel-plated handcuffs from his pocket and clasped one link about the slender wrist beside him. She had expected it and with her free arm she took the fur piece from her neck and put it over the short chain between them.

They were the first to walk down the gangplank. The startled professor waved after her and in his excitement he gasped: "Lots of luck, Florence. Lots of luck!" ⧺

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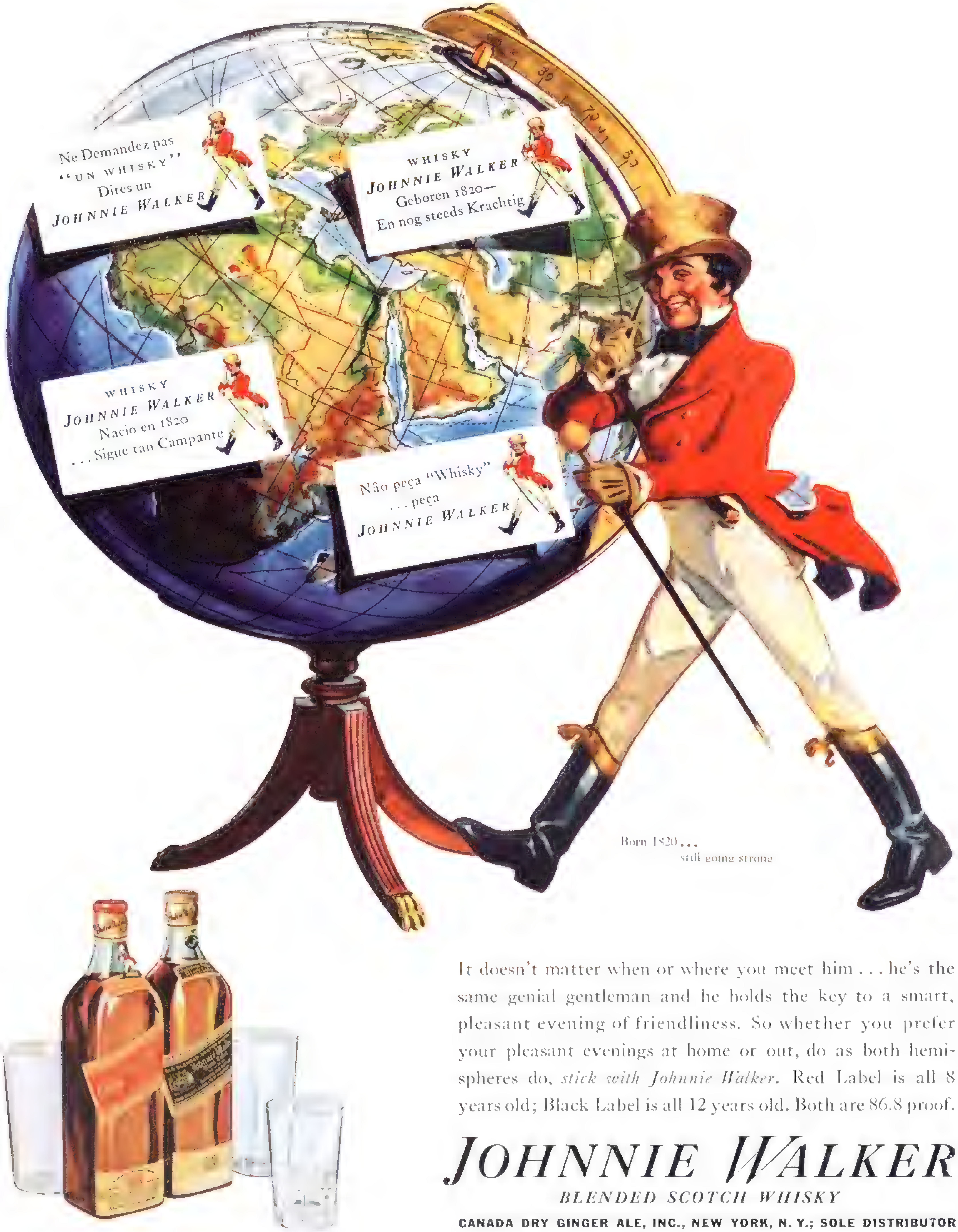
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The Shark and the Yankee

Continued from page 74

wharf at a slow leisurely pace.

"Hurry up," George said to him. "What the hell, you think we wait all morning?"

"Some dude," John Dutra said. "What are you all dressed up for?"

Mort didn't answer, but hurried into the shed to dress. Thinking about a new job, he had discovered again that he knew nothing about any job but fishing. Unwilling to chance staining his good clothes, Mort took them off and looked around for something else to wear under his rubber suit. There was a torn sweater and an old hat but no pants. Shivering a little at the touch of the cold rubber against his bare legs, Mort dressed and pulled his boots on. Unless the others looked closely, they couldn't notice he was wearing no pants under his short, rubber ones.

"Come on, make you sweem, goddam it," George said.

With the four others pulling an oar apiece and George Alves sitting in the slanted stern, the dory moved steadily into the bay over the choppy water. Here and there a dull light flashed on in the small cabins of the boats and gasoline engines started and abruptly died, started and died and finally started and kept on with a sharp, steady mutter in that damp air.

The dory bumped against their boat and the men clambered aboard. Nothing was protected on it except the engine and that by a cabin not big enough for a man to stand erect in. Mort Humphries went into the cabin to prime the engine with raw gasoline.

George waited by the wheel.

"Hurry up, there," George called to Mort. "Hand me up the compass box."

Silently, Mort handed George the square, dirty wooden box. Mort knew George had never approved of him, but had merely suffered his presence about the house and on the boat. George did not hire his own crew; the Company did that or Mort might not have been on it.

The engine coughed once and began to turn. "All right," George called and Zeke Dutra threw the mooring cask overboard.

A tiny light in the box lit the compass and George Alves headed southeast. A long swell rolled from the west and the fog became thicker, reducing the light on Race Point to a mere gleam.

In the first daylight which had begun to come through the fog, they passed a boat headed back toward the harbor, then a second, driven in by the weather. Zeke Dutra, oldest of the crew, asked George in a low voice if he thought it mightn't be better to put back into the bay.

"What the hell you think I am, a goddam Islander?" To himself, George Alves said: "Old man, huh?"

Zeke turned away. Mainlanders would fish in almost any weather; the Islanders, even those in America, would not fish if the weather were at all dirty. The men from the Azores are simply more prudent, although the Mainlanders choose to think the Islanders are simply less brave than themselves.

Their first trap showed against the sky, the rough circle of poles, a hundred feet or more in diameter, with the great purse-like net suspended from the poles, dropping straight into the deep water; and the leader, a straight net hung on a line of poles, going into the narrow mouth of the trap. George Alves signaled for half-speed, then reverse and stopped the boat exactly in the mouth, while John Dutra and Louis Silva began to haul on ropes hung there which would draw up the net near the mouth and almost close it. Zeke Dutra had put off in the dory and was pulling himself around the outside of the net with a gaff and loosening ropes to allow the net to come up easier.

Mort put the small winch on the front of the cabin into gear. A section of the net came out of the water and the whole crew, with George directing from the side of the cabin, began to haul in the net, paying out the wet slack under the taut mesh they hauled out of water, confining any fish that might be in the trap to a narrowing area. It was difficult work with the long swell tossing the boat, the net heavy and George Alves harrying them. Slowly the net came up and they saw there were few fish in it, perhaps a barrel each of mackerel and squid and a few whiting and butterfish. A goosefish, squat and gross, floated by and a steely shadow flashed once in the dark water.

"Albacore!" John Dutra called and reached for a small gaff. The others pulled up more net, narrowing the area the fish were in, and the dark blue shadow of the albacore, a small tuna, moved with a feverish swiftness as it met the mesh wherever it turned. John Dutra paused as a swell raised the boat, then reached swiftly in good timing and gaffed the fish an inch behind the gills. He had aimed for the head, but the swell had thrown him off. It was a small tuna, about sixty pounds, and John handled it alone, dragging it over the side and throwing it in the bottom of the boat. They ladled out the rest of the disappointing catch with a huge dipnet and moved on to the next trap.

There were two good-sized tuna in the second trap, a three-hundred-pounder and one over five hundred. With the rough sea it was difficult to gaff them and they could not draw the net too tight or the big fish, in their struggles, might tear a taut net. George himself finally put a gaff into the big one and after Mort and Zeke put two more into it, they dragged it

Continued on page 140

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The Shark and the Yankee

Continued from pages 74-139

alongside, where Louis Silva killed it with a steel maul before they pulled it over the side.

Mort Humphries began to feel his lack of sleep. His arms and legs ached slightly at the joints and when he tried to gaff the smaller tuna, he missed the fish completely the first time and succeeded only in raking it the second time, causing it to dash furiously about the trap.

"Some fisherman, all right," George Alves mocked him. "You should work in a grocery store. Get away from there." George gaffed the fish perfectly the first time he tried for it. They moved on to the third and last trap.

This trap was protected less by the point than the others and there was a cross-chop as well as the swell to contend with. Fog blew in bands, now light, now thick. George Alves cursed as he saw a fin cut the water. A shark in the trap was always a nuisance. Louis Silva stopped humming. Although they had cut the throats of many sharks, the cold deadness of a shark's eyes and the leisurely malignance of its movements always made them uneasy.

It was a 15-footer and they tried gaffing it before pulling the net up even a little, but that left too much room in the trap and the shark, after being once stung by the gaff, moved in uneasy circles around but clear of the boat. Huge, uneasy shadows moved in the water, swifter but more nervous than the shark and the men knew that the trap was full of tuna, but the shark was making the tuna uneasy and they might find the small opening in the trap if they were not taken soon.

"Get the net up!" George Alves shouted. "Dry those feesh up! Get 'em up!"

They started to pull the net up and the shark made an aimless rush for the boat, bumping it. The shock caused them to drop the net and while the men began to haul on it again, the shark turned and rushed past the boat, cigar-shaped and faint red-purple in that water and that light, where the tuna were deep blue and rounded.

He would show old George, Mort Humphries thought. Seizing the longest gaff, he struck at the shark. Mort leaned to do this and as he did so a long swell caught the boat, throwing Mort clear, the gaff flying awkwardly into the water. So that Mort Humphries was alone in a forty-foot deepfish-trap with a shark.

Confusion ran through the boat like a wind. John Dutra dashed wildly toward the stern, but could not have told why he did so. Louis Silva stretched his arms wide and looked Heavenward, half yelling unintelligible Portuguese phrases. Zeke Dutra reached for a gaff, cursing as he recognized the longest one in the water.

The splash had sent the shark to the edge of the trap. George Alves saw Mort's face, dirty where it had been tanned, but not afraid, only terribly drawn. The wave had carried the boat away and there were twenty feet of open water between Mort and the boat. Mort struck for the boat, swimming awkwardly in his heavy rubber clothes. The shark narrowed its circle, as though for the first time seeing the man in the water, and cut between him and the boat. The shark moved without hurry and, except for this maneuver, with apparent aimlessness. Mort stopped swimming. He did not feel the cold water. The shark went around him at a distance but did not attack or roll over. Mort turned in the water, watching the fish, not daring to take his eyes from it to swim.

"Coom on! Coom on!" George Alves yelled and beckoned with an arm. Mort shook his head, turning, watching the fin. He had no desire to speak and was not sure that he could. He did not see the poles or net of the trap and he did not feel the water. He saw only the circling fin and felt more than saw the presence of the boat. Seeing George's face for an instant and as in a dream, he saw from the look on it that George, too, had realized how vain his own words were.

The boat tossed aimlessly on the water and idly the winch turned in the cabin's side.

Slowly, almost leisurely, the shark rolled onto its back and approached Mort. The man's face twisted and in a firm reflex action he lashed out as best he could with his heavy boots, hoping to strike the shark on its sensitive nose. He did manage to kick it glancingly near the eye and the fish turned and began its circling again. John Dutra tried to pull the boat close enough to man and fish for Zeke Dutra to use a gaff. The shark circled closer again and Zeke struck with the gaff. But the distance was too great and he came closer to Mort than he did to the shark.

Too sick and excited to curse, George Alves stood with a gaff in his hand on the cabin roof. This gaff had a sharp point as well as a hook on its end. George shouted to Mort but never knew what it was he said. Still Mort turned in the water, watching the shark and not daring to swim. The fin disappeared but Mort watched the great, pointed, tubular body moving just under the surface. He did

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not fear the great tuna whom he could not see. They had tiny teeth and were truly more fearful than the shark. Mort waited for the one thing that could bring terror to him—the disappearance of the shark into the water beneath him where its approach might not be seen until it was too late. While it circled, Mort could turn with it and lash out at it, however feebly, if it approached. But if the shark disappeared it might well be the end for Mort. Why doesn't the old fool gaff the shark? Mort thought, his sense of distance warped for the time; and in his own desperation wondered if George Alves could be delaying purposely . . .

The shark disappeared. For the first time, terror, unrelieved by any other emotion, rushed over Mort and blindly he put his head in the water and began to swim toward the boat.

The Dutras went to the gunwale to help him aboard and Louis Silva grabbed the corner of net John Dutra had let go. George Alves stood, balancing himself on the low cabin roof, the long gaff in his hands, some part of him remembering a farther time when he had harpooned marlin swordfish, wishing he had only had a harpoon aboard this day. Some part of him, too, admired Mort Humphries. Once he had seen a man caught as Mort was, go mad.

Mort neared the boat. Behind and underneath him, rose a long white shadow, the belly of the shark, turned up for the kill. Mort sensed rather than saw his danger and turned on his back as he was within almost reaching distance of the boat. The Dutras reached for him, but a wave raised the boat and they could not quite reach Mort. Mort saw the long, pale shadow in the water and kicked, but terror had tightened his muscles and his movements appeared to him to be ponderous and unsure. All things seemed to have taken on the quality of the water and were shadowy and fluctuant to him. He was weak, much weaker than he had known. . . . In the dull light, something flashed once over his head and there was a swirl of water at his feet while desperate hands grabbed one of his arms.

George Alves, balancing on the edge of the cabin, had risked everything on one harpoon-like blow of the gaff at the belly of the shark. If he missed, Mort might die and George himself would be in the water. He was way off balance, he was falling into the water. . . . His forward and downward movement was arrested. For an instant, frozen still, George Alves leaned way out over the water, supported by a gaff whose point was fastened hard in the white belly of a shark. Then, Zeke Dutra had pulled Mort halfway over the gunwale and George, recovering his balance slowly, leaned on the gaff, driving the point into the fish until both point and hook were hidden.

The shark lashed the water into a bloody foam and George, still holding the gaff, jumped to the deck so that he might not be pulled overboard. John Dutra sunk a second gaff into the fish and Zeke a third. They dragged it to the side of the boat and Zeke levered with his gaff on the gunwale so that the long, pointed head came out of water. Louis Silva reached for a knife.

"Geeve me the knife," George said. "I keel this goddam shark."

George cut the shark's throat—you can hit a shark on the head all day with a maul and only excite it—and they laid the great body across the bow.

The others turned to Mort to see if he were all right, which he was, only still pale and weak. "Hey," George yelled to them; "what you theenk this is, a clam bake? Dry those feesh up! Get those tuna!"

Cold-hearted old devil, Mort thought; I might as well be dead for all he cares. He probably wouldn't have saved me except to prevent the company's losing money.

There were six good-sized tuna in the trap and Mort was able to help with the last three. Turning the boat toward the bay again, George spoke to Mort for the first time since the accident. "Close wan, huh, keed?" He felt surprisingly good toward Mort.

Startled, Mort nodded. "Thanks," he said, embarrassed, and turned away. As he turned away, John Dutra began to laugh and point at him. A gaff had caught a leg of Mort's pants in the water and laid it open from waist to knee, so that as Mort moved, his thigh and a good share of his rump were exposed.

George and the others began to laugh, too, and between the torn pants and the tuna they were happy. Only Mort remained unhappy. He saw no reason to alter his plan to leave town. His own clumsiness had gotten him into a mess and George had gotten him out of it. It would not make George any more bearable or make the old man like him any better, Mort thought.

There were many tuna. Eight good-sized ones and some albacore. Over three thousand pounds. That made up for the lack of squid and mackerel. If his own boat had gotten few small fish, George Alves reasoned, then so had Al Lima's, and in the outside traps where Lima had fished, tuna rarely came. What money Al Lima and his men would make that day would be made on George Alves' tuna.

George wondered what they would have to say about an old man now. For a time, at least, they would be quiet. The shark and the tuna would make them quiet. A half-mile away he saw Al Lima's boat, riding high and light and empty in the water. It was just as George had thought: Al had no fish. George Alves allowed himself to grin.

"Hey, keed," he said, turning to Mort Humphries, "you want to come down to house to supper tonight?" #

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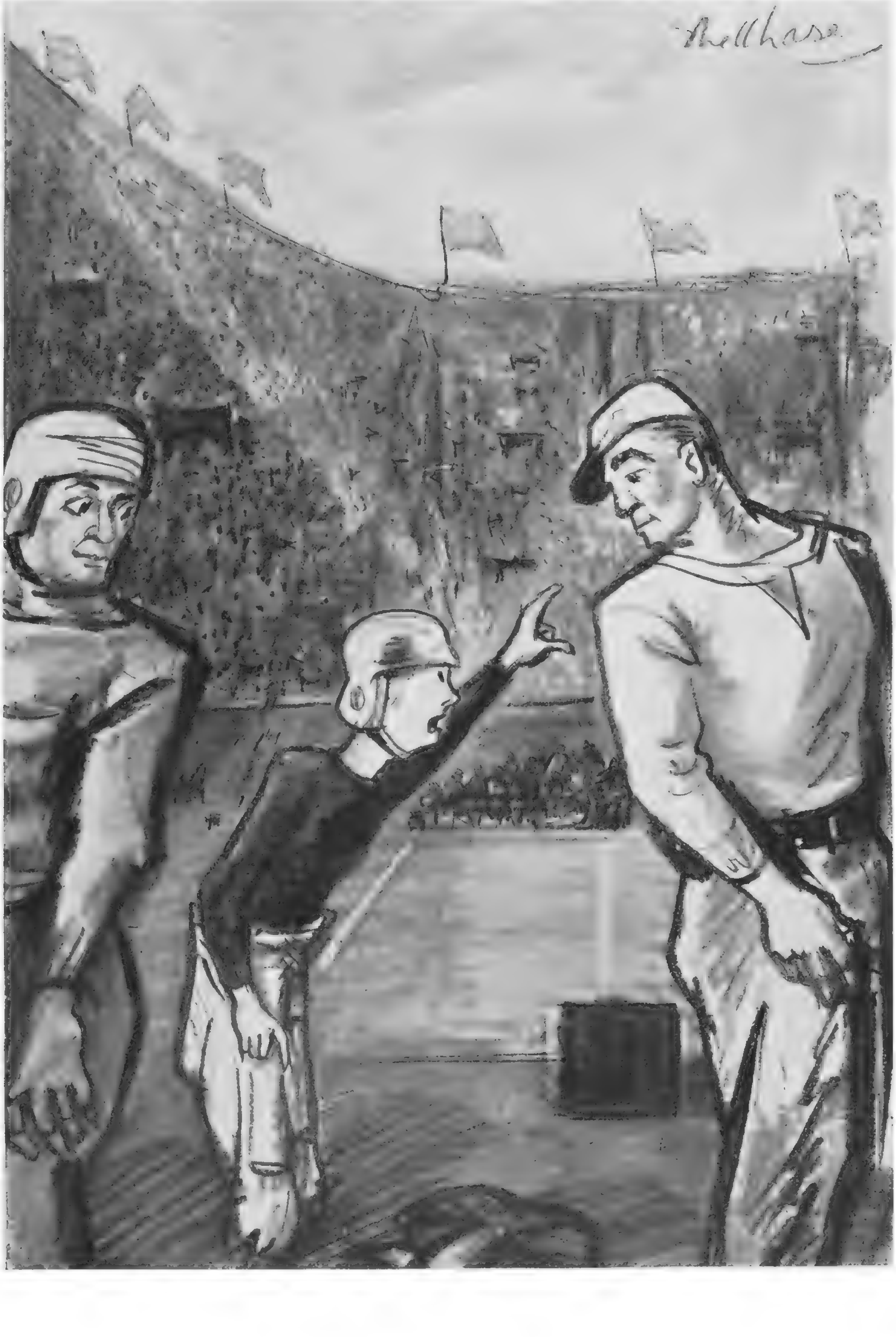

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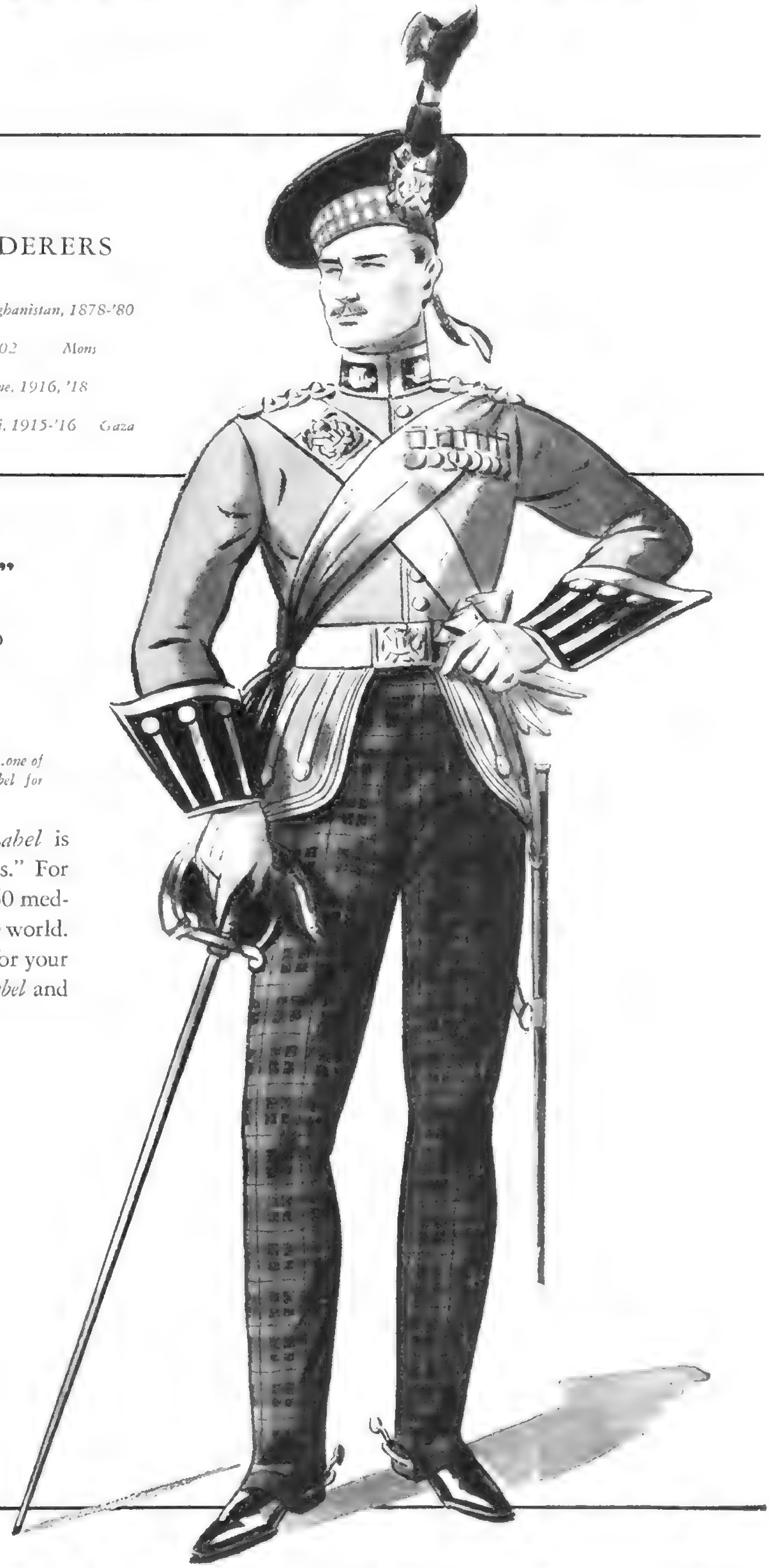

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Gravy on the Gridiron

Continued from page 83

bookies blink as they consider the expert and impeachable character of the touts in this new branch of the wagering trade. Touting is the comparatively new phase of football coaching. It rooted from the newspaper promotion tie-ups with football; the syndicated comments by coaches, the newspaper guessing contests and the coaches' ghosted and genuine essays.

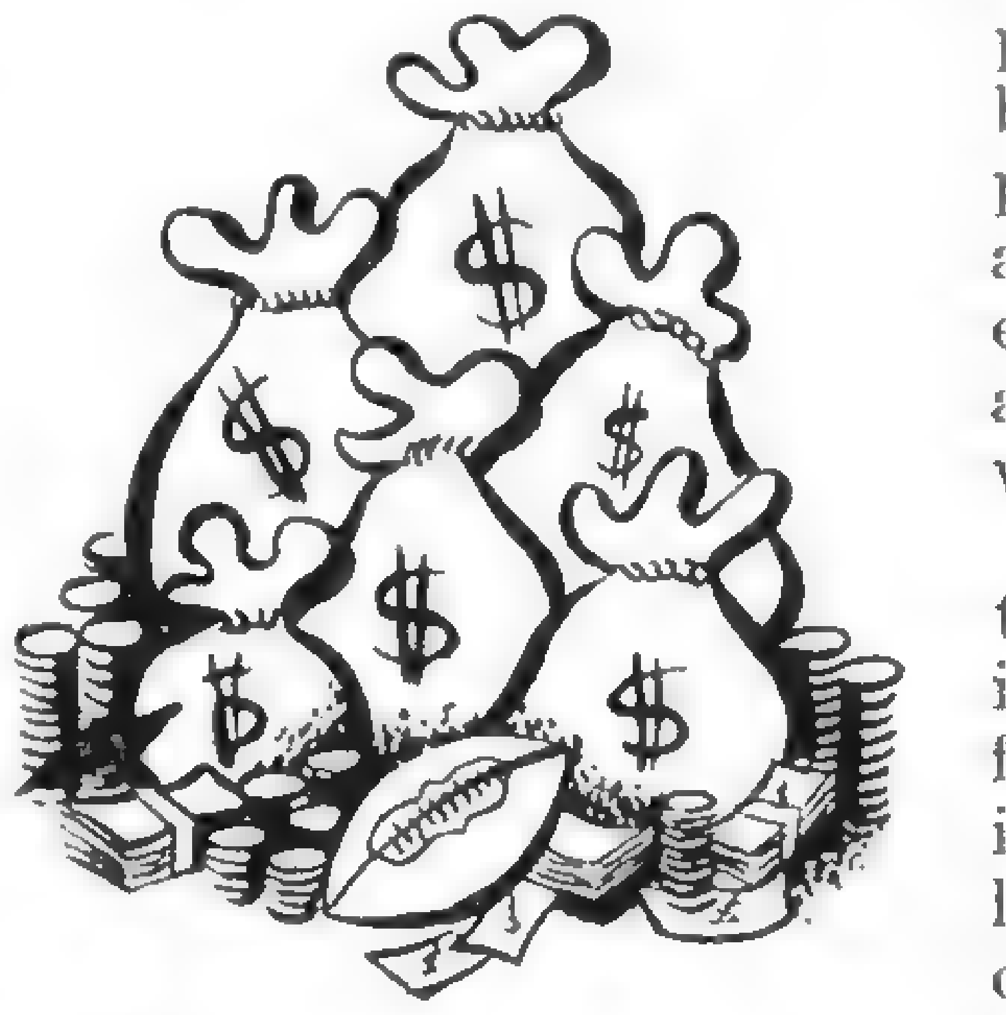
The tremendous growth in football gambling during the last two years has been somewhat disconcerting to coaches whose newspaper and radio selections now may classify the college character-builders as football's equivalent of the race tracks' self-appointed handicappers, railbirds and feed-bag informants.

Sad to relate, the record on coaches' printed choices of winners during the past few years is not something to arouse any wide public endorsement of "the higher learning." For some reason coaches who have named choices in their football columns haven't had much luck in picking. By newspaper sports departments where form sheets on the Saturday games are prepared by those individuals who now have a brisk business in private dope sheets, such gentlemen as Alexander, Layden, Jones, Warner, Phelan, Kerr, Thomas, Morrison and Dorais are rated as excellent football coaches, but as football touts on the basis of past printed performance, only so-so. It is just as well, of course, for those estimable coaches that the public and the professional gamblers have slight regard for the coaches as pickers.

Even if the coaches whose selections are printed and broadcast were good pickers, it would be unnecessary for the professional gamblers to make use of them.

The way the odds set against the public and the extent to which the football parlays take the big part of the play requires no attention to any "expert" dope.

It is estimated by gambling authorities that more people will bet on football during the Autumn of 1937 than will bet on horse racing during the entire year. This estimate is surprising, especially because football contests are played only one day of the week. Horse racing will continue to have a lead in volume of money wagered per year, but for how long the gambling experts won't guess. They point out that the football pools in Great Britain now handle a volume of betting far exceeding the sum annually wagered on horse racing by residents of that island.



Football bookmakers are reluctant to forecast any part of the future of this new and gigantic business. They only hope it will continue the way it is now, on a safe, sane and sound basis for the bookie. Being untutored in football and wary, the football bookies came into the business on the principle of making, but not banking, the book. They will give you the shirt off your back; that's how generously and discreetly they operate.

Each season the odds and ends boys adhere more closely to posting odds in such a way that players put up all the money. The book's cut is taken out of the middle. A 4 to 5 "Take Your Choice" bet is the customary listing of a dead even game. On such a basis, if the betting is even on both teams, the bookmaker is collecting one out of every ten dollars wagered. Some of the less philanthrophic gentlemen have even been known to post 3 to 5 "Pick 'em" lines thereby upping the book's slice of profits.

For games in which one team is a slight favorite the odds are usually three to five on the favorite and six to five on the short ender. Perhaps for the benefit of those who never have handed a currency across the counter to a bookmaker a bit of an explanation is in order. The first half of any odds posted are invariably what the bookmaker will pay if wrong. The second number is what you must put up to win the amount offered. As an illustration:

Last fall Baylor was a 3 to 5 choice over Rice, with Rice quoted at 6 to 5. That meant that a five-spot risked on Baylor brought $3.00 home to the happy investor. On the other hand, the bookmaker stood to pay out $6.00 for every fiver had Rice won. Once more it can be seen that the old formula of putting up $9.00 by the "house" must be matched by $10.00 from the pockets of the customers. Try to figure out how a bookie can lose much at that rate unless the players concentrate on one team. When that happens a smart bookie always posts odds that are attractive enough to encourage betting on the wall-flower team.

If you, the trusting one, walk into a book this fall you will bump into approximately the following odds, but unless your money is down in small chunks the bookie, who is comparatively new to football betting, may "up the ante" on the remote assumption that you know something which he does not:

4 to 5—Pick 'em. This should be a dead even game with coaches and other "experts" who write for the papers divided as to its outcome.

3 to 5 or 6 to 5. Odds change most frequently in this bracket since upsets occur with great regularity in games this close. 6 to 5 is a natural for hunch betters.

2 to 5 or 7 to 5. The favorite is played here because the small return on the underdog does not justify taking chances.

1 to 2 or 8 to 5 and 1 to 2 or—9 to 5. A good bet either way on money placed early in the week since such odds are usually posted in order for the book to get some action. These odds at week's end are seldom good.

1 to 3 or 9 to 5. Here is a spot where the bookmaker does not want action on the favorite, since that team almost always wins.

1 to 4 or 2½ to 1 or out to 2½ to 1. When an underdog team pays 2½ to 1, the chances are that there will be a few pay-outs. Bookmakers sometimes discourage such bets on the favorite by taking them one way only. Out to 2½ to 1 means just that.

1 to 5 or 3 to 1 and 1 to 6 or 4 to 1. This usually means that anything bet on the favorite is good money sent after small change and money bet on the underdog is riding on a hopeless team. Yet players should not be too discouraged since most teams facing Minnesota last season, including Northwestern, had those odds posted on them.

Out to 5 to 1 up to 15 to 1. Bets paying more than 4 to 1 are invariably one-way wagers. The favorite almost always wins and the payoff is not worth the risk.

There are about 500 college teams playing football but only approximately 100 with which the professional gamblers concern themselves. On these 100 outfits the gambling czars seem to be able to get information with bewildering speed and accuracy, occasionally, last year having news of players' injuries before the players' own coaches were aware of the seriousness of the boys' condition. Tipsters and scouts are forming a part of football's professionalized gambling organization.

No one ever has explained satisfactorily the hysteria of college football's vicarious alumni, but it is from this class that much information has been supplied to the professional gamblers. It's a performance somewhat similar to the volunteer work done by those who tip off newspaper gossip columnists. The eagerness of the pseudo-collegians to be identified as campus insiders apparently makes them unable to resist the temptation to mouth some close-ups. This baffling hysteria also plays an important part in running up the total of betting.

Football attendance figures, newspaper space and the degree to which radio time on autumn Saturday afternoons is given over to football, plainly indicate that the football public thus developed outnumbers the roster of any other sport, with the possible exception of a heavyweight title fight. The size of the interested public and the numerous ways of football betting combine to build the huge commerce in the game's wagering.

Back in the early twenties about the only manner of gambling on football was the sentiment or "old grad support" wager. This, as the description indicates, was the simple method of risking a bet on the ability of your college team to whip an eleven backed financially to the same tune by its partisan. Odds were neither asked nor given. Point bets were unknown. Football pools later gained a hold. The parlay followed. In the innocent dawn of football gambling you bet your money and waited for the results. If your team threw you down one season you usually nailed the successful gambler at the payoff with a repeat bet for the next season.

As much money as ever is annually bet on a sentimental basis, but whereas it once was done as the only way, it now is considered a poor fifth in popularity.

Probably not more than $10,000,000 a season changes hands via the heart-tie method, the majority of it bet during ostensible business visits and at parties which bring together alumni of rival institutions.

Point betting began to climb to popularity in the mid-twenties or about the time a believing public started on a course of education via newspaper grid experts, including by-lining coaches, who attempted to pick grid results and the margins of expected victories. Those who usually had a five riding with their team commenced to insist that they be given a run for their money by having some points on their side. "I'll take Army and six points!" became a familiar opening among the more cautious.

This precautionary form is still popular with the asker but the forward pass or wide open game has restricted its growth. The year 1940 should see point betting at an all time low as upsets are becoming more frequent each season and no one likes to give away a handful of counters only to have the underdog team win by twice as many. To show you:

Washington was a 6 to 13 point favorite over Pittsburgh at Pasadena last New Year's Day yet the Panthers won by 20 points to the great embarrassment of all who gave points and the vocal amusement of those who asked.

Shortly after points became popular football pools took the country by storm. They represent the procedure through which fifteen million people each week of the fall season express their football convictions. Cost to participants varies from a dime to a dollar, with last season's total counting up to about $50,000,000.

It is difficult to estimate closely the amount of money handled by bookmakers engaging in football gambling, but basing estimates on the assumption that makers of racing books have found a valuable and paying side line to their regular business and that they handle well over a billion dollars

Continued on page 146

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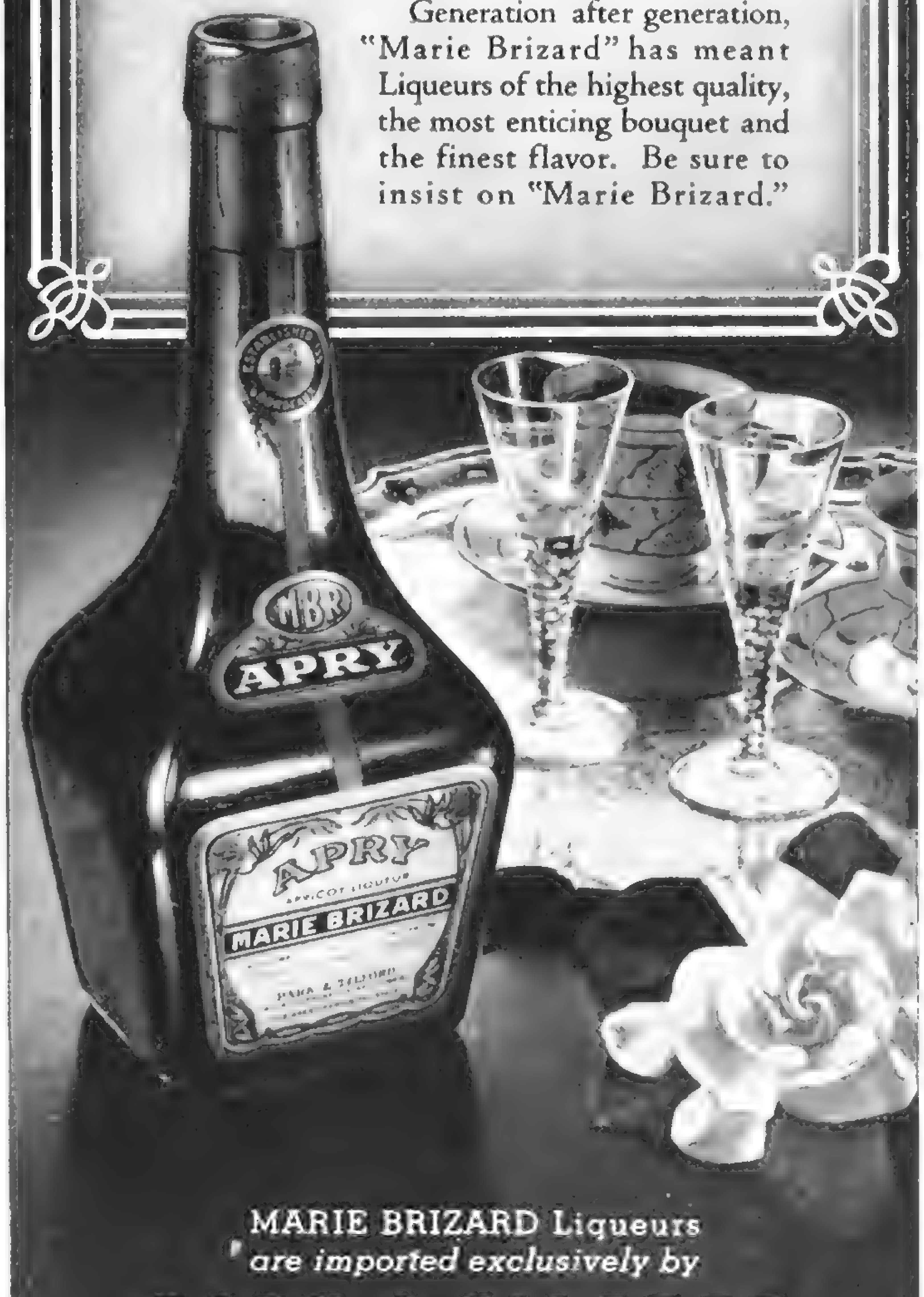

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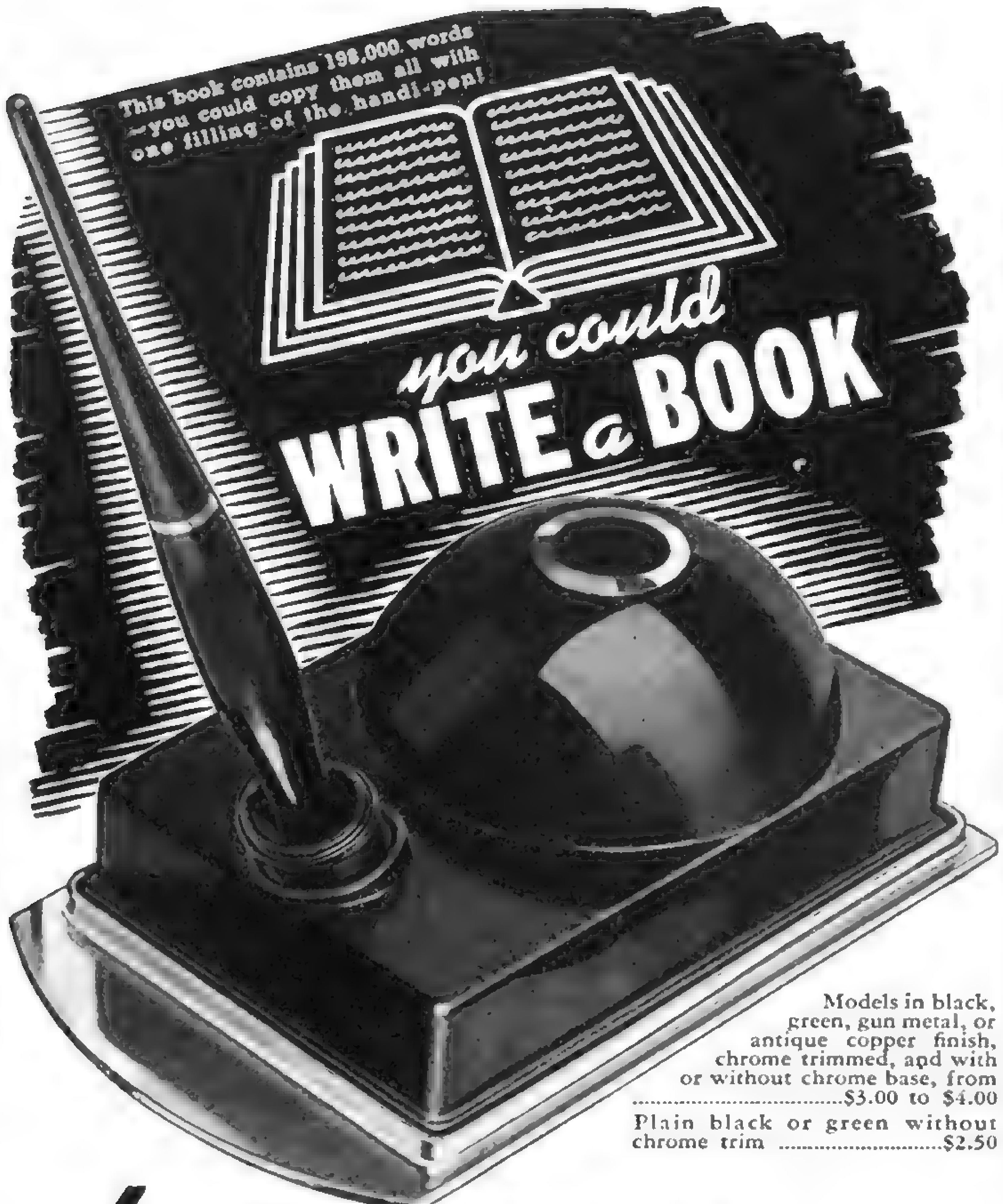
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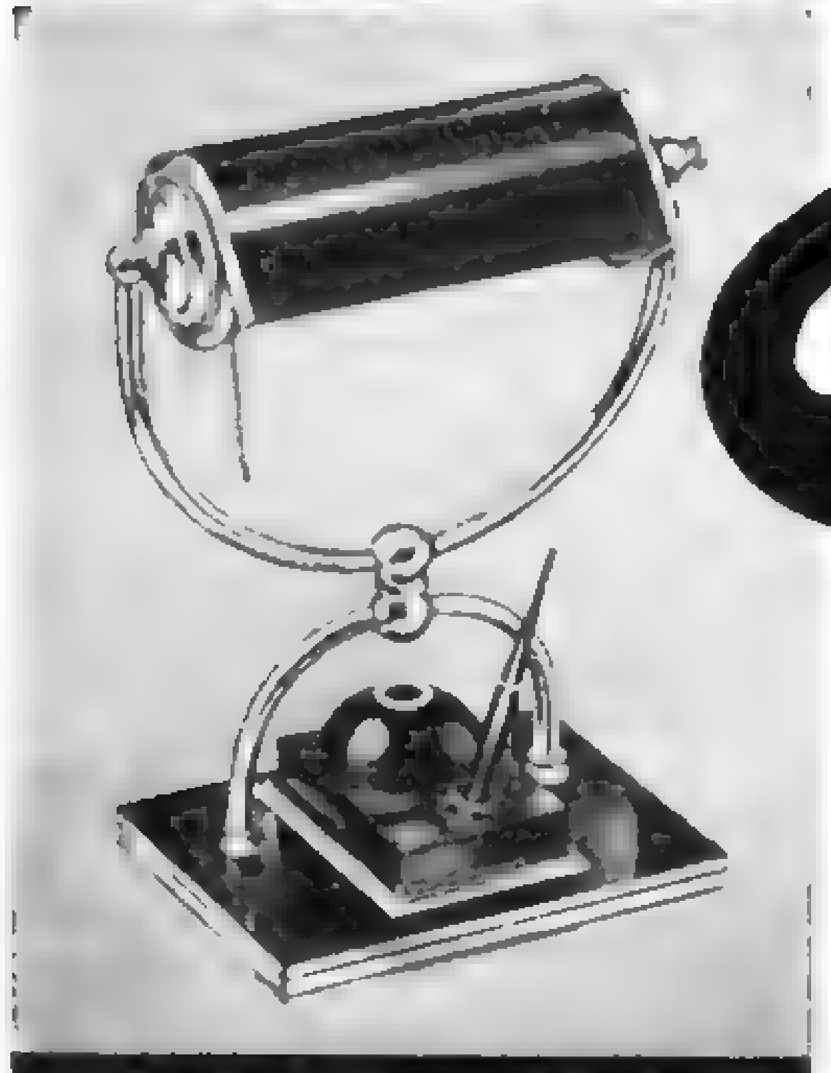

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Gravy on the Gridiron

Continued from pages 83-145

annually on the horses, a warranted conclusion is that more than $75,000,000 changes ownership over football via "books." At that such a sum would account for only 7½ per cent of their regular "handle."

Having disposed of sentiment, point, pool and odds betting, which are rapidly becoming the scrub team operations in gambling on grid results, we arrive at its Big Business phase—the football parlay! This is America's newest and most delirious gambling craze, a racket that in the last two years has grown to impressive dimensions.

The numbers racket exacts a gigantic "take" throughout the nation, lottery causes concern to law makers and law enforcers, but each has its drawbacks to the operators. The football parlay, however, is a gambling device for extracting easy money which apparently has no flaws. Logical, easy to explain, no need to defend from suspicion of crookedness, publicized and encouraged innocently by those who would condemn it, the football parlay is stronger than a 20-point lead with a minute to play.

Here is how the parlay works: A list, usually on a card, is shown the prospective player advising him that by correctly naming three winners out of eight to ten football games he will receive his quarter (or a dollar or five) back with four more to keep it company. Eight to ten games being listed, the proposition looks easy to the novice until he is made to realize that three and only three winners must be picked on such a basis; that one mistake, just one, means he is separated from his quarter. He reads on and learns that by picking four games correctly he can win six quarters instead of four, five gets him nine, six collects 15, seven takes in an even 30, eight nets 50, and ten makes it an even 100 in the clear. So he shoots two bits on the deal, deciding he might as well try that five-game parlay which pays nine to one.

The rest of the story is routine. The parlay player misses on one or not more than two games and credits the loss to lack of thought in his selections. Next week he plays a dollar. By the end of the season he is playing from one to five dollars on the entire card, always losing out by a game or two and never quite tumbling to the fact that it rarely can be done! Here's how—or why:

All of those eight or ten games are as even as expert selections can insure. Those who follow football as a business know that at least one out of every four fairly close games results in a mild upset but the question before such games are played is, which game will produce the generally unexpected? Reduced to fundamentals, which is the thing all football coaches love to talk about, the odds on hitting four games on the nose plainly are four to one. After that the real odds climb much faster in fact than they do on a parlay card. Actual odds for hitting exactly eight out of eight games are nearer 300 to one than to the 50 to one paid by the parlay layer. To name the winners of ten close ones the real odds should be 1000 to one—not 100 to one as paid. And if you are inclined to doubt, take a fling at it—free—next fall.

Football parlays are now booked in every community of 10,000 or more throughout the land. Conservatively estimated the parlay intake during 1936 was $100,000,000 for the ten-week football season. The total weekly wagering on football with professional gambling men, as you have seen the canny surmises of those who have handled a significantly large volume of the traffic, was beyond $22,500,000 each week of the season. The wiseys in the racket appraise the early season prospects for 1937 in confidence that the football betting boom is just getting under way.

Extensive intersectional schedules this year will contribute impetus to national spread of the commercialized betting on football. The betting experts base that opinion on the betting interest shown in the Catholic university teams with wide territorial programs, such as Notre Dame, Fordham, St. Mary's and Marquette. Betting money knows no religion but football schedules that encourage the amateur dopester to make out his own form sheet on comparative showings put money into circulation on the teams with frequent intersectional games.

Minnesota, Notre Dame, Pittsburgh, Georgia, Purdue and Southern Methodist attract the public's money more than the rest of the teams. The gamblers are chary of southern teams in conflict with Yankee outfits. The Dixie lads seem to get in a mood for replaying the Civil War, thus giving the gay gamboleers a burning such as the one the wagering businessmen suffered last year when a Georgia team reputed to be only mediocre held Fordham, an outstanding favorite, to a tie.

There are no ties on the entire season of football wagering, however. The professional gambling team carries a quarter billion dollars over the amateur bettors' goal line, and seldom is a restraining hand laid on the gambler in his gallop.

So, altogether, it's a great new game; this business of skinning the pigskin public. It's a pretty job of de-hiding the trusting ones and no one complains for football gambling is open, honest, respectably-sponsored work of trading the sucker for his money, a thrilling picture of the harvest moon on the silent stadium, a deep, invigorating free sniff of the autumn air and eventually a master's degree in boobology. ⵌ

Grippers get a big hand from GRID STARS

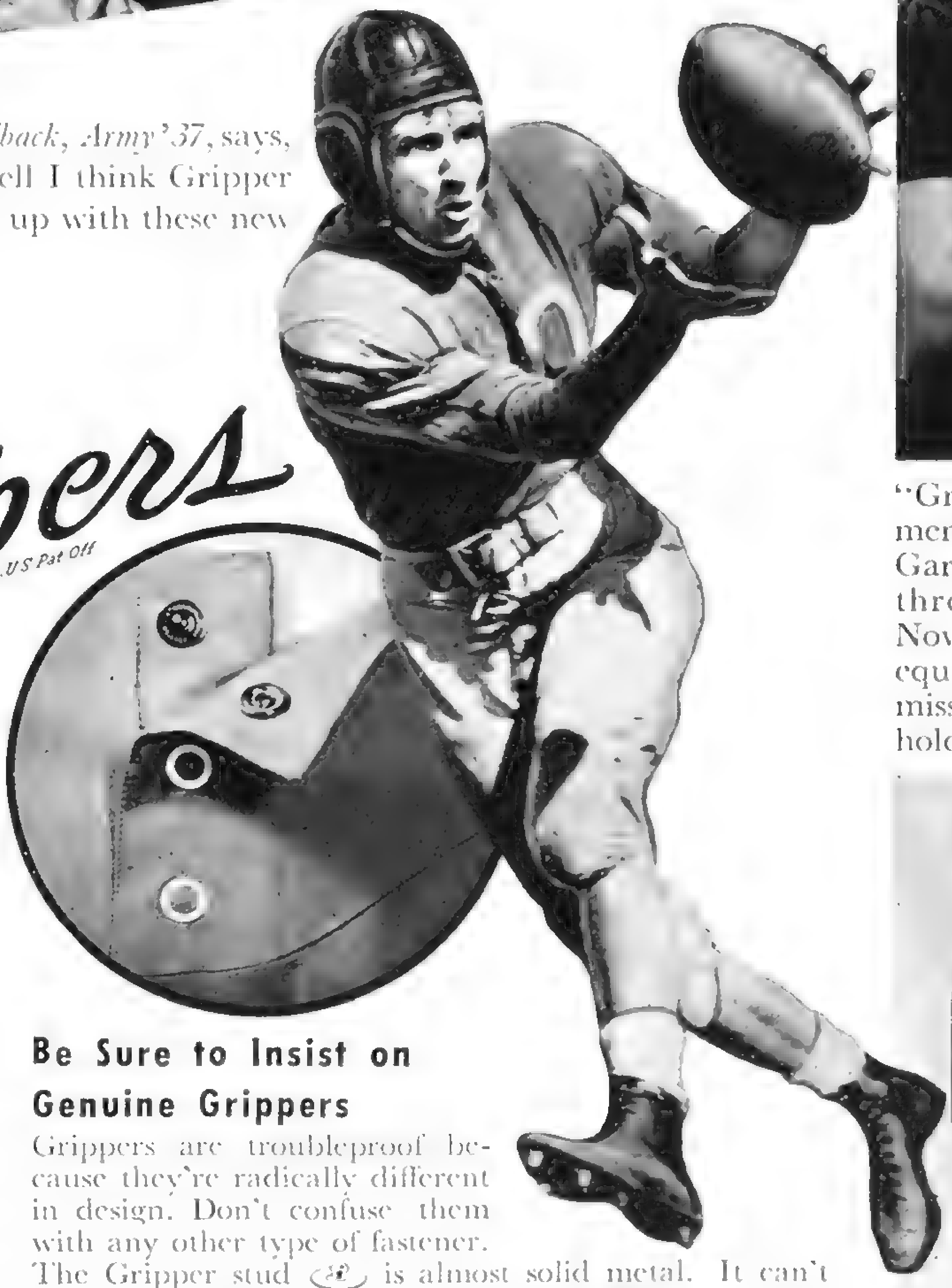
Sam Francis, *Nebraska's All-American Fullback,* talks things over with two of his All-Star Team-mates, Averell Daniell and Bobby LaRue, before their game with the Green Bay Packers. Sam says, "Grippers are the most practical improvement ever made in men's shorts. These new fasteners are much more reliable than buttons."

Monk Meyer (*right*), *All-Star Halfback, Army '37,* says, "You can tell the world how swell I think Gripper fasteners are! I'm going to team up with these new fasteners for life."

Praised by Housewives, too

"Gripper fasteners save me a lot of mending," says Mrs. Walter Ainsley of Gary, Ind. "Grippers always come through the laundry in fine shape. Now that Mr. Ainsley wears Gripper-equipped shorts, there aren't any more missing buttons to sew on or torn button holes to mend."

Copr. 1937, Scovill Mfg. Co



Buy shorts equipped with

Grippers

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

the laundry proof fastener ends all button troubles . . .
won't break . . . won't tear off

The wear and tear of laundering can't hurt Grippers. This new type of fastener developed especially for men's shorts won't break or smash down. Here, in part, is what the American Institute of Laundering reports, "After severe tests we find that Grippers operate perfectly after repeated washing and pressing—that they do not rust—that they place no undue stress on the garment that might tear fabric."

Approved by Good Housekeeping as advertised therein.

Be Sure to Insist on Genuine Grippers

Grippers are troubleproof because they're radically different in design. Don't confuse them with any other type of fastener. The Gripper stud is almost solid metal. It can't flatten down. The Gripper spring catch has a heavy guard that protects the flexible inner catch permanently. These features are patented. So be sure you get Genuine Grippers. The name is stamped plainly on each fastener.

GRIPPER FASTENERS

are now featured on nationally-known lines of shorts. Leading department and men's stores can supply you . . .

WILSON
NOBELT
SUPER SHORTS

Wilson Brothers
Chicago

ARROW
SANFORIZED
AROSNAP

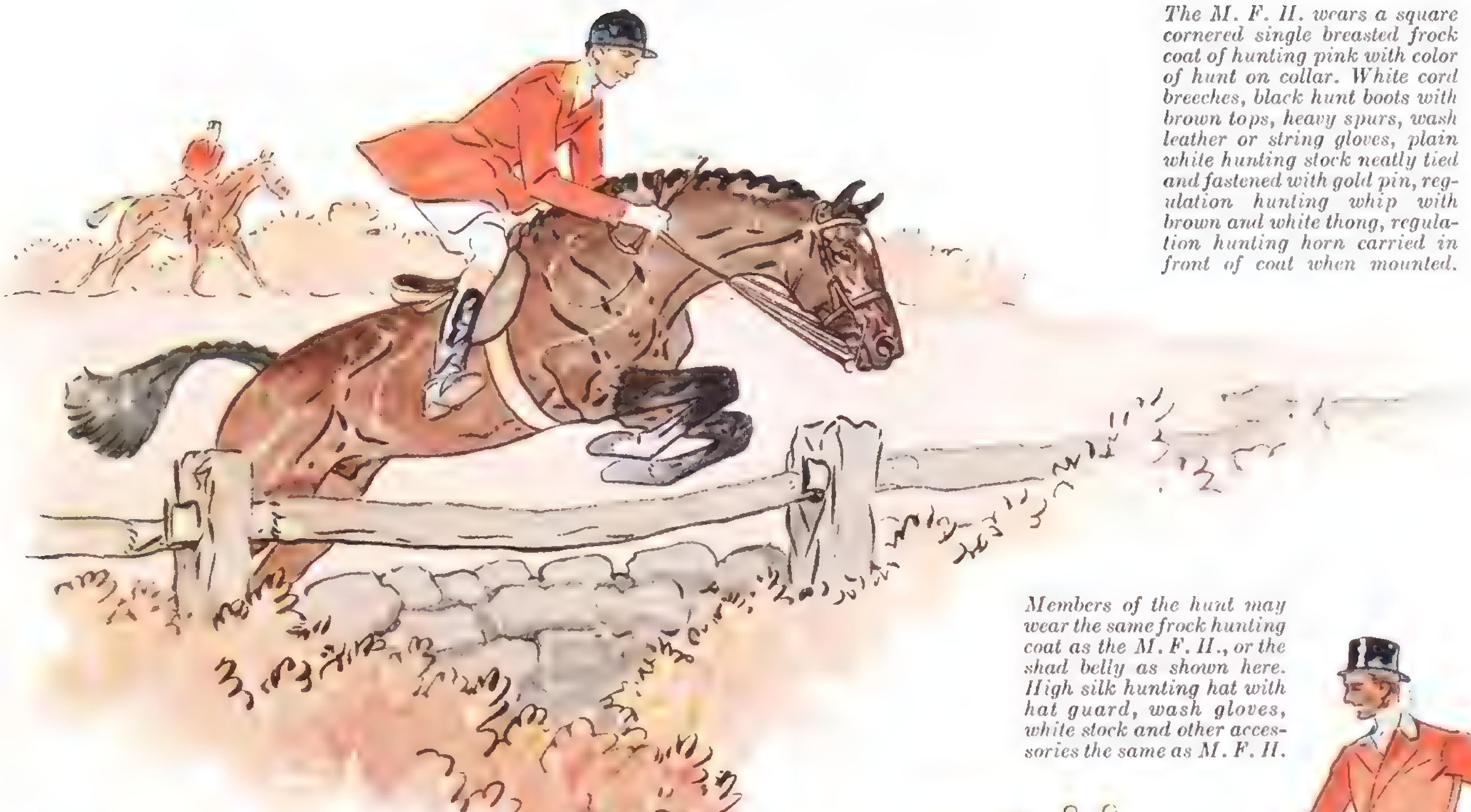
Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.
Troy, N. Y.

Allen-A

The Allen-A Company
Kenosha, Wis.

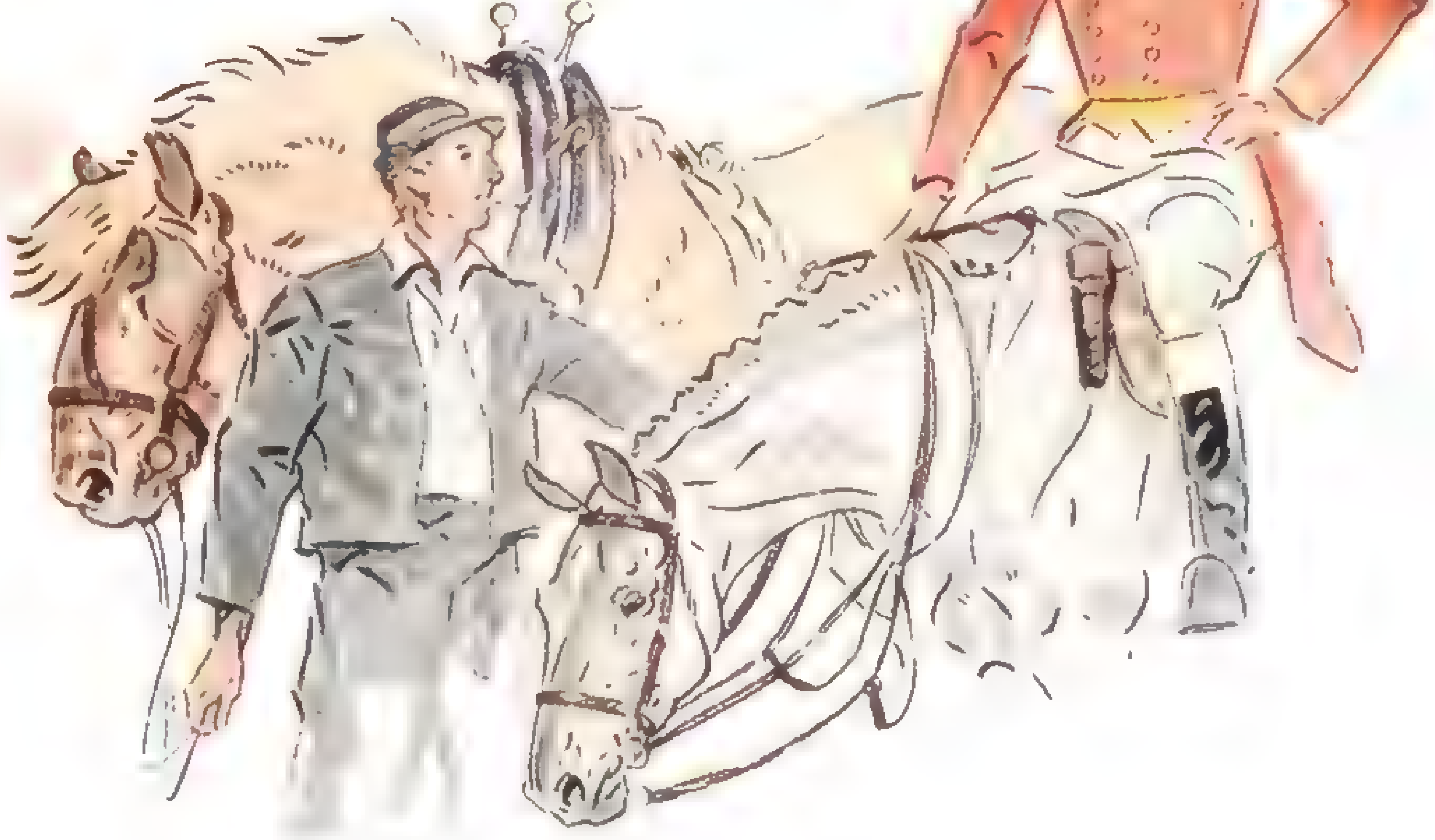
Also on Arrow Arosnap Shorts made by Cluett, Peabody & Co. of Canada, Ltd. . . . Lewis Shorts made by Lewis Shirts of Canada . . . and on High Life Shorts in Mexico.

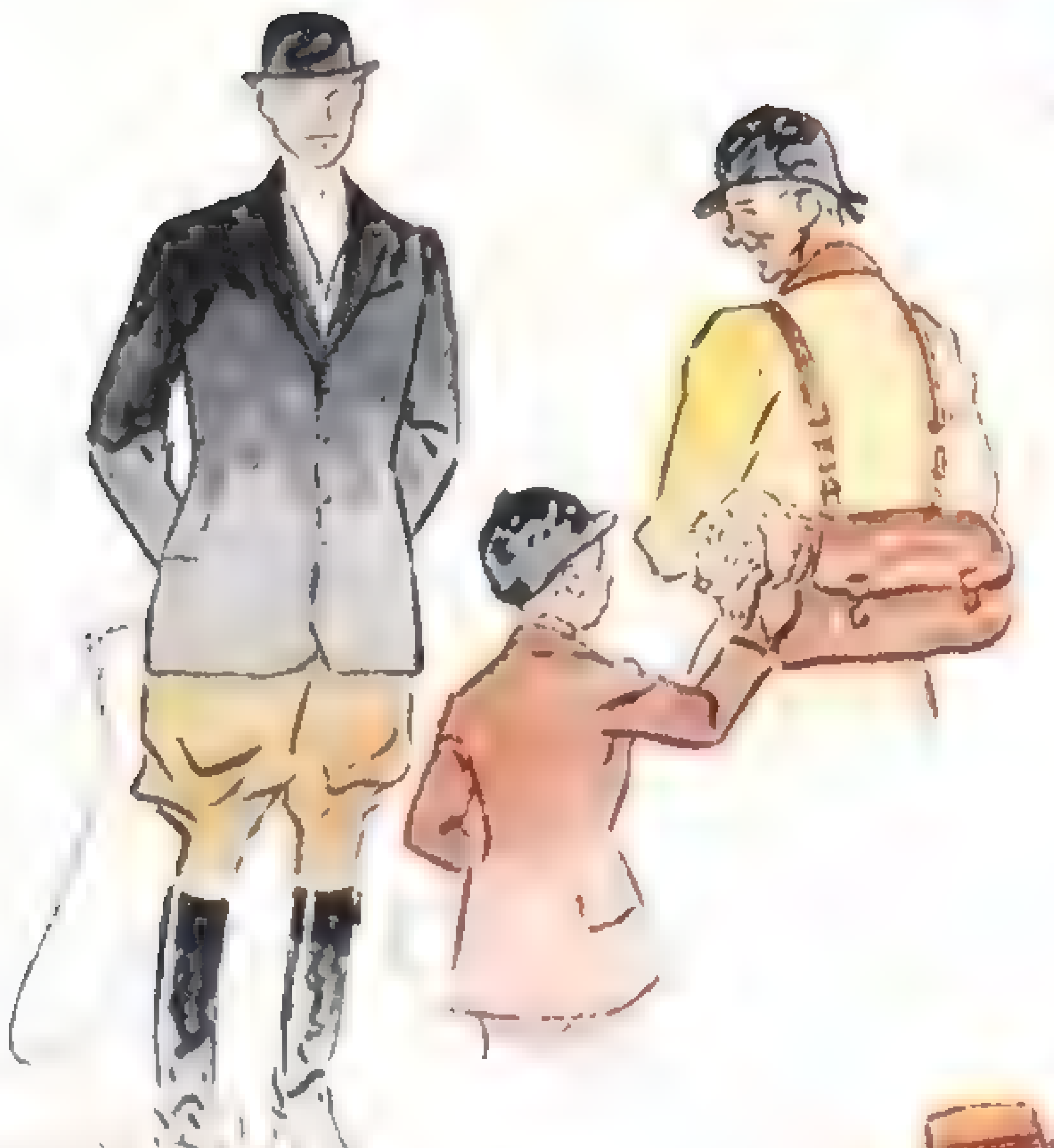
SCOVILL MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Button and Fastener Division • Waterbury, Connecticut



The M. F. H. wears a square cornered single breasted frock coat of hunting pink with color of hunt on collar. White cord breeches, black hunt boots with brown tops, heavy spurs, wash leather or string gloves, plain white hunting stock neatly tied and fastened with gold pin, regulation hunting whip with brown and white thong, regulation hunting horn carried in front of coat when mounted.

Members of the hunt may wear the same frock hunting coat as the M. F. H., or the shad belly as shown here. High silk hunting hat with hat guard, wash gloves, white stock and other accessories the same as M. F. H.

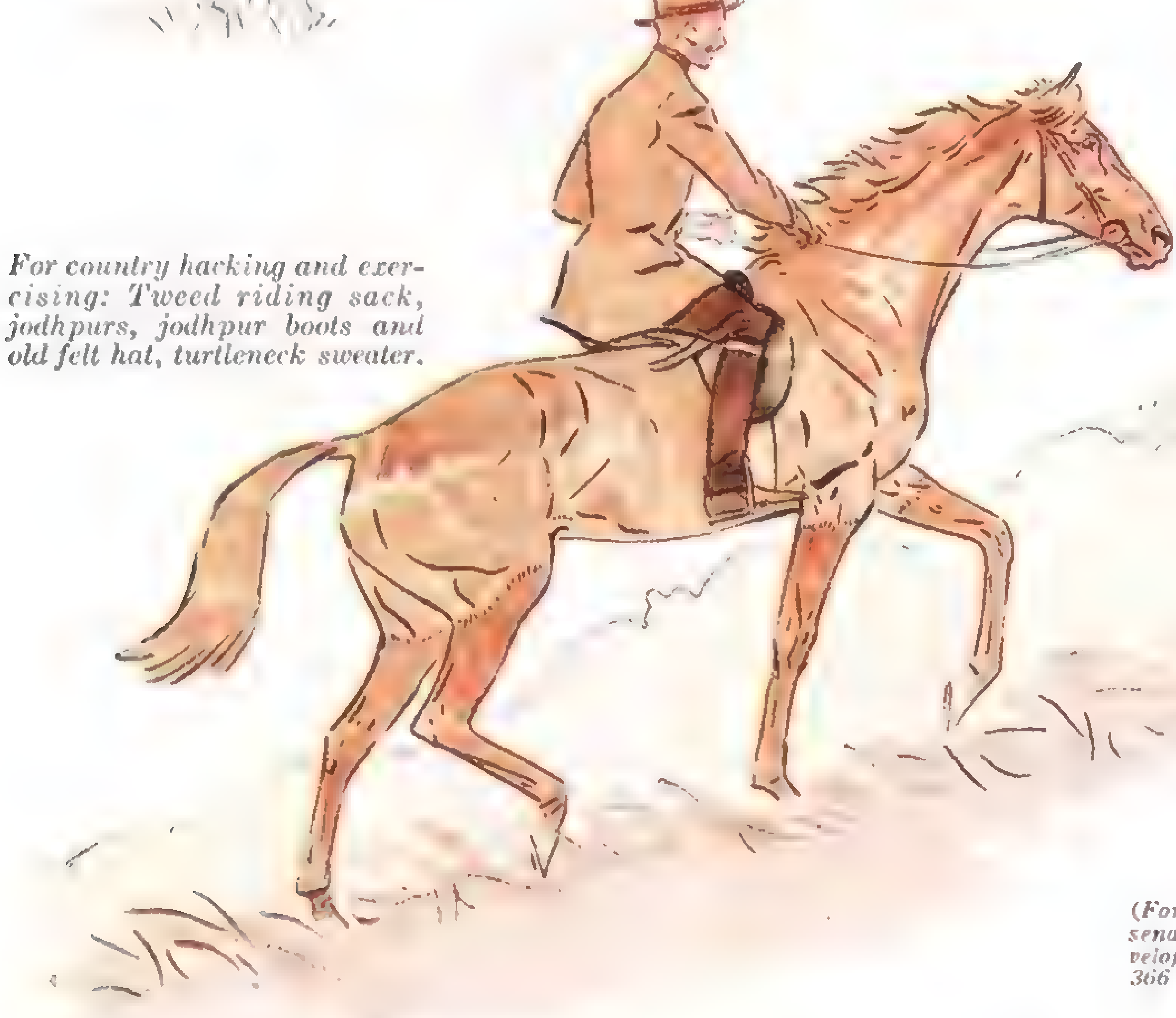


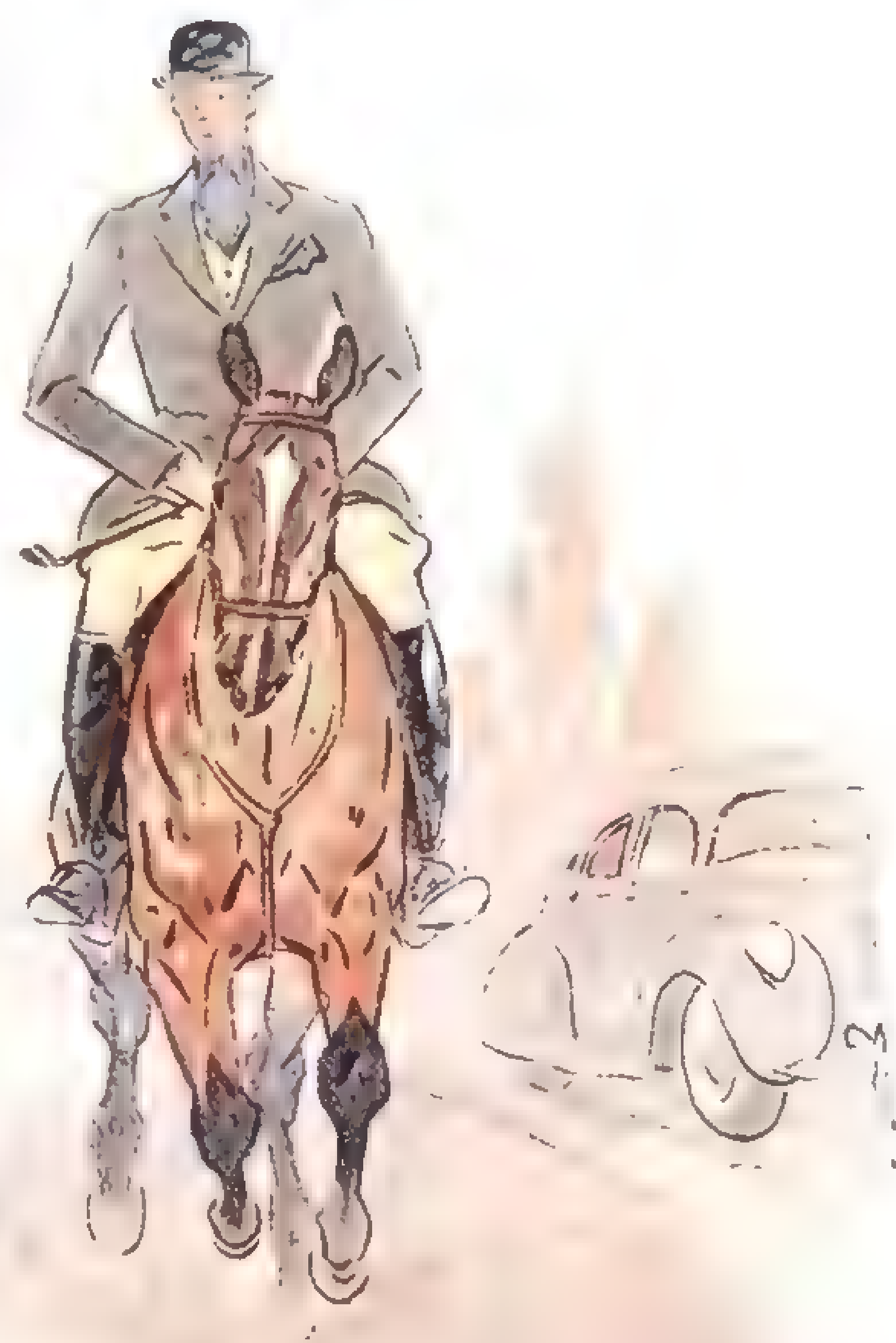


Hunting men not entitled to wear pink, wear black or oxford grey jackets with tan twill trousers. Black boots with black tops. Hunting bowler. White stock and Tattersall waistcoat.

Park riding: Whipcord riding coat, twill breeches, black boots, black bowler and a silk riding stock. Waistcoat is of flannel.

For country hacking and exercising: Tweed riding sack, jodhpurs, jodhpur boots and old felt hat, turtleneck sweater.





(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Avenue, N. Y.)

HUNTING, HACKING OR RIDING IN THE PARK

The Toughest Field Sport

Continued from page 100

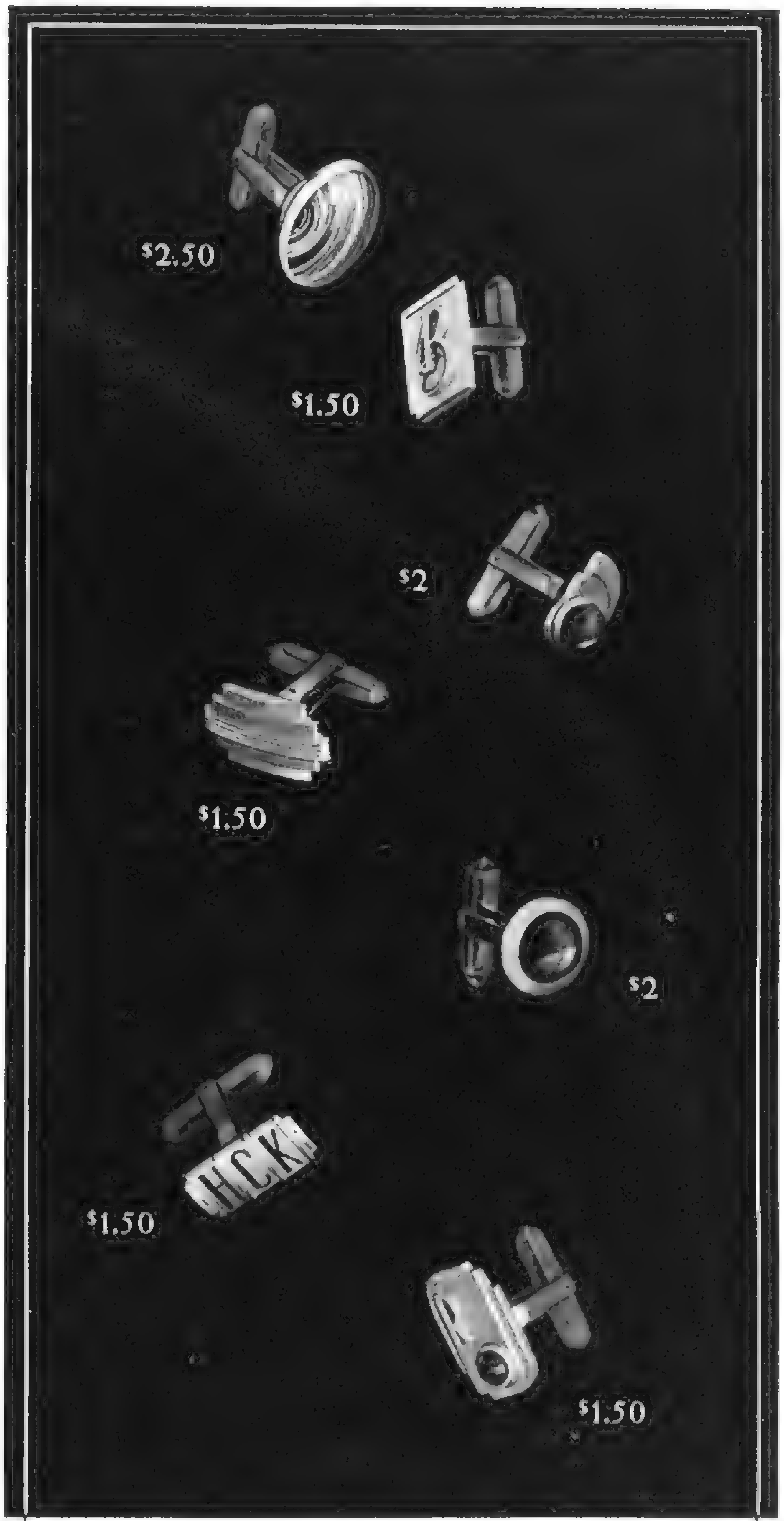
rifle and outfit and try a shortcut up over the cliffs, going as rapidly as possible so that you will be in sheep range in time to hunt. And then, instead of resting and bathing when you get to the top, you work along the skyline for three or four hours. Then if you're lucky and get your ram, you climb down that straight-up-and-down mile to your camp with a fifty-pound sheep head in addition to your outfit. Occasionally darkness catches you in the cliffs or a storm comes up. Sometimes when you have only a few precious minutes of light left you discover that you cannot possibly get down by the route that you have chosen. Then you have to "Siwash it"—spend the night shivering on some rocky ledge, afraid to gather more firewood for fear you'll fall in the darkness. As you sit there, cold, miserable, waiting for the dawn to come, you wonder why the hell you're a sheep hunter anyway. It will sound like foolish and unreasonable business and you swear you'll never go again. But when you get back to camp, drink your coffee, and eat your belated breakfast, you begin to speculate about another peak. There ought to be two or three big rams on it, you think, and the next day you invade the domain of the eagles once more.

The hunting instinct in civilized man is a paradoxical thing in that the civilized hunter likes to shoot most what he loves most. Ask any sportsman what animal he most likes to observe, to study, to protect, and you will also know what he most likes to kill. Curious, but true! Your real sheep hunter is always a sheep enthusiast—and with good reason. Wherever he is found anywhere in his whole great range the wild sheep is one of the most beautiful and gallant of animals. The extent of the territory he covers is a triumph of biological adaptability. The white sheep of Alaska ranges close to the Arctic Ocean, in a country that is for a great part of the year buried beneath tremendous drifts of snow, and where the thermometer often skates down to 50 and 60 below. But in the mountains of Sonora, Mexico, at the other end of North America's sheep country, the bighorns must contend with heat and drought rather than with cold. They have learned to do without open water and to depend on the sap of cactus instead. They have become highly migratory, learning to follow the spotty rains from mountain to mountain in that fiery desert. From the arctic circle to semi-tropical desert these American bighorns have learned to take their environment in their stride. Exactly the same contrast is found with the Ovis Poli, who live in Asia on the very backbone of the world, and the Barbary sheep of North Africa's hot, dry, Atlas Mountains.

Any of the world's bighorns will make the most daring and skillful human mountaineer look like a clumsy and fumbling creature. The white goat, the only rival of the bighorn in America, is a calm, deliberate beast, able to pull himself up almost like a monkey. But the sheep is a jumper and bounder. Bouncing from rock to rock, seeming barely to touch, a sheep can go down a steep mountainside in five minutes that a human mountaineer cannot negotiate in an hour. I once saw a big ram apparently hurl himself over a cliff a couple of hundred feet high when I came from below and surprised him in his bed. We saw each other about the same time. I had been pulling myself up the very steep side of a granite mountain hoping to hunt along the comb when I heard a movement and saw that great ram get up above me, look straight at me for an instant and jump. He was a beautiful thing poised there in that fragment of a second, his muscles taut with desperation, his great horns light against the gunmetal brown of his sleek hide. And then he was gone over the cliff. I scrambled to the top expecting, even though I knew sheep, to find his broken body lying on the talus slope below. But I did not see him—then. Finally it dawned on me that he had really got away. Making a long circuit, I got to the bottom of the cliff finally and found his long plunging tracks in the talus. Then I saw how he had done it. About fifteen feet below his bed there was a ledge not more than six inches wide; below it was another. By leaping from ledge to ledge, touching enough to check his fall, the gallant old ram had got to the bottom. No human being could have got down without a rope. I doubt if even a goat could have done it, yet it was in the day's work for that sheep.

Then as I watched and marveled, I happened to look up. There he was going up another cliff five hundred yards away, jumping from ledge to ledge, bold as a steeplejack, surer-footed than forty mules. At the very top he paused against the skyline and looked at me for fully five minutes. I put my glasses on him, saw the curve of his great horns against the pale blue of the desert sky. He seemed calm and unwinded and when he had satisfied his curiosity about me, he tossed his head, wheeled, and disappeared. I didn't get that sheep. I didn't get a ram that entire trip, as a matter of fact; but the experience of seeing what a frightened ram can really do when he wants to was worth it. Another time I sighted a lone ewe about five hundred yards away and stalked to within fifteen feet of her. Cursing because I had left my camera in camp, I watched her feed for nearly ten minutes. Finally, in spite of the fact that I was "frozen," she became suspicious, and when I spoke she ran, leaping from boulder to boulder like a bouncing rubber ball.

Continued on page 150

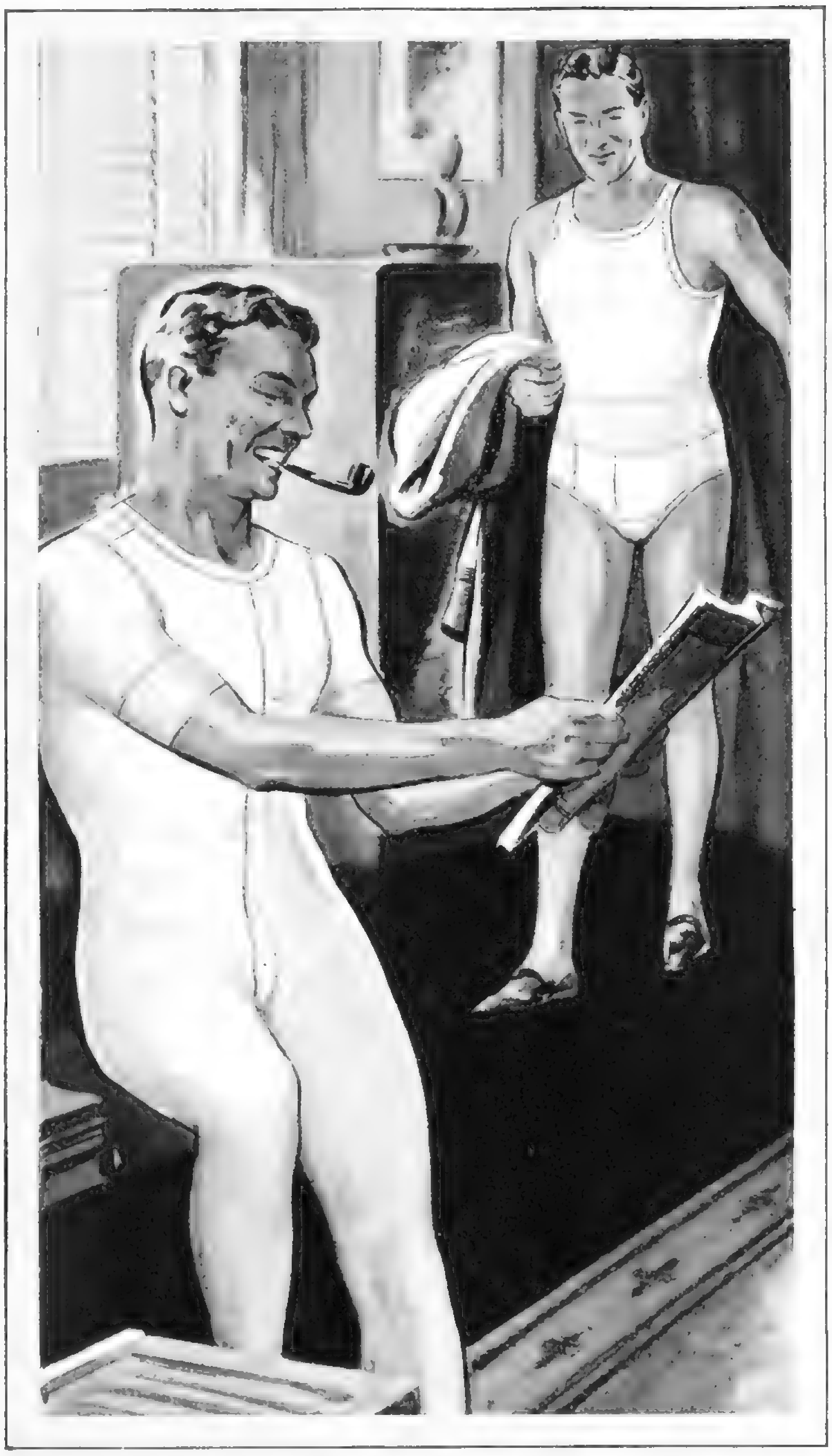


Hickok Links

WORTHY OF YOUR FINEST SHIRTS

With the return of the French-cuff shirt, every man needs smart Hickok links. Above are seven of many new and exclusive Hickok designs that typify the best link styles. Each is distinguished by the good taste, authentic fashion and superb craftsmanship that make Hickok Jewelry the choice of gentlemen. All are Hickok Airline links, easy to insert. A patented guard prevents their slipping from the cuff, even when the cuff is open. Ask your dealer to show you the smart new Hickok studs for demi-bosom shirts.

Jewelry by HICKOK



FASHION-RIGHT
AS A PAGE IN ESQUIRE

Comfortable as your own skin

A word to the "Can't-bother-shopping, gimme-this" sex: Play safe by asking for undergarments by Munsingwear. Then you're sure of fashion-rightness, body comfort, and trim tailored lines. Famous for years as knitters and fitters of men's underwear, Munsingwear uses only quality materials. Designs them to prevent bagging and bunching. Finishes them like a tailored suit. There is a quality store near you that sells Munsingwear. Ask for shorts, shirts and union suits by Munsingwear. MUNSINGWEAR, Minneapolis.

The gentleman at the left is reading in Esquire about the comfortable Munsingwear knitted union suit he's wearing . . . one of Munsingwear's complete line of quality knitted undergarments, constructed to prevent bunching and binding. Every style and fabric for every type of figure.

The trim figure just entering the room achieves his trimness with Munsingwear's Supporter-SKIT, a two-in-one garment that provides both a short and an abdominal supporter of firm Lastex to support sagging muscles.

MUNSING Wear

FOR MEN

The Toughest Field Sport

Continued from pages 100-149

I didn't time her but I'm sure she went down fifteen hundred feet in less than a minute. The whole tribe of wild sheep is bold, daring, reckless, and beautiful. No wonder big-game hunters value them above all other game.

Hunting bighorns is a tough racket anywhere you try it, but in North America anyway the sport is most difficult in the barren desert ranges of Sonora. Besides running into the toughest climbing you can imagine, you'll also run into heat and plenty of it. Even in December and January the middle of the day is very warm, and as the hunter clambers painfully over those mountains of granite, limestone, or basalt as the case may be, his tongue will swell and he'll sweat worse than the fabled brewery horse. To make matters worse he will often hunt on high ranges close to the Gulf of California, where the salt water, tantalizingly blue and cool, lies below him to torture him as mirages are supposed to torture men dying of thirst.

And in Sonora the sheep hunter must nearly always work out of dry camps, as the best sheep country is usually far from permanent water, where water-loving predatory animals and man cannot live. Then the problem is to shoot in quickly by plane or automobile, hunt, get your ram, and get out while you still have some water left. If you wait too long you're a gone goose, lost in a hot, waterless desert where a man who is exercising must drink nearly a gallon of water a day in order to survive. If something happens to that last water can, or if your car breaks down, it is up to you to hoof it in to the nearest Mexican ranch from fifty to seventy-five miles away, sleeping in the daytime and traveling at night so that the supply of water you carry in your carcass will get you there.

A couple of times I've had trouble with water, but I have been lucky that neither of my experiences were really serious. Once a friend and I went into a lonely desert range in the spring. We had two twenty-five gallon cans of water with us, but when we finished the first we discovered that thousands of bees had crept through the spout into our second. The stuff stunk like a dead cow. It was either go in or drink that foul water. We drank it. Curiously, with no ill effects. Yet the sight of a bee still gags me. Another time two hardened old sheep hunters and I found a hitherto unknown pass between two high ranges and pushed into virgin, unexplored sheep country. No car had ever been there and I'm certain that no white man had ever seen it, except from a boat in the Gulf of California. We were just about to make camp when our fifty-gallon drum of water bounced out of our car and broke. All our precious water disappeared into the desert sand. So there we were, three hard days from fresh water. To the west, across a tide flat, lay the Gulf of California, blue, cool, sparkling under the rays of the sun. It was literally a case of water everywhere but none to drink except what we had in a couple of canteens.

We soldered up the drum and went bitterly thirsty to bed. But that night a swift storm came up the first in more than a year in that arid desert. We spread our tarps and set out our cooking pots to catch water. In the morning we saw that fully half that wide tide flat was covered by muddy water about an inch deep. Desperately we gathered it up before the hot sun sucked it up into the sky again. Using tin cups, we filled cooking pots and then in turn we filled our repaired drum. What water it was! It was almost half fine silt, it was brakish, it contained bugs and minute shellfish, and in the deepest pool contained a dead land-turtle. But we stayed there. We explored the country on that water and we found sheep.

The three of us were hardened desert rats and none of us were choosey about water so long as it was wet. But that stuff was almost too much for us to bear. The silt was so finely suspended that it never settled and the turtle, the bugs, and the shellfish gave it an exotically putrid taste I hope I never again encounter. But it was wet. It saved our lives, even though it did gag us and clog up our systems. All the time we were hunting, climbing over ragged peaks three thousand feet above that blue tantalizing gulf, I was haunted by voluptuous dreams of water that didn't stink as Robinson Crusoe must have been tortured by erotic dreams of lovely women. Ten days later, when we finally got back to Piti Quito and started drinking Hermosillo beer, I wept like a baby. That hunt took fifteen pounds off my none-too-corpulent frame and my two companions, tough old desert rats that they were, went to the hospital with fine cases of dysentery as soon as we got back to the States. One of them will never hunt sheep again. Yet as I look back on the experience now, I think those three rams we got were worth it.

Grand and exacting sport that sheep hunting is, it is paradoxically a pastime for the rich and for the poor. The rich can go in for it because they can engage guides and equipment, and travel long distances to sheep country, be it the sub-arctic ranges of Alaska or the desert mountains of Mexico. The poor can hunt because their time is worth nothing and if they live near sheep country they might as well hunt sheep as do anything else. A ram will cost a rich New Yorker an average of at least $2500, but the Mexican peon who craves some sheep jerky for his chile con carne will get one usually a ewe, as ewes are less wary and they are handicapped

Continued at top of page 152

CRAM IT
into your traveling bag
—it won't wrinkle

SLAM IT
into your rumble seat
—it holds its shape

HUG IT
if the wind is sharp
—it keeps out cold

WET IT
in a storm or shower
—it is rain proof

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WRINKLEPROOF

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RAIN PROOF

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COLD PROOF

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WIND PROOF

Hudder
TOPCOATS
FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Some day you're going to buy a HUDDER. You'll come to it simply because no other topcoat can give you as much in appearance, comfort and service.

You'll like the looks of the HUDDER when you see it, you'll like its feel when you put it on, but only after months and months of service in all kinds of weather will you begin to appreciate the remarkable qualities of this superb fabric.

The HUDDER is a secret blend of alpaca, mohair and fine wool endowed by nature and scientifically woven to resist wind, and wet and wrinkling. Often imitated, never duplicated!

MEN'S HUDDER $45 • LADIES' HUDDER $45
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Society Brand Clothes
FOR YOUNG MEN
AND MEN WHO STAY YOUNG

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THE NAME
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MOST IN
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THE ONLY SUPPORTER-SHORT WITH A COMPLETELY DETACHABLE POUCH

Is your waistline unruly? Are you fagged out at the end of the day? Do you fall short of presenting an alert up-and-coming appearance? Then follow the lead of the world's best dressed men—wear a SUPPORT-"U". It trims down waistlines, offsets fatigue; makes clothes look better, feel better. Featured by leading stores everywhere, but be sure to insist upon the original SUPPORT-"U".

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231 South Green Street - - Chicago, Illinois
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Only the original SUPPORT-"U" tailors a special model for tall and long-waisted men. Ask for the SUPPORT-"U" LONGFELLO if you are this type.

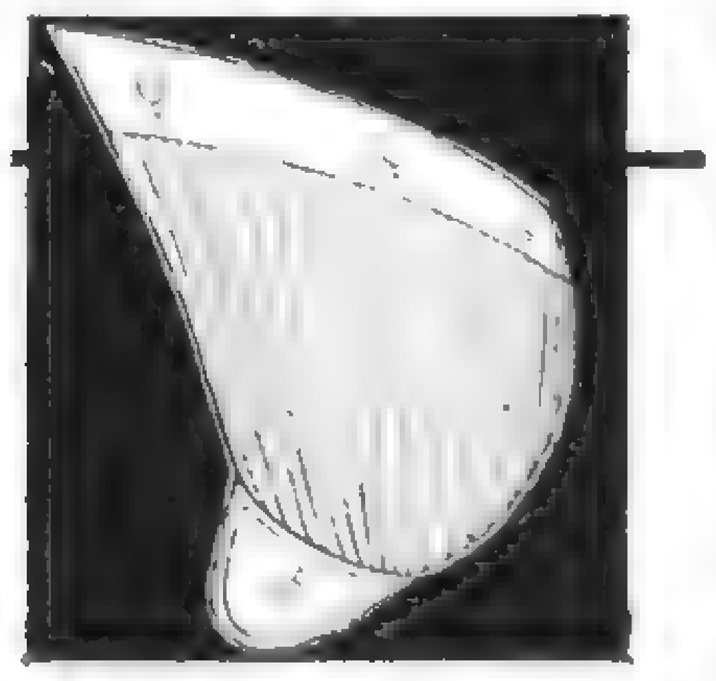
Only the original SUPPORT-"U" offers you the comfort of a full, soft, scientifically made pouch.

Only the original SUPPORT-"U" is made in a complete range of even sizes from 30 to 44, inclusive. This means perfect fit, absolute comfort.

Only the original SUPPORT-"U" has sturdy, raised, masculine buttons that insure convenience and long wear.

Exclusive

The Original SUPPORT-"U" is the only Supporter-Short that has the popular *completely detachable pouch* – an absolute necessity for quick, easy change and laundering. It lengthens the life of the garment, too.



Look for the SUPPORT-"U" merchant in your community. If perchance there is none, use the coupon

THE LITTLE CORPORAL COMPANY—Dept. E-12
231 South Green Street, Chicago, Illinois
I am enclosing $ ...., Please send me
.... Support-"U" shorts as checked below:
(quantity)
☐ Regulars, at $2 each.
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(For dress wear)
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☐ Longfellos (Zephyr), at $3 each.
Prices are slightly higher in Canada.
Waist measurement
Name
Address
City State

The Toughest Field Sport

Continued from pages 100-149-150

by the presence of their lambs—for a couple of .30-30 cartridges and a few days' time. When he works he makes less than thirty cents a day, so the few pesos worth of meat on the carcass makes his jaunt profitable. A well-to-do sportsman will take a train from New York to Seattle, a boat from there to Alaska, and a chartered plane into the interior. There he will meet his pack outfit and go into the sheep country. The whole trip will cost him around $5000, but if he brings back a good head he will consider the money well spent. On the other hand, the Alaskan sourdough will snowshoe from his claim to the foot of the mountains when approaching winter has driven the sheep into the low country, knock over three or four, and throw the heads away. The bighorn is the most valuable and sought-after trophy in the world, but most of them are killed by hungry realists who don't know a good head from a bad one and don't give a damn. The poor and the rich—these are the sheep hunters! The middle-class man who works for a salary and who has two weeks off each summer can no more afford to hunt sheep than he can afford to support a mistress.

But if a man has plenty of leisure and money, if he has kept himself in good shape, if he can go hot and cold and hungry, and if he values the difficult and spurns the push-overs, then there is no sport like sheep hunting. Your first glimpse of a mighty ram, strong, brave, and sure-footed on some lofty pinnacle, will put the yen in your heart, and you'll remain a mountaineer as long as your legs will carry you. It's a tough racket, I'll admit, but it's the grandest of all field sports. ⁂

Open for Business

Continued from page 88

All going home, home. They looked tired, but their small eyes held gleams of anticipation. It was good not to be worrying about anything and to be going home. Ella felt the little smile of sympathy on her face. She felt drawn and empty.

The streets were moist now, drying in spots, and an energetic wind was carrying a torn bag down the sidewalk along with a few dried leaves.

About six, a young man burst in for a pack of cigarettes, and, his jacket flying, rushed out again. Then a tall, thin gentleman, in overshoes, and holding tight to his umbrella, entered.

He asked what kind of soup they had.

"Cream of tomato."

He would have a bowl.

"Five or ten-cent?" Ella asked.

The five.

That was all he wanted. He had gone, and now it was almost dark and not one single other customer. The white brightness before dark had vanished, the pale streetlamps had flickered on, and the passing streetcars were aglow now with their yellow coziness. When Ella saw that many of the neighboring stores had turned on their window lights, she asked Joe if they ought not turn on theirs. Now it could be seen from afar in the black night . . . "Joe and Ella's Place"—from perhaps a block away!

But at eight Joe stirred the pots again, gloomily. He asked: "I wonder what we will do with all this?"

Ella did not answer.

"Let's eat something anyway."

"I don't feel like eating, Joe," she said.

"Aren't you hungry?"

Maybe that was why she felt so miserable. Sometimes a little thing like food could change your whole outlook. Yes, she'd have a bite. But when she nibbled at the food, it was meagerly, without appetite.

It had begun raining again. At first slowly, then gathering speed, the drops fell in sheets, in a downpour. The wind rose. Rain swished across the night outside. It fell and fell. All human life had disappeared. There was not a soul to be seen. And the rain beat harder still.

"It is so late," said Ella, "and with the rain and all maybe we ought to go home."

Shrugging, Joe replied: "Let's stay a little. It's pouring too hard to go now anyway."

"Joe," she said, "what do you think of it?"

He turned to her, but averted his eyes. "I don't know. I don't know what to think."

"It might have been the rain."

"Maybe. . . ."

"Don't you think so?"

"I don't know," he said.

His face was solemn, full of lines.

"It's a pity all we had is in it. Too late now."

"Oh Joe, what are we going to do?"

"We can't do anything," he said. "Looks as if we made a mistake."

She felt a tugging in her throat.

"We were so sure of everything, Joe."

He nodded.

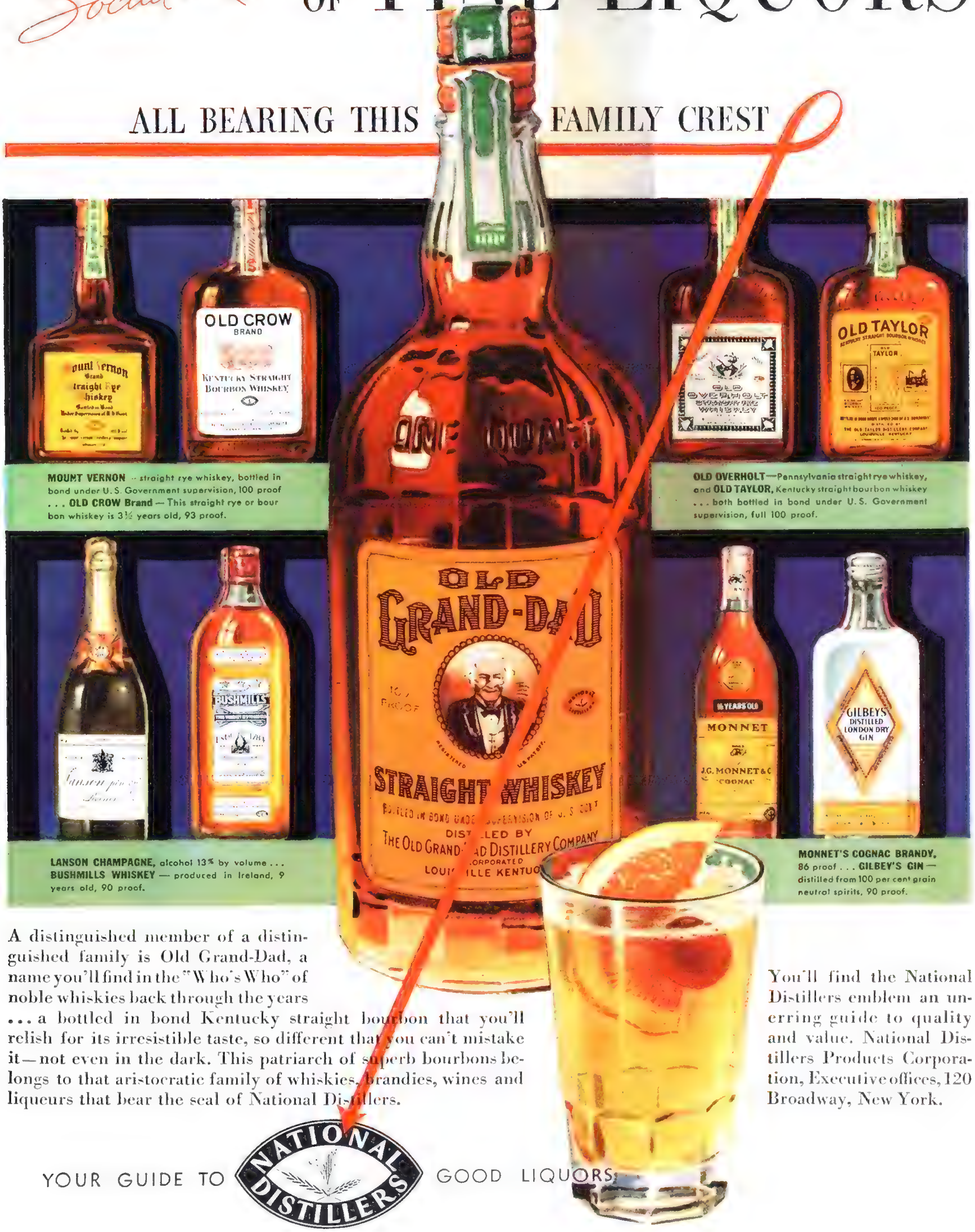
"We just made a mistake, that's all."

"We had everything planned so nice," she said—"the customers, the meals . . ."

Outside a lone streetcar without passengers rumbled by. Rushing upon the window the rain trickled in small, swift eddies down the pane. The rain had not ceased and their little sign, advertising their new establishment, shone brilliantly outside in the wet, swishing blackness. . . . ⁂

FROM THE *Social Register* OF FINE LIQUORS

ALL BEARING THIS FAMILY CREST


OLD CROW BRAND
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
OLD TAYLOR
OLD OVERHOLT
ONE QUART
OLD GRAND-DAD
STRAIGHT WHISKEY
BUSHMILLS
MONNET
GILBEYS DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN

MOUNT VERNON — straight rye whiskey, bottled in bond under U. S. Government supervision, 100 proof . . . **OLD CROW Brand** — This straight rye or bourbon whiskey is 3½ years old, 93 proof.

OLD OVERHOLT—Pennsylvania straight rye whiskey, and **OLD TAYLOR**, Kentucky straight bourbon whiskey . . . both bottled in bond under U. S. Government supervision, full 100 proof.

LANSON CHAMPAGNE, alcohol 13% by volume . . . **BUSHMILLS WHISKEY** — produced in Ireland, 9 years old, 90 proof.

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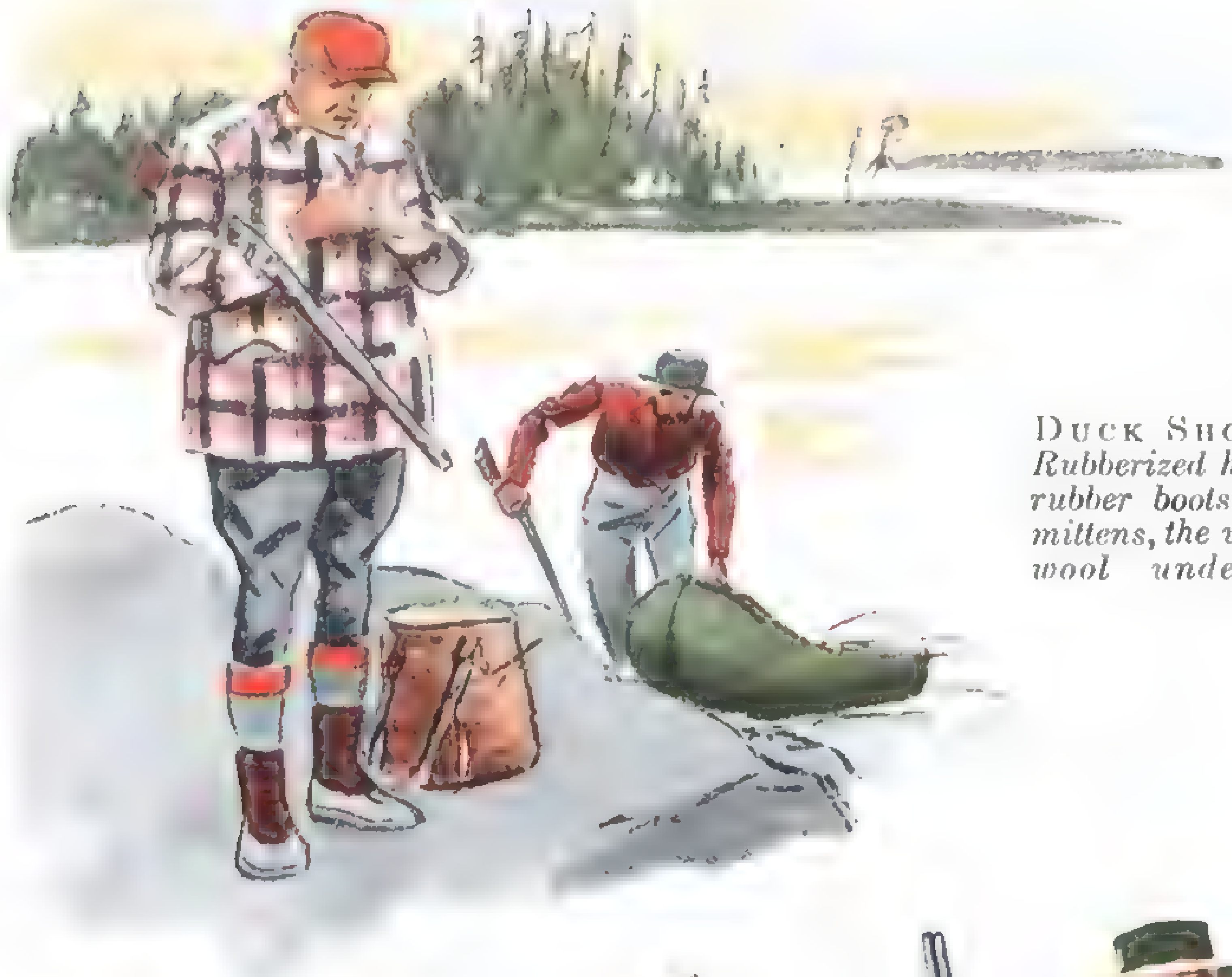
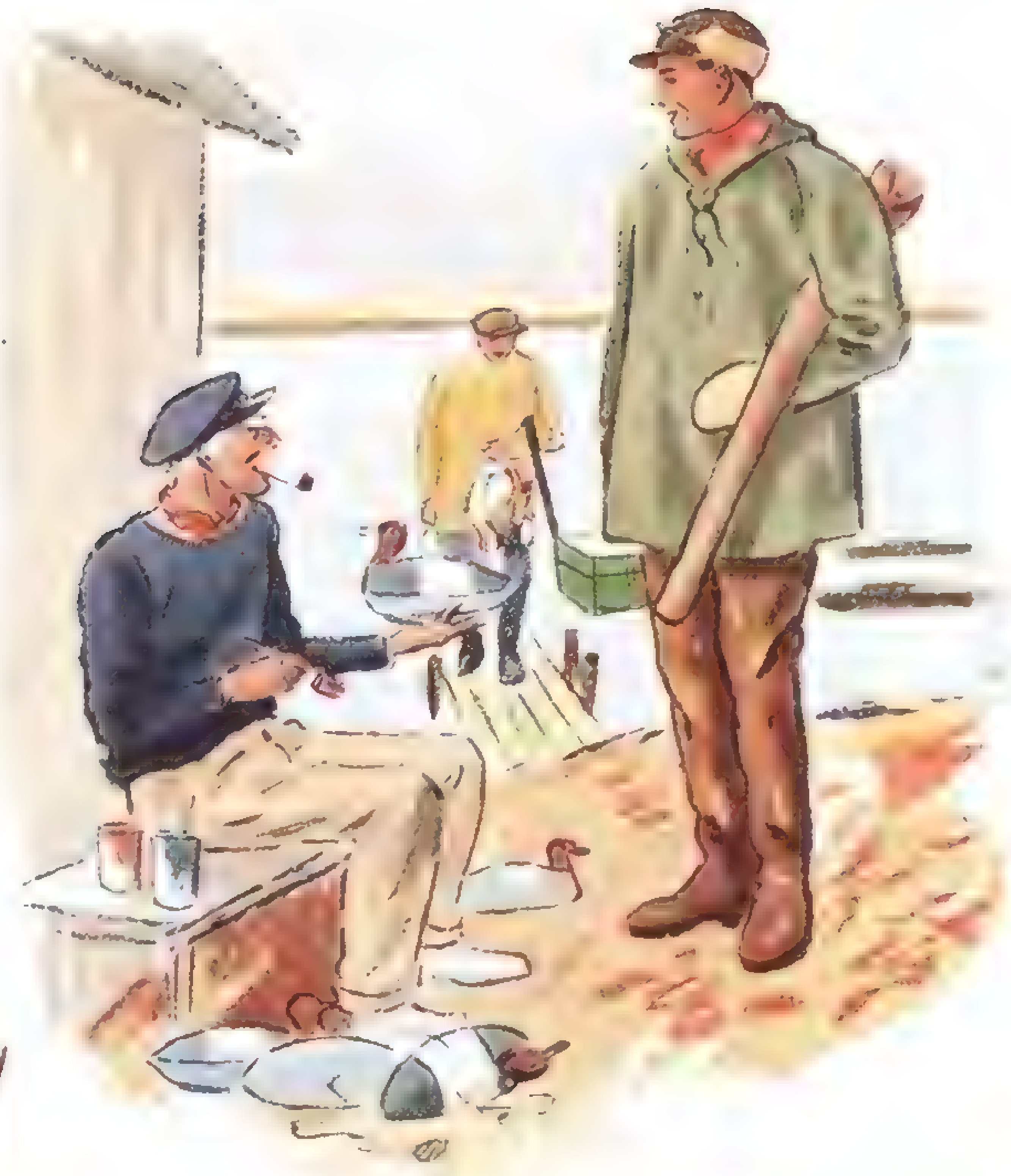
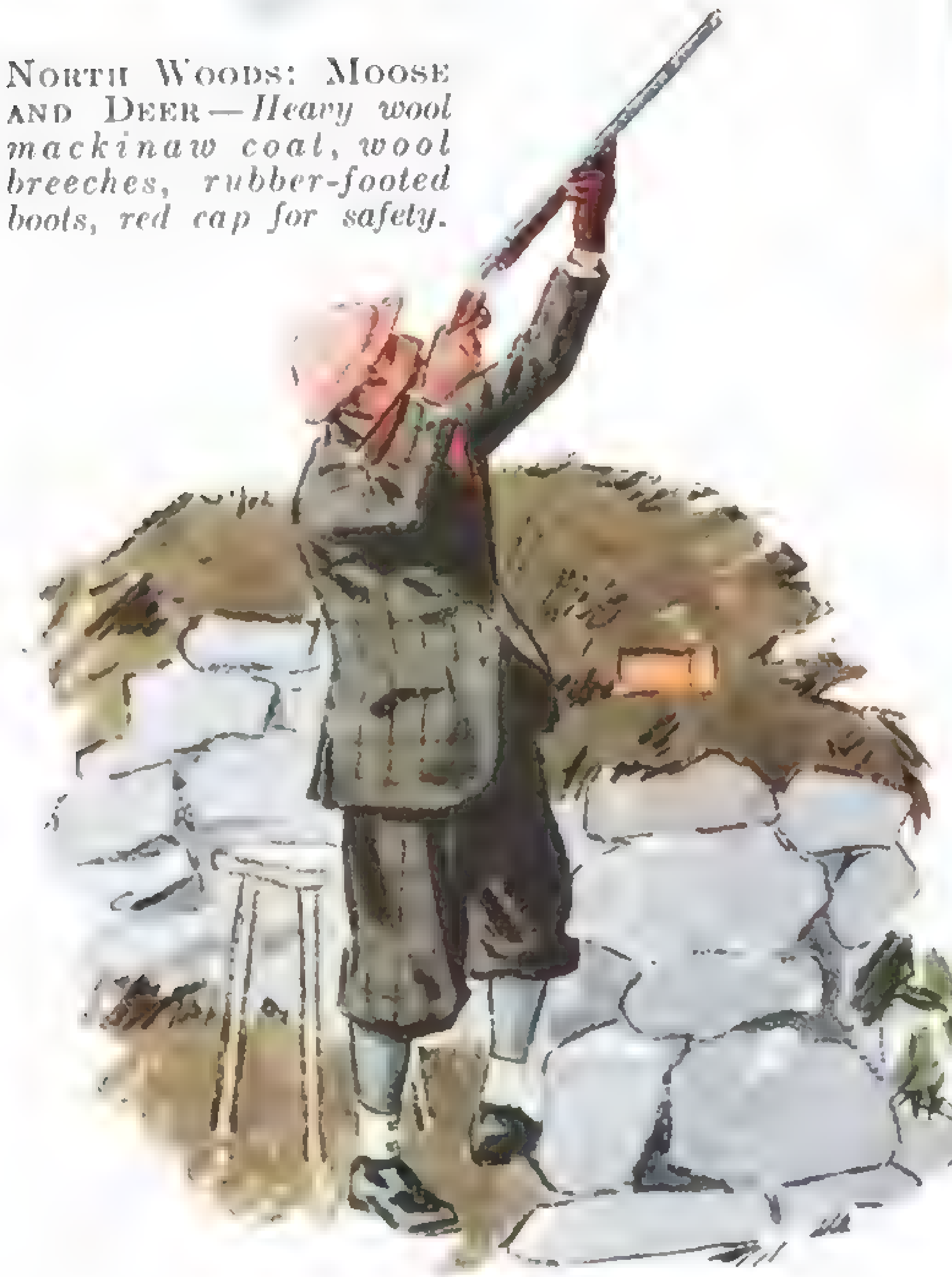
YOUR GUIDE TO NATIONAL DISTILLERS GOOD LIQUORS



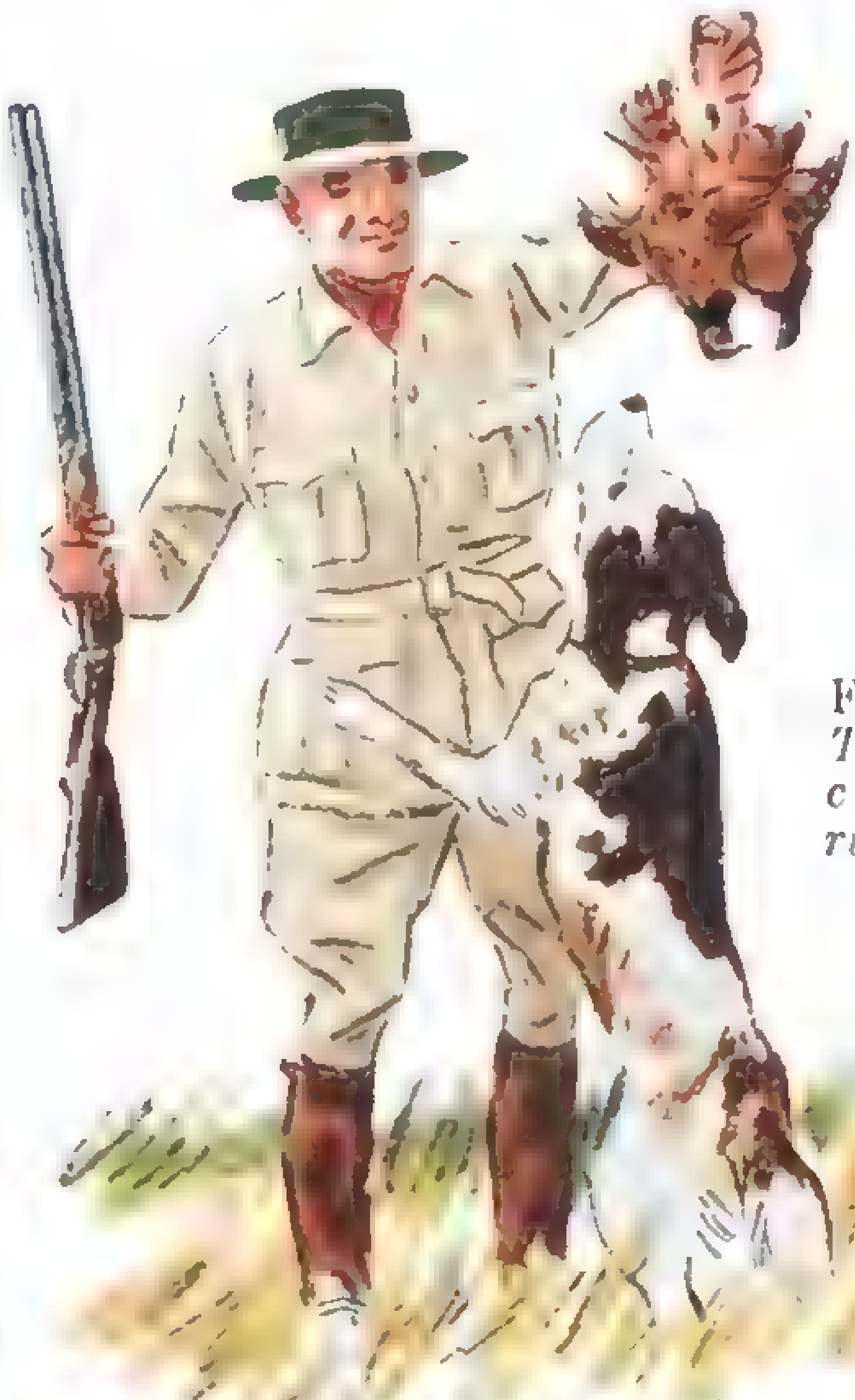
North Woods: Moose and Deer—*Heavy wool mackinaw coat, wool breeches, rubber-footed boots, red cap for safety.*



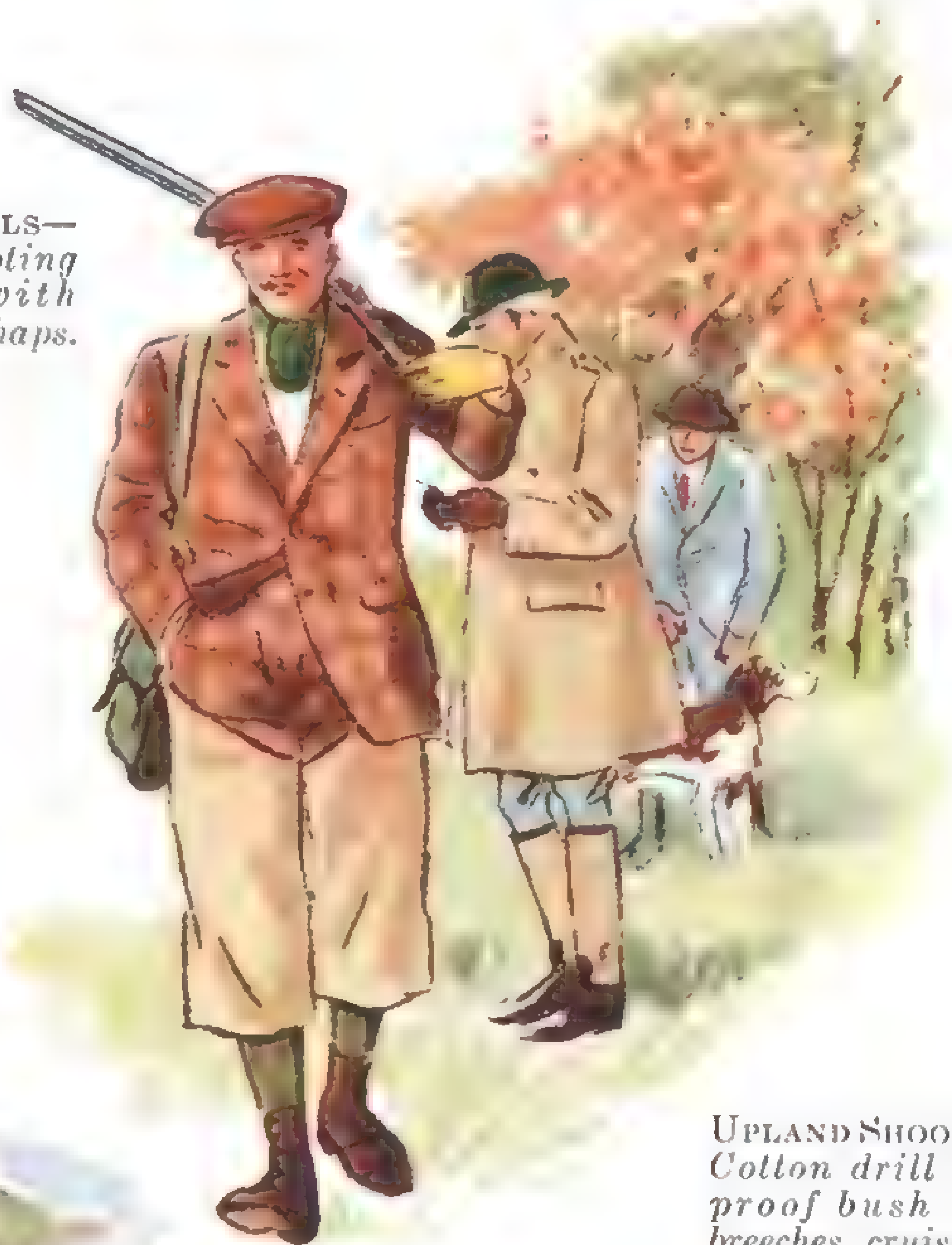
Duck Shooting—*Rubberized hood jacket, rubber boots, horsehide mittens, the usual warm wool underclothing.*



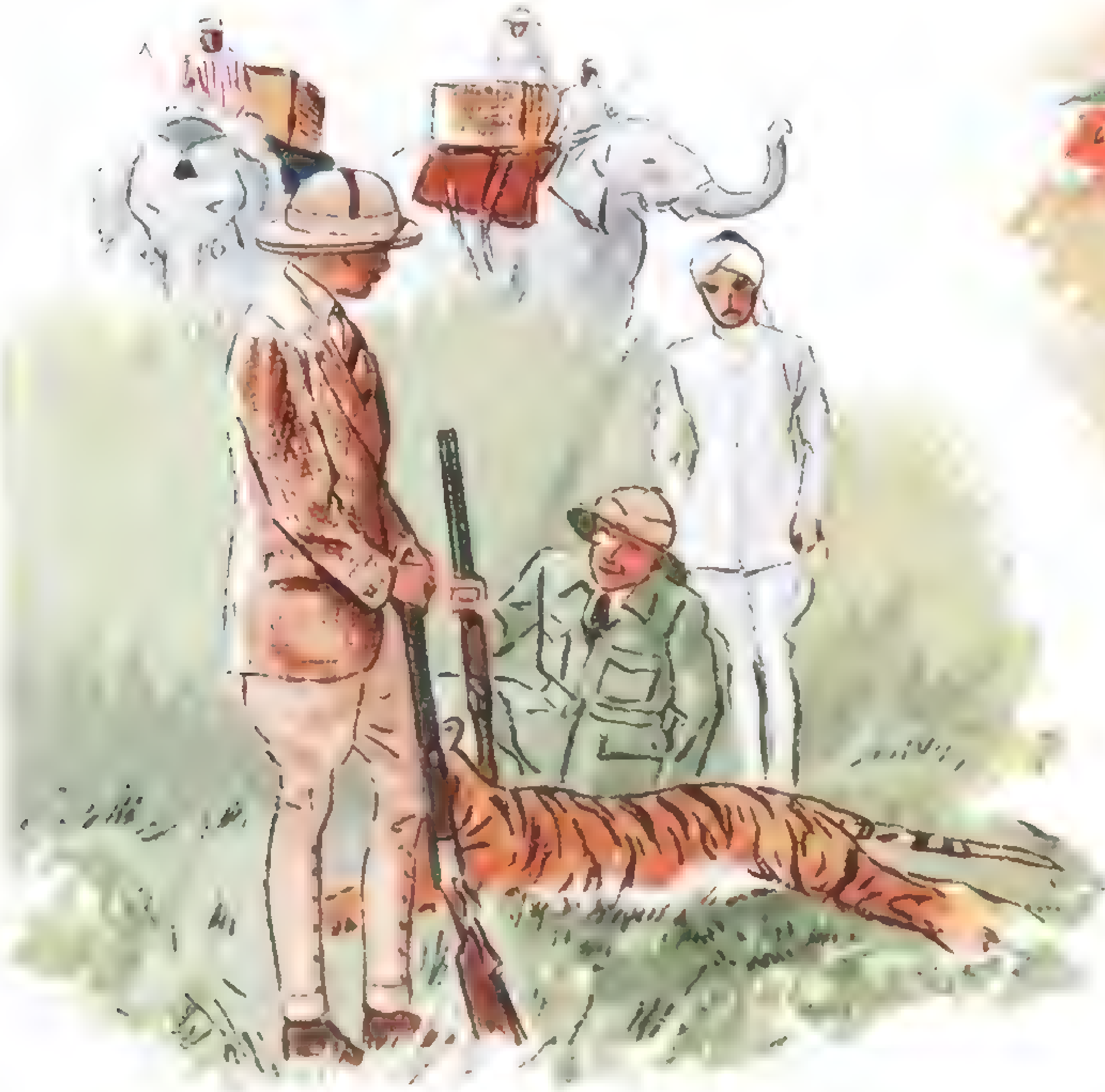
Scotland: Grouse, Partridge, Etc.—*Tweed plus four suit, stout boots, canvas anklets, tweed shooting hat (Scotch), and rubberized gloves.*



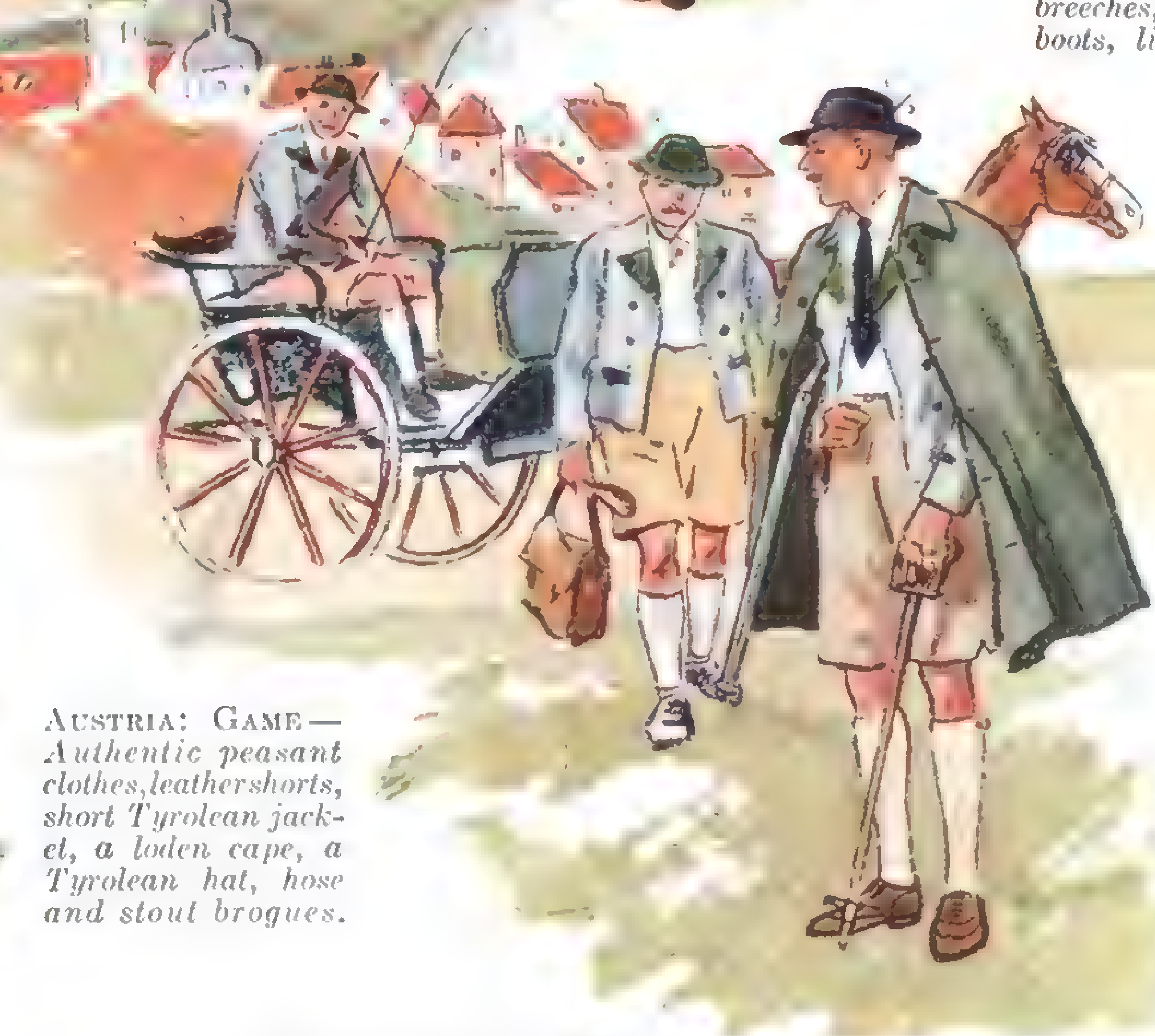
Upland Shooting—*Cotton drill thorn-proof bush shirt, breeches, cruiser type boots, light felt hat.*



Field Trials—*Tweed shooting clothes, with rubberized chaps.*



India: Tiger Shooting—*Pith helmet, tweed jacket, jodhpurs or breeches with button legs, stout shoes.*



Austria: Game—*Authentic peasant clothes, leather shorts, short Tyrolean jacket, a loden cape, a Tyrolean hat, hose and stout brogues.*

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Avenue, N. Y.)

CLOTHES FOR SHOOTING, HERE OR ABROAD

Night Shift on the Lunchwagon

Continued from page 93

"You make a move, or a crack or anything to the cops or anybody, and school's out. I blast my way outta here and you're gonna be the first guy in my way."

Ed found his voice long enough to say, "Okey." He dropped his eyes. Wait till Marge heard about this! She'd never sleep at all now, nights.

A car yanked to a stop outside and a cop came in and said, "Did you guys hear those shots?"

"Yeah," said Ed. "Three. Three shots."

"See anybody around here look suspicious?"

Ed was turning newspaper pages. "Nope."

The cop turned and put a nickel in the telephone. Ed looked sidewise at the man behind the counter, who was making noise with the dishes in the sink; but only with one hand; the other hand lay on the gun on the drainboard.

"The night watchman," the cop was saying on the telephone. "A guy named Eggleson. Killed by a blow on the head. Magruder from the Third Precinct heard the yelp and come running. There was two guys. Magruder got one o' them, dead center. The other guy got Magruder in the leg and lammed but the car's still parked there by the pier. The dead guy had the key. A couple of silk hustlers, I think. The guy can't be far, account of he couldn't use the car, account of the dead guy had the key . . ."

Pop Eggleson, Ed said to himself. A poor old guy sixty years old. And Spud Magruder, the cop that used to stop by this time of night and pick up a bottle of hot coffee for old Pop. He forgot himself and glared at the man at the sink. The man was watching him, his hand on the gun, his eyes level as two beams of light. Ed felt sweaty. His stomach shook.

The cop hung up and said to him, "Okey. If you see any funny looking guy around, give us a whistle. He can't be far. We got five squads out now and all the roads trapped. Know that watchman Eggleson?"

"Yeah."

"Dead. Murdered. I'd like to get my paws on the stinker!" The cop bared his teeth and took a whack at the screened door with his nightstick as he went out. The car drove off with a rasping of tires, a vicious clashing of gears.

Ed stared at the door, keeping his jaws clamped hard so they wouldn't shake. Ed was no hero. He wasn't a coward, either. He was an average man.

The man with the gun said drily, "Stinker, am I? I'd like to take that shamus apart."

The phone began ringing again and Ed started instinctively toward the end of the counter.

"Let it ring, I told you!" the man with the gun snapped. He picked up his gun and leveled it.

Ed looked at the gun. It was a big gun and the hand that gripped it was small, the fingers white and skinny. Ed could have broken that wrist with one wrench of his own blunt fingers; but there was death in the gun; noise and death all at once. There was the threat of death in the little black eyes. A rat. A cornered rat. How much did he weigh? Maybe a hundred and thirty. Ed could have tossed him over his shoulder. But a gun was different.

Ed mumbled, "Okey. I forgot."

The phone stopped ringing. A couple of bus drivers came in for sandwiches and coffee. They talked about the shooting. Three cops came in for coffee and the bus drivers asked a lot of questions. The cops didn't say much. They drank up and went out and then the bus drivers left. Ed hated to see them go.

The man with the gun said, "Nice work, bud. Keep it up. When them cops get tired of looking, I'll blow." He was feeling better. He gave a short laugh. "Them cops make me laugh! Dumb guys. Dopes."

The phone rang again and Ed said, "Listen, I better answer that."

"You heard what I said."

"It might be my boss. He calls up all hours. He'll give me hell if I don't."

The man with the gun eyed him narrowly for an instant. Then he said, "Okey, answer it. But I'm right behind you, kid. Don't try to fall out that door and don't try any tricks on the phone."

Ed went around the end of the counter and picked up the receiver. "Hello," he said. There was nobody on the wire now. He hung up and turned around. "They hung up, I guess," he said.

"Get back here."

Police cars kept racing back and forth and from time to time the windows of the lunchwagon were brightened by the beams of roving spotlights. Ed's chest hurt and his throat ached.

The man with the gun was getting on edge too. He snarled, "If that dumb cluck of a night watchman hadn't took a swing at me!"

Headlights flashed on the screened door and a car stopped outside. The man with the gun began knocking dishes around in the sink and Ed picked up a rag and took a swipe at the counter. The door opened and Mr. Bodenhaus came in, red-faced and angry.

"Why the hell don't you answer the phone?" he demanded. "Your missus called and she called and no answer and then she called me and says she's worried, worried stiff, and I call and no answer—" He stopped and glared. "Who the hell's *that* guy?"

Ed's eyes dropped sidewise and saw the hand on the gun. He swallowed. "Dishwasher."

"Who's hiring dishwashers, you or me? What is he, some bum you give a meal to for washing

Continued at top of page 156

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Dress Clothes at Brooks Brothers may be purchased in three different ways: Ready-Made, Special-Order, or Custom-Made.

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Night Shift on the Lunchwagon

Continued from pages 93-155

dishes? I won't have it! Hey, you," he bellowed at the man with the gun, "get out! Go on, get out!"

The man with the gun gave him a steady look.

Mr. Bodenhaus thumped the counter, waved his hand. "You hear me? Get the hell outta here! It ain't sanitary, any bum washing dishes here!"

Far away, a siren wailed.

The man with the gun said nothing. He removed his stare from Bodenhaus to Ed and kept it there, inimical, while he took off the apron and put on his coat. Deftly he slipped the gun into his coat pocket and left his hand in with it. He strolled around the end of the counter, keeping his eyes on Ed, saying nothing. Standing with his back to the door, he kicked it open with his heel, stepped back to the platform outside and held it open for an instant with his shoulder.

"Don't make a peep for five minutes, buddy," he said dully.

Ed stared at him.

Bodenhaus bellowed, "What is this? What the hell *is* this?"

The man with the gun stepped out and the screened door slammed shut. A car came speeding up the street, a spotlight raked the front of the lunchwagon. The man cringed, then turned and jumped over the railing. Brakes screeched. A voice yelled, "Hey!" And then, "Hey, you—pull up!" Running feet clattered on the cobbles. A cluster of shots broke out all at once. A man screamed.

"You got him, Bert! You got him!" somebody shouted.

The spotlight was motionless out in front and in its glare Ed saw two cops, with drawn guns, run up the street. Ed didn't know what to do. He was flooded with something suddenly—relief or thanksgiving. He ran to the telephone and put in a nickel and when the operator said, "Number, please?" he choked, "Gimme Western two—ah—um—two two—uh—" He broke off and turned and yelled, "Hey, Mr. Bodenhaus, what's my telephone number home? I—I can't remember it!" ⧻

Competitor Goes on Air

Continued from page 90

tenders." "How's this," said Gruber. "The circus is coming to town soon. We could work up some kind of stunt by making special belts for the giants and midgets. 'Large and small, the Getney belt fits 'em all.' Some angle like that."

Getney made a contemptuous gesture. "My father, who founded this company, pulled that before you were born."

There was a long minute of fidgety silence, during which they concentrated desperately. Biddleport was first to give up. "We must concede that Meer-lee-zip has stolen a march this time."

"This business wasn't built by conceding things," said Getney. "I want constructive action something that'll at least match what they're doing."

It was too much to expect. The Bliss-Longo fight dominated the news, and inwardly Getney recognized the futility of an attempt to compete with it for attention.

Finally, a sour surrender by Getney: "We're a bunch of palookas. Tonight we can all tune in on the fight, and hear about the Meer-lee-zip belt. It ought to be instructive. It ought to teach us how to take advantage of an opportunity."

"Maybe the air'll be full of static," said Rizzick.

Which seemed to be as much as they could hope for when they filed out at the close of the conference.

* * *

"Well folks, in just a few minutes, we'll bring you a blow-by-blow description of the fifteen-round heavyweight championship battle between Chick Bliss and Dominick Longo, by courtesy of *Meer-lee-zip, Incorporated*, makers of the famous belt with the Sta-comfy construction. Tonight's winner will receive the Meer-lee-zip solid gold championship belt. And remember that every man can feel like a champion by wearing a Meer-lee-zip . . ."

Beside his Super-Synchrodyne radio, in a needlepoint-upholstered chair, Hubert Getney winced.

". . . Here's the bell for the first round. The boys're in the center of the ring. Bliss shoots a left and a right. BLISS IS DOWN! The count: 2—3—4—Bliss went down like a pair of pants without a Meer-lee-zip belt, ha ha—7—8—9—and the fight's over. Well, folks, we all knew Longo had a wallop, but we didn't think it would be over so soon. It's the quickest knockout your announcer's ever seen."

Getney was smiling broadly as he clicked off the radio. "What a fight!" he said.

"I don't see anything so wonderful about it," said Mrs. Getney. "It was over before it even started."

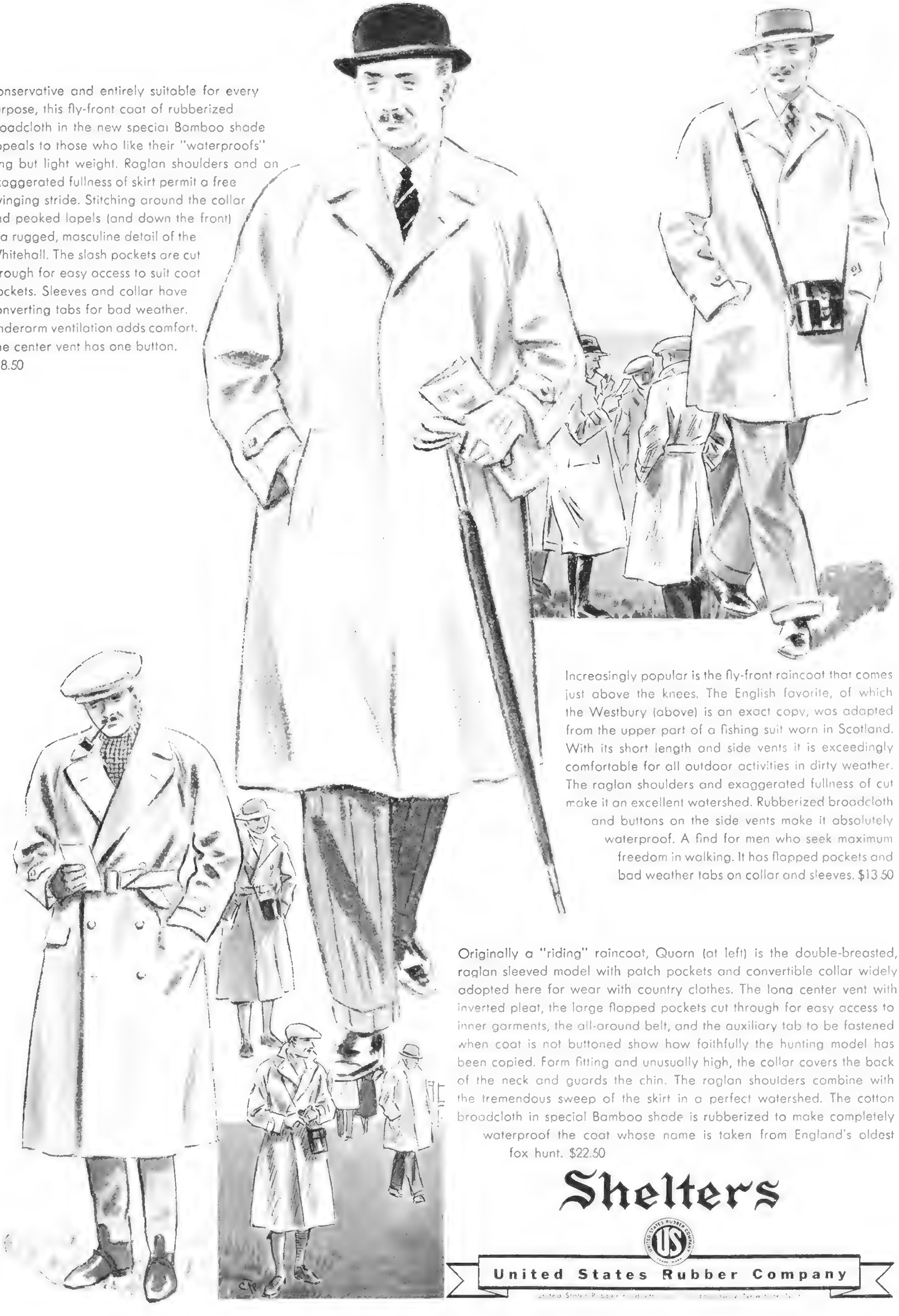
"It was delightful."

"I think you're cracked."

"Maybe I am." Getney opened his humidor and took out another panatela. "But do you realize how much Meer-lee-zip paid for that broadcast? At least forty thousand dollars! And it's over in less than a minute."

"It seems like a shameful waste of money," said Mrs. Getney.

"Exactly." Getney fumbled for a match. "And that's why the Getney Belt Company is the leader in its field. Nobody'll ever hook your husband with a proposition like that." ⧻



Conservative and entirely suitable for every purpose, this fly-front coat of rubberized broadcloth in the new special Bamboo shade appeals to those who like their "waterproofs" long but light weight. Raglan shoulders and an exaggerated fullness of skirt permit a free swinging stride. Stitching around the collar and peaked lapels (and down the front) is a rugged, masculine detail of the Whitehall. The slash pockets are cut through for easy access to suit coat pockets. Sleeves and collar have converting tabs for bad weather. Underarm ventilation adds comfort. The center vent has one button. $18.50

Increasingly popular is the fly-front raincoat that comes just above the knees. The English favorite, of which the Westbury (above) is an exact copy, was adapted from the upper part of a fishing suit worn in Scotland. With its short length and side vents it is exceedingly comfortable for all outdoor activities in dirty weather. The raglan shoulders and exaggerated fullness of cut make it an excellent watershed. Rubberized broadcloth and buttons on the side vents make it absolutely waterproof. A find for men who seek maximum freedom in walking. It has flapped pockets and bad weather tabs on collar and sleeves. $13.50

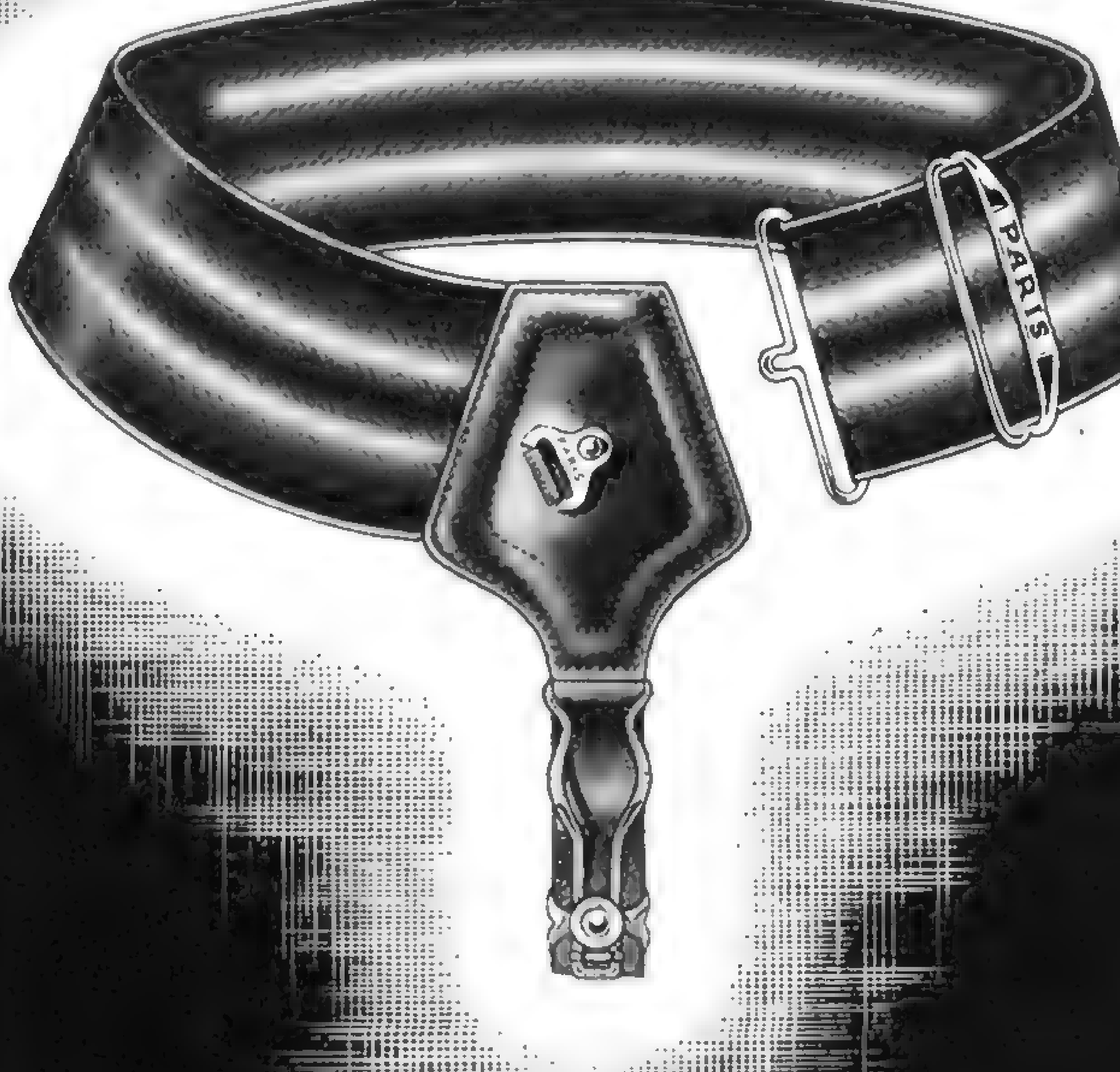
Originally a "riding" raincoat, Quorn (at left) is the double-breasted, raglan sleeved model with patch pockets and convertible collar widely adopted here for wear with country clothes. The long center vent with inverted pleat, the large flapped pockets cut through for easy access to inner garments, the all-around belt, and the auxiliary tab to be fastened when coat is not buttoned show how faithfully the hunting model has been copied. Form fitting and unusually high, the collar covers the back of the neck and guards the chin. The raglan shoulders combine with the tremendous sweep of the skirt in a perfect watershed. The cotton broadcloth in special Bamboo shade is rubberized to make completely waterproof the coat whose name is taken from England's oldest fox hunt. $22.50

Shelters

United States Rubber Company

United States Rubber [illegible]

PARIS



You'll find that the Paris idea of style goes beyond authentic design and correct colorings. It includes the structural features that assure carefree comfort . . . garters in a wide variety of types . . . each tailored full length for full freedom . . . each *adjustable for accurate fit*. Imitated by everyone . . . duplicated by no one. Outsells any garter sold . . . outmodes any garter made.

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Makers of Paris Suspenders, Belts and Gards

PARIS
GARTERS
NO METAL CAN TOUCH YOU

Waiting for the Cat to Die

Continued from page 87

and they will let you get back into words again, even as I do now.

Begin your jockeying in any way that seems best, but work back to words, and I will show you how to make the price of this magazine, or even better, if you are smart.

If books won't give you a quick re-entry, try anagrams. I can't use the game myself. My friends won't play with me, because if I lose I fly into a terrific pet, and I am even more insufferable when I win. Besides, I had a very trying experience once, when playing with one of my hare-brained sisters.

I used to take them on occasionally, the way a big league player might indulgently fool around with a bunch of boys in a sandlot game. This particular session had a ten-word limit, and we ran them out quickly. She claimed victory with *cleg*, her tenth word, while I had only nine.

Of course, there should be no such silly-looking combination of words in the language, so I challenged her and looked it up, already laughing at her certain discomfiture. A *cleg* is a small breeze or a horsefly. I drove her from my home and even now I mutter about it when depressed. Unless you're pretty hot, be careful of anagrams.

If you don't use the anagram trap, just keep the ball in the air. Cock a sharp ear. You will find you can be very offensive by the loud correction of pronunciations and usages. Every time somebody says "as a matter of fact" you can make game of them, and this will be all too frequently, as you may have noticed. Most people are very slipshod in conversation and there are many chances to give pain.

Someone may say "John D. Rockefeller and others of his ilk." Leap on it. There is only one correct use for *ilk*, and that is in the designation of a person and a property of the same name, such as Macdonald of Macdonald, which could be written Macdonald of that *ilk*. *Ilk* means same and is wrong in any other sense. The example might be even more obscure, and the more so the better.

Suppose some Republican in human form says "Harry Hopkins is the Devil's advocate of the New Deal," meaning he puts up an excellent case for something the speaker regards as a festering vulture. (I don't want to get involved in politics here; I vote for Eugene V. Debs, year in and year out.)

Well, you can shout and stamp over this, because a *Devil's advocate* is just the opposite—a prelate who is assigned to argue all the *bad* points, if any, of some holy person being considered for beatification by the Church. The chances for that sort of thing are excellent if you are alert. I refer you to Fowler's *Modern English Usage* for many baffling and entertaining bits of lore to be used in the arena.

If you have made yourself objectionable enough, your quarry should be almost ready for the kill by this time. The guests should be either in the deep-dish miseries or in a semi-despondent fury.

Then quickly switch to spelling. Speak of it kindly and sadly as an old and lost art, mourn its passing and slyly intimate that there are some pretty lousy spellers not so far away that you couldn't touch them.

Then offer to bet ten to one that you name ten words and none in the room can spell all ten correctly. Stress the fact that there are no foreign words or rare words in the list, that all are in regular use. If you don't scare off the wise money, you should get one or two takers. Believe me, the odds are unfair. You might go even stronger if you are feeling lucky.

Here are nine of the words: *rarefy*, *liquefy*, *vilify*, *embarrass*, *harass*, *inoculate*, *innocuous*, *ecstasy* and *desiccate*.

And the tenth . . .

I consider myself a speller of the first magnitude. (It's nothing to be proud of, because most good spellers are good for nothing else in this world.) When a man from another department came into our office one day and offered ten to one that none of us could spell his ten words, the boys were willing to back me with all they had, which was ninety cents. I didn't even have a dime, so it was nine dollars to ninety cents. We laughed happily at the prospect of nine dollars worth of drinks as I rolled up my sleeves and taunted the challenger. He started pronouncing the words and I dashed off each confidently. (This had better be done on paper to keep the record straight and eliminate bloodshed.) I was in fine form, if I do say it. I knew I was winning. I printed the tenth word carefully. It's the payoff, the dirty old adjective. It's *plaguy*, and there isn't one person in a thousand who won't spell it *plaguey*, as I did. The boys wouldn't speak to me for a week.

That will make money for you, handled properly. But in case you run across some wise guy, here's another that's a sure thing. In fact, it's murder. (Use these things quickly; this magazine has a large circulation.) Ask for any five words ending in *-dous*, and give the guesser half an hour. You can lay twenty to one.

The first four words—which they may possibly get, and you can safely give one as an example—are *tremendous*, *stupendous*, *horrendous* and *hazardous*. The fifth pays. It's *jeopardous*.

If after this your friends do not drop off like the toes of a leper, I have nothing more to suggest. #

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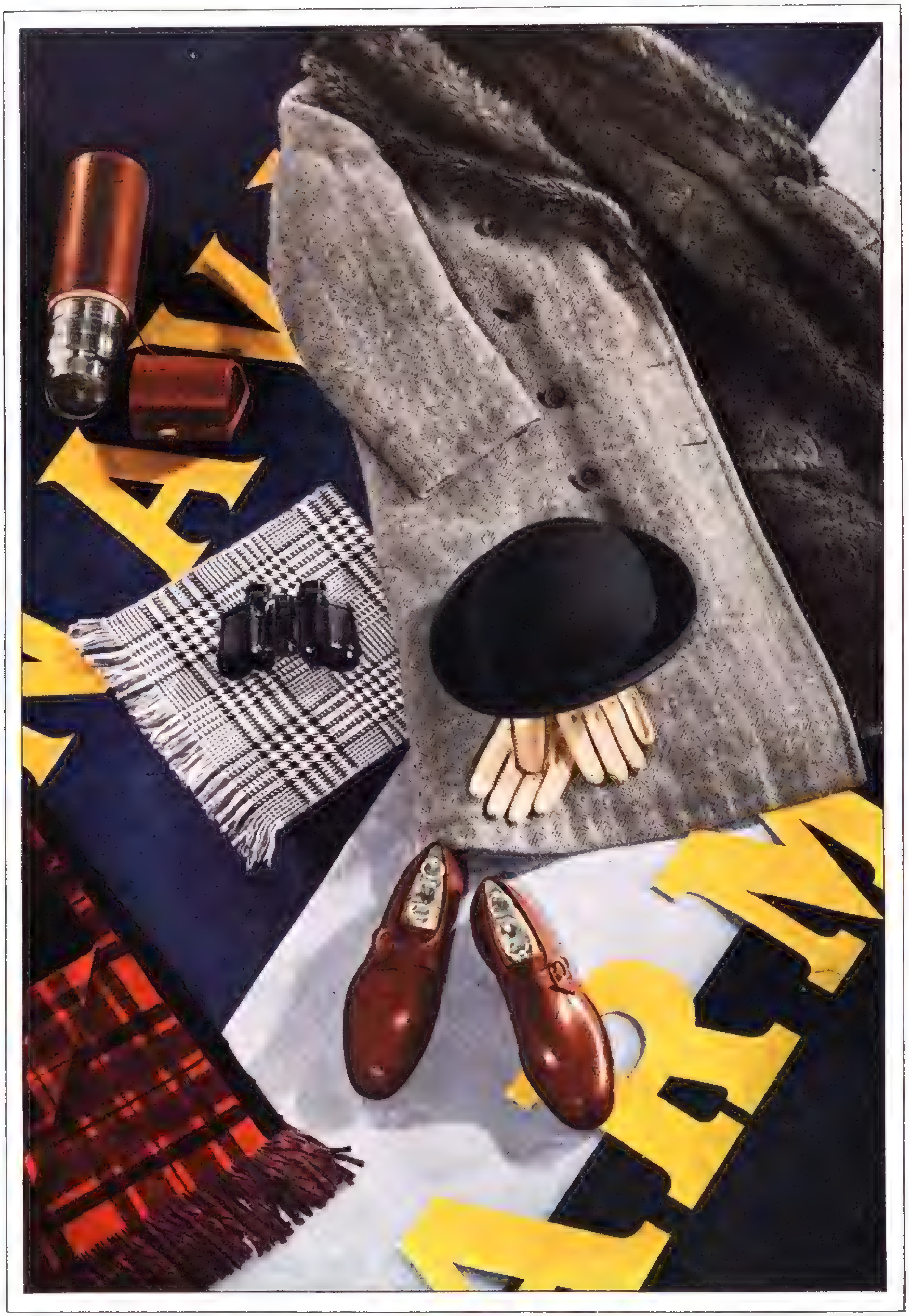

COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY WHITING-FELLOWS

SIT-DOWN FOOTBALL, THAT ARDUOUS SPORT

Shades of Scott Fitzgerald's slickers and the knobby knees of John Held's flappers, is there nothing new under the stadium sun? Here we have the derby hat and the coonskin collar, if not the coonskin coat entire, and a leather covered thermos by way of reminder of the one-time hootch-filled flask. It takes the sight of the monkfront calf shoes to restore the realization that these are indeed the saddened and wisened late thirties and not the giddy and goofy early twenties: The coat, at least, represents merely a compromise, or even a sort of coalition, with the coonskin of yesteryear, because beneath its outer shell of herringbone Harris tweed and below its coonskin collar there lies a lining that is of the fur of departed bunnies all compact. The field glasses are resting on a district checked wool muffler. The gloves are pigskin gauntlets and in the lower left-hand corner is a plaid woolen blanket robe.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

On Eating Oysters

Continued from page 112

opener strikes a run of "color" he's as happy as a placer miner. He also keeps a tin of tiny live oyster crabs handy to strew over fresh half-shells to give them pep, for customers in the know.

My grandfather belonged to the old school of oyster killers of which Savarin speaks. He went after them catch-as-catch-can in a manner quite as greedy and ruthless as Monsieur Laport. A gross or two at a sitting was just his appetizer. And though he had only canned oysters to work upon, he did his manly share, a platter full at a time. First he would dope them as heavily as race-horses are drugged—with salt, pepper, horseradish, vinegar, Tabasco, lemon, ketchup, onion juice, pepper sauces of all kinds and colors, Worcestershire, A-1 Sauce, mushroom, black-walnut essence and whatnot giving them a piquant hypodermic of every sauce known. Then he would remove the quid of dark Hiawatha chewing tobacco from his cheek and set it aside to cool; daintily he would spread the handlebars of his mustaches, gently plop the whole platter full down, one by one, and rub his hands in anticipation of the next peck. Of course, this was no extraordinary feat compared to those stalwarts of his time who could down quite as many without removing the tobacco quid at all.

But this business of swallowing oysters whole, raw and wholesale, was always deemed a bit untidy by our grandmothers, some of whom, in fact, made as great a to-do about such sloppy feeding as our fraternity initiates do when made to swallow a revolting number of times, the same oyster tied to a string and deftly jerked up again by the strong-stomached initiators. And although it is said that man is only a stomach with appendages, the oyster, in being nothing but mouth and belly, goes him one better.

Finally in the old town of Halifax I met with bivalve perfection. All along the docks sat natives opening luscious Prince Edward Islanders with their jackknives. Holding the juice in the deep shell they would wash the meal down with that sauce alone. No fancy forks for these fingers-were-made-first fellows; not a squeeze of lemon, nary a waggle of salt and pepper shaker. They laughed me out of my ignorant inland ideas and proved to my palate that the delicate pearly flavor is utterly lost by being stepped up with stinging peppery washes. After that I felt more confident that the world was my oyster.

In Halifax, too, I found the original great soup or oyster stew that we mid-Westerners had imitated so insipidly out of milk and a pint of flabby meats too long away from their shells. To suit Nova Scotians, an oyster stew called for rich cream and great gobs of sweet butter into which a dozen plump oysters were plumped, juice and all. Freshly opened, of course, right into the stew, and the cream never brought to a boil. They lay languishing in the pan heat, enriching themselves with cream until their edges crinkled into smiles. Then they were eaten direct from the pan with a spoon, and such a feast is not to be had south of Walhalla. Great crunchy sea-faring biscuits that would serve as rafts in an emergency, took the place of the effeminate little frilled oyster crackers of home, and a handful of live oyster crabs was nonchalantly tossed into the stew, to give it sea spice.

A generation ago, newspapers carried frequent stories of valuable pearls found by diners. But this was perhaps press-agenting, for on inquiry among the oyster-openers who used to shuck them by the billion in their little houseboats washing in the tide alongside Battery Place in New York, I learned that they took no stock in such newspaper finds and believed that all the diner ever did was break a tooth or two on some imperfect pearl not worth two-bits. These stories, however, got around, and added to the romance of eating oysters raw, perhaps helping heavily in introducing them to skeptical Westerners on their arrival East, and thus in one generation quintupling their price in New York. Though American pearls are mostly found in fresh water mussels in Wisconsin, Missouri, or Arkansas, the big city restaurant myth is still going strong, but the newspaper story died down a decade ago and now the humble dishwasher is the only authentic pearl-diver in the place. The Oyster Institute of North America sums up smartly "The real pearl in an oyster is health."

The eating of clams and big sea conches is a separate subject. In London all true cockneys dig "winkles" out of their shells with hatpins of a Bank holiday. In Manhattan we have elegant clambake societies like the Tammany Tough Club and The Huckleberry Indian Braves of the New York Athletic Club. And all the surrounding sea is scraped of its clammy fruits by dredges to supply pushcarts with Little Necks, Cherrystones and giant Monmouths, all the way from Mulberry Bend up to 125th Street. This business of snacking shellfish out on the street has its appeal, but is mostly restricted to clam-fans, who, though but a minor branch of the order, can enjoy the pursuit of their hobby all the year round. But all shellfish are best opened fresh in the customer's view, for some restaurants have sunk to keeping old shells in which they serve an endless succession of bulk oysters for years. They use the flat top shell to lay the oyster on, though no honest-to-goodness fresh oyster is ever served except in the deep shell, from which you drink the juice to the last drop. They order the whole thing

Continued on page 162

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The BRACER

ALL OVER THE COUNTRY—whenever men get together they're talking about The Bracer. For they've found that now you can get a trim, athletic figure—regain that youthful slimness—easily, quickly, comfortably. They know that wherever you are and whatever you're doing you'll look and feel better in The Bracer!

This amazing new-type supporter belt, a Bauer & Black product, made under the most sanitary conditions, instantly takes inches off your waistline. The Bracer supports sagging stomach muscles—gives you a better, healthier posture—makes you feel years younger—look younger, too!

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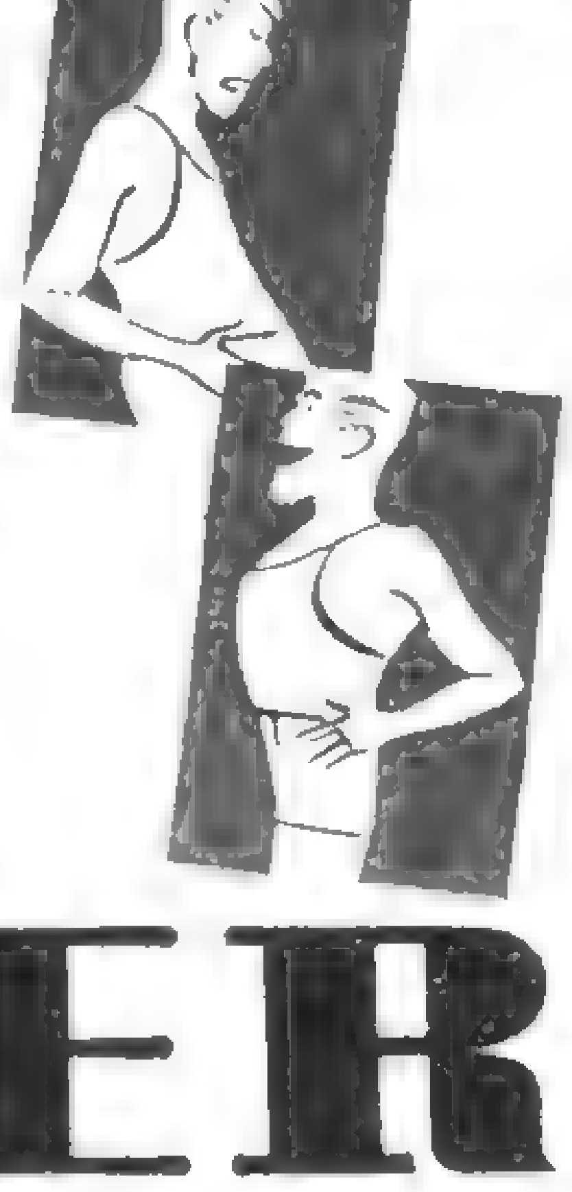

The Bracer is knitted from two-way stretch "Lastex" yarn and tailored for perfect fit. Four removable ribs prevent rolling and the soft yarn fly front allows comfortable all-day wear. No buckles or buttons.

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My waist measurement

Name

Address

City ______ State

My dealer [illegible]

On Eating Oysters

Continued from pages 112-161

better in Portugal, a country celebrated for its oysters of grass green hue, and other luscious seafood.

One of their unique marine dishes is romantically called Bouquet of the Sea, but this takes a lot of cooking, and the average oyster snacker, beyond an occasional roast on the beach, will stick to his raw without adding even lemon, which he will tell you was introduced to kill germs on spoiled fish, and that as long as they're swallowed freshly opened in the R months nobody has any thing to fear. As a matter of fact, they're edible all year round, but the beds are allowed to rest in summer. The only time they're thin and not up to much is during the breeding season.

Today the accepted world centers for oyster gormandizers are Billy the Oysterman's in New York, Prunier's in Paris and New York (where one sits on a bookkeeper's stool at a high counter to consume them), Scott's and Bentley's in London, though Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, New Orleans, Marseilles, Barnstable and countless other ports all have their great bivalve bars.

Billy in New York has been opening oysters and broiling lobsters for Governors, Mayors, Tammany Sachems and other super-salesmen these last several generations. It is said that Al Smith still lives handy to Billy's for the convenience of feeding there. Special shell crops are handled by Billy with the same care given to rare vintages, though no dust or cobweb ever gathers on them. Sealpacks, Lynnhavens, Cape Cods, Prince Edward Islanders, all the aristocrats around a dollar a dozen, of every flavor and texture, thin or fat, soft, hard and arriving in all colors. The names, however, most commonly come from the size, such as little necks and the differently numbered bayous of New Orleans.

To hypnotize and entirely subjugate the oyster drunkard, Billy buys live oyster crabs at several dollars a quart and his expert barmen sprinkle two or three of these tiny shellfish onto each meat as it is freshly opened. The mouthwatering sight of these tiny jellylike creatures, with a piquance all their own, brings the gourmet to his knees, even as the Walrus and the Carpenter weeping on the sands. His palate becomes painfully keen at the mere glimpsing of them, since these luscious parasites provide the natural sauce that makes the eating of their big oyster hosts supreme.

Indeed, only in bars like Billy's, Prunier's, Scott's and Bentley's, can the subtler shades of such gastronomic gargling be practiced. The wise old waiters in any of them will ask if you'll have yours pried open on the deep side or the flat and judge you by that, for the true epicure knows that it's the deep shell that makes a handy cup already filled with oyster juice which he lifts daintily and downs to the last drop, even as snail snackers sip from the shells they prefer.

At Prunier's place in Paris, millionaire hosts and midinette guests rub calves along the seafood counter, sampling expensive bivalve rarities, since they all have to be shipped in. The *Marennes* there fetch two bucks a dozen, with the common Portuguese *Verts*, all the way from *Poorto*, at about ten cents apiece. European oysters are thin and metallic in taste and not nearly so fine and fancy as our Louisiana Cooks and Bayou Fours, fattened on Mississippi delta silt, or our meaty Northerners with their prime salty, cold-water tang.

Here is a list of shellfish and oysters stocked by Prunier's:

Coquillages et Huîtres
Bigorneaux
Oursins
Moules parquées
Palourdes ou Praires
Little Neck Clams petits
Little Neck Clams gros
Petites Portugaises de Claires
Armoricaines, petites
Armoricaines, moyennes
Huîtres de Pêche
Huîtres de Pêches extra
Marennes, petites
Marennes, moyenne
Marennes, supérieures
Fines Armoricaines
Armoricaines, supérieures
Natives
Victoria

And the best white wines to go with them are:

Anjou
Pouilly
Chablis
Vouvray
Vin rosé des Riceys
Champagne nature
Graves
Loupiac
Cru de Chevalier, blanc
Château-Ricaud (Loupiac)

Oh, well do I remember my first oysters in Paris, a quarter of a century ago. I had to acquire the taste for them exactly the same as for olives and anchovies—but once acquired! My hotel room number was *huit* and the street hawkers passed beneath the window at all hours shouting "*Huîtres, Huîtres!*" At first I thought they might be calling my room number to attract my attention to their fine hampers of dripping *Marennes*.

Somebody carried a zinc bath-

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FLAVOUR . . . Guinness has a dry, hearty flavour. Once you acquire a taste for Guinness you never tire of it. How does Guinness get this flavour? Only Guinness knows.

HEAD . . . A creamy, long-lasting head crowns every glass of Guinness. This head is the result of natural fermentation with a special kind of yeast, that only Guinness grows.

COLOUR . . . Deep ruby fire glows in every Guinness. Hold the glass up to the light at the proper angle to see the gleam. It comes from roasted barley—but how? Guinness only knows.

PLEASURE . . . Natural ingredients alone go into Guinness—barley malt, hops, yeast and water. A Guinness palate is a matter for congratulations. Try Guinness and you'll know.

Guinness is enjoyed before or during meals, after exercise or when tired, and before retiring. Get it wherever you buy good beer or ale.

Guinness only knows!

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tub through the street, crying, "Who wants a bath today?" Both oysters and a portable bath in the street were too foreign for me, but later I smiled at the close connection between *huit*, my room number, *huîtres*, oysters, and that bathtub of zinc. It was when I snacked my first European oysters, at Prunier's, with a glass of still champagne, in true Parisian fashion, and found that the *huîtres* were green in color and had a metallic tang exactly like zinc bathtubs. Both color and taste come from a kind of local seaweed that even tinges the breathing gills so they look like Irish beards.

Ever since the war, hundreds of American Legioners who haven't gotten around to leaving Paris yet, in spite of the bad exchange, hold an annual oyster feed on an island in the Seine, belonging to Jeff Dickinson, the Yankee fight promoter. Many barrels of Lynnhavens and Cape Cods are shipped over for the occasion, which lasts from sunset to sunup, twelve solid hours of snacking on beer and oysters alone. But the oysters are done in a dozen styles, cocktailed, fried, roasted, even scalloped, which last dish Dr. Johnson said resembled children's ears in sawdust. And Thackeray said downing a raw oyster is too much like swallowing a baby.

In London, Scott's on Piccadilly is famed for its fine seafood and fancy prices, but Bentley's Bar, tucked away in a little alley behind the Piccadilly Theater is just as good and cozier. Between the acts it's jammed with dolled-up toffs dutifully downing their daily dozens of Colchester Natives at six bob the dozen, with a split of *Veuve Cliquot* or a silver mug of "bitter" on the side. All English Channel oysters, Barnstables, Whitstables, Colchesters, whatever, are called "Natives." They're thin, flat and taste of that bathtub but once one has acquired the perverted thirst for them, even our oysters seem flat, for there is about them an indefinable bouquet drawn from iodinized seaweeds in those chalky waters off Dover. Our plumper Blue Points and Rockaways lack this savor; yet in the world range nothing can compare with the Prince Edward Islanders product or the cock-of-the-walk Bayou bivalve of New Orleans. ⧺

A Shop in Every Port

Continued from page 105

fume which costs thirty-six dollars in New York City can be bought for ten or twelve, and the fury which comes over those who bought at twelve at the first free port and find the price down to ten at the next one is satisfying to behold. The entire saving of twenty-four dollars is forgotten in the contemplation of the loss of the extra two dollars.

The two ends of the Panama Canal are unfortunate because between them lies the magnificent sanitary exploit of the United States Army and the somewhat less magnificent canal itself. This means that something in addition to shopping can be done there. Willemstad is an ancient Dutch city through the main street of which your steamer serenely makes its way. I am told that at a great distance from the city there are some underground caves which are considered among the great wonders of the world, but no one goes to see them and there is nothing whatever in the city itself to attract attention. So the passengers of cruise boats descend upon Willemstad like an army of locusts and in their six hours' stay, they empty the stores. Japanese silks, Russian dolls, Irish linens, French perfumes and most of the other luxuries of the world are swept from the counters. The tailors take your order at nine in the morning and have a light-weight suit ready for you by high noon. You buy a kind of plaited straw basket when you start out and stuff it as you go along; and then, reeling with your excesses, you go on board and prepare for Panama some twenty-four hours later.

Watching this spectacle—and being part of it also it occurred to me that the pride of our commercial system, the idea of a single, uncompromising and unbargainable fixed price has probably soured the American temper. In all these ports, where you deal with a surprising number of Hindu shopkeepers, or natives, bargaining is almost obligatory and on the whole you can count on paying one-third less than the asking price except in about half a dozen of the best bazaars where the American institution has, regrettably, conquered.

Next to shopping, the great interest of cruises is taking pictures. A few years ago I got the impression that those small candid cameras would snap anything at any time and give you perfect results. On a cruise (when you are a marked man and something of a pariah if you have no camera), the complexities of taking an ordinary snapshot become extremely impressive. The photographers seem to use a kind of solar rangefinder. They consult this mysterious instrument and apparently go through complicated mathematical formulas and, refreshed by their endeavors, they begin turning gadgets around the lens of the camera and just as they are ready to shoot, a cloud moves and the whole thing has to be done over again. Once on a cruise, when we were off Nantucket Lightship, a tanker swung across the bow of our boat and made a pretty good attempt to carry it away. It was extremely exciting, but at least half the passengers were in a state of fury because in the fog they could not take pictures.

When you land at most ports there are large open cars into which you pile for a trip through the scenery. If you are traveling in a large group, you go together,

Continued on page 164

"It's a Pipe"
MEN SAID LAST SPRING

Repeat performance by royal command of the American pipe smoker

Here's an amazing offer, men. A sure-fire sell out. Last Spring this same offer swamped us with requests we could not fill. And there is only one reason why Briggs can afford to make this offer *again*. We want you to *try* Briggs Pipe Mixture . . . because, if you're like most men, you'll make Briggs (aged four full years) your pipe friend for life. Money back quickly if you're not delighted.

For this Fall, we ordered all these pipes we could get from L & H Stern, Inc., makers of "Park Lane" pipes for 40 years, to sell at not less than $3.50. Choicest imported "aged" briar, perfect finish and balance. Exclusive "Park Lane" heat tested bowl and triple filter assure permanent sweetness; clean, dry, mild smoking—from the first puff! Act at once! Our supply of these pipes is limited!

GENUINE "PARK LANE" DE LUXE BRIAR RETAILED FOR YEARS AT $3.50

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ACT NOW, MEN

Don't delay! First come, first served (quantity of these pipes is limited). We guarantee quality of both pipe and tobacco. If your tobacconist can't supply you—mail coupon *today sure!* This offer good in United States only.

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Enclosed is $1.00 (check or money order, for safety). Send me the special de luxe box containing 2 tins of Briggs and the genuine "Park Lane" briar pipe as advertised.

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A gift that keeps on giving all year round!

Every Man on Your Christmas List will Welcome the Handsome, Handy, Thrifty SPARKLET SYPHON

HERE'S A GIFT to gladden and gratify any man who calls for soda in his highball . . . the new and streamlined SPARKLET SYPHON.

One glance discloses the swank and symmetry of its modern design. And, the more hospitable the receiver may be, the greater will be SPARKLET'S appeal. For, while its appearance is costly, its habits are quite the reverse and SPARKLET is, beyond a doubt, the most economical syphon ever invented.

The SPARKLET SYPHON cuts soda expense in two

The SPARKLET SYPHON makes its own club soda at about 8¢ a quart. Lively, sparkling soda, too, that would win applause at the swellest of bars. And, of course, SPARKLETS end the inconvenience of bulky bottles—of "empties," deposits and returns.

Let the SPARKLET SYPHON solve all your masculine Christmas problems this year. Get one for yourself, too. They're sold at the better drug, department and houseware stores, as well as most specialty shops.

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New Streamline Syphon with 5 refills: Enamel finish (ivory with black trim, black with red trim, or blue with white trim) $5.95; Chromium finish (black or red trim) or Copper finish with red trim $6.95. Refill bulbs: 5 for 45¢, 10 for 85¢, 25 for $1.95.

The new Streamline

SPARKLET SYPHON

"Highlight of gifts for 1937!"

A Shop in Every Port

Continued from pages 105-163

but if you don't tie yourself down and just take chances, you will inevitably land in a car with a camera fiend. This is disconcerting at first, but there are compensations. There was the man with the sixteen-millimeter movie camera who had an absolute passion for still photography. In Trinidad, I think it was, a huge cart of sugar cane drawn by six Indian bullocks (zebus, probably) came around a corner of the road in front of a quaint but second-rate rural church; they were the most pictorial moving objects we had seen, but the man with the moving picture camera waited until they were out of his way before he took a picture of the church. Another enthusiast shot four hundred feet in a two-hour drive, every one of them through the windshield of the moving car.

Shopping and picture snapping are the great bonds. The social life of the ship itself is a third. Some cruise ships have fairly elaborate entertainments; some go in for plenty of movies and keno. There is always dancing and there are always dancing men, including perhaps half a dozen or so of the cruise staff who are meant to make themselves agreeable to all; by an irony which they appreciate they are usually favorites with the younger and more agreeable women on board. The selection of a cruise personnel is a matter of the most delicate judgments. It is no use saying that you want ladies and gentlemen if the passengers who are most in need of social assistance prefer something else.

In the long run neither the social staff nor the activities provided for you will do you the slightest harm or very much good. Even on a small boat you can manage to avoid anyone and anything you please or play deck tennis and take part in amateur theatricals if so inclined. There are people who get in two or three hours of bridge every day and consider the time spent going up the Andes to Caracas a sheer waste. There are others who moon about the deck apparently incapable of maintaining any communication with any other human being. There was one man who at the end of a rather brief cruise had had at least one long talk with two hundred and fifty of the three hundred passengers and was calling at least half of them by their first names. It sounds like a portrait of a particularly back-slapping go-getter. Actually he was one of the most agreeable and intelligent men of my acquaintance: he lived in a comparatively small city, he had a genuine interest in the lives of other people, and a cruise was a field day of new experiences for him. On the other hand, I have met those who prided themselves at the end of a round-the-world cruise on having spoken to less than half a dozen people altogether.

Apparently you cannot get four or five hundred people together without having some eccentrics, some bores, and a considerable number of fools. It is remarkable how rapidly they merge into a dim background. It is remarkable also how many ways there are of having pleasure. I remember once noticing a particularly mousy middle-aged woman who seemed totally friendless. We thought we were being particularly nice to her when we invited her to join us on a motor trip. She breathed a sigh of ecstasy as we passed an open market in a small West Indies town, repeating the words "open market" as if she had been dreaming of them for years. We saw her several times on other shore trips—and often writing long letters on board. Yet I heard her say as we were coming into New York that the cruise had been everything she ever hoped it would be.

There is also bound to be one drunkard—but don't hurry to nominate yourself for the position. It is a fatality that you will sober up. The most disappointing individual in years to me was one known as "the doctor." Perhaps he was a doctor and never drank at home, but for the first twenty-four hours of the cruise he was magnificent, being never observed without a fresh and full glass of whiskey and soda in his hand. He must have had a special arrangement with the stewards because at one moment you would see him tossing off his drink and the next moment a full one had taken its place. He was one of the few people who did not go through the stages of drinking—but remained always at the level of complete geniality. He never annoyed and there was something remarkably pleasing about his pleasure in life. On the third day he went on the wagon and some of the joy of the trip vanished as he did so. Some people can keep it up a few more days, but apparently if you want to do your drinking in a serious way you had better take four days across the Atlantic and stay tight. On cruises you won't.

Most of the advice handed out to tourists is useful. There are two or three points which I never encountered. The first holds for any form of social intercourse and is that you keep yourself fluid for a few days and neither attach yourself too closely to any group nor too openly isolate yourself. You run the risk of being left out of some good parties, but you gain in variety. The second is to take the arranged shore trips unless you are an exceptionally good manager yourself. And the third is to travel in a group of four two couples—because in that way you always have a unit of sociability to fall back on and at the same time create an admirable nucleus for a larger group. This isn't necessary if your wife is the best company in the world, but that kind of luck is rare. ⫲

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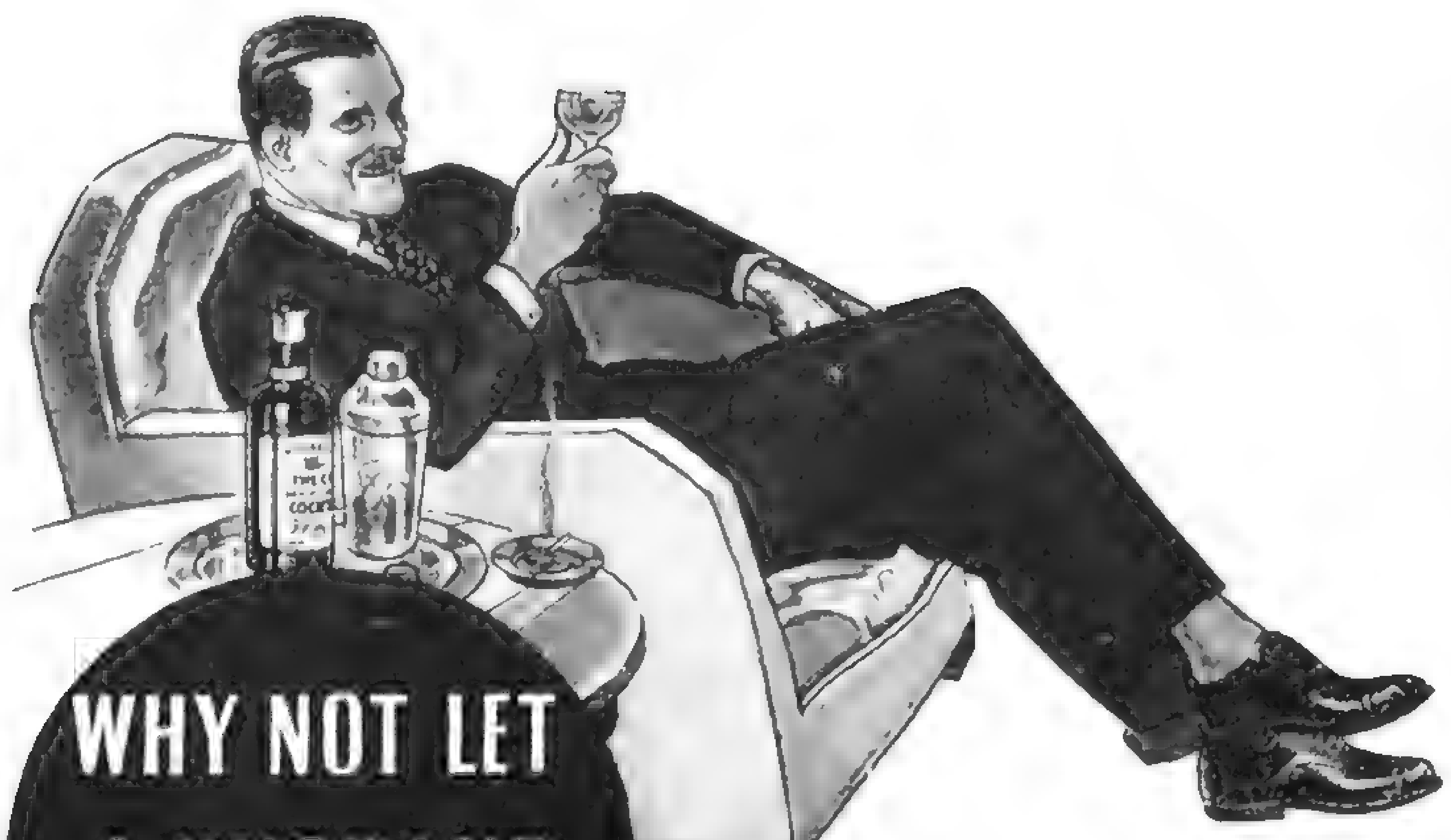

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By HEUBLEIN of HARTFORD

The Eerie Mr. Murphy

Continued from page 59

going to see the Chief of Police."

So he was escorted to the office of Chief of Police August Steinbecker with considerable courtesy. When they were alone, Murphy told Steinbecker that he was a wholesale murderer; Steinbecker clasped his hands behind his neck, leaned back in his swivel chair and told Murphy to go ahead.

In his reedy voice Murphy told his story in its essentials, straightforwardly. Steinbecker didn't interrupt, but listened closely with his grayish-blue eyes fixed on Murphy's scared black ones.

When Murphy had finished, tight-lipped, Steinbecker asked soothingly, "You don't really think you made that plane crash, Mr. Murphy, do you?" The swivel chair came back to level and he rested his elbows on the desk. He said carefully, "Of course, it's really quite a coincidence. You know it's nearly a hundred in the shade, don't you? Sometimes the heat gives me funny ideas, too."

Murphy shook his head. "You don't understand. I don't *do* anything. I just know when something's going to happen."

"Same thing, isn't it?" Steinbecker argued placatingly. "You don't stop a clock when you look at it, but when you look at it you know that it's going to stop. What's the difference?"

Murphy fluttered his hands. "That's just the trouble."

Steinbecker stretched his arm out for the telephone on his desk, saying, "Well, it won't do to let you go around stopping clocks and automobiles. You really want to get this kink ironed out of you, do you?"

"Yes! Oh, yes!" Murphy exclaimed fervently.

"There's a brainy psychiatrist I know, down the line in the Medical Arts Building. I'll just call him up and make an appointment for you," Steinbecker offered.

"Thank you," Murphy quavered as the chief lifted the handpiece from the telephone, "but the telephone has just stopped working."

Steinbecker smiled a skeptical little smile and started to check a call through the switchboard downstairs. But the phone was dead. It stayed dead while he jiggled the connection, and he carefully replaced the handpiece in its prongs.

"That's calling your shots," he muttered thoughtfully.

"You've got a pistol there in the middle drawer, haven't you?" Murphy proceeded forlornly. "Do you know that it isn't loaded?"

Steinbecker regarded Murphy steadfastly, suddenly yanked the drawer open and produced a .38 caliber revolver, broke it. He kept that gun loaded, knew it was loaded, and it took him ten or twelve seconds to get used to the idea that the chambers were empty.

"The bullets are in your coat pocket. The left one," Murphy announced timorously.

Steinbecker dug into his pocket, looked shocked, and brought out the six slugs with a few coins. If Murphy had performed this sorcery, he had done what no one in human form could do. Steinbecker swallowed, weighing the bullets in his sweating palm as though he had found a half-dozen .38 caliber maggots in his jacket. He asked quietly, "How did you work that, Murphy?"

"It isn't anything I do," Murphy protested anxiously in his E-string voice. There was a touch of hysteria. "It's—it's just that I know when. Things just occur to me, do you see? I just know when, and I can't stop it! Don't you understand?"

He didn't understand it himself. He knew when an object won't be found where it must be, when a foolproof instrument would cease to function, when the billionth chance in the law of averages would occur. It would be all right if the chances weren't occurring in wholesale lots. The frightening thing, the thing that frightened Murphy so profoundly, was that he was unable to control the outlaw power of which he was the feeble instrument. He did the best he could with it, confining it to odd jobs of the most harmless variety possible, like letting a license number on a car change, or stopping a man from casting a shadow in strong sunlight. Feeding peanuts to the tiger within him, as it were.

"I understand, all right," Steinbecker said grimly. "You just know when. Let's pay a visit to the Bertillon room downstairs, shall we? Do you think you can give the boys a demonstration?"

"A demonstration?" Murphy faltered. "I guess so." As they left the office and headed down the corridor to the elevator, "You're going to keep me here aren't you?"

"We'll see," Steinbecker answered ambiguously. There wasn't a charge Murphy could be held on. For that matter, Steinbecker knew he was sticking his neck out by asking Murphy to perform. There was such a thing as a run of coincidences.

He punched the red button at the elevator, frowning. Both of them watched the indicator above the door inch through its half circle as the elevator came down from the penthouse, which contained the radio-telephone equipment. The tiger that had broken loose when Murphy looked up at the big monoplane got loose again now.

"No! No!" he protested frantically. "It's going to fall!"

It fell. The indicator jumped backward through its arc, and they glimpsed the operator's sick face as the car flashed past and down. Steinbecker pulled in his neck, anticipating the crash, but there wasn't any. It was a heavy, shuddering jar as the automatic safety brakes took hold and stopped the car in its fall with unexpected violence that nearly broke the operator's legs. They could hear him yelling into his telephone down there for a repair crew because the car was jammed fast in the shaft, yelling to cover the fact that he was scared spitless.

"See? See?" Murphy screamed; terror closed his throat and thinned the scream to a high, tearing whisper.

Steinbecker's rate of breathing crept up a little with relief. He was a big man with not much fat on him in spite of his generally peaceful roost behind his desk, and not easily shaken, but he was shaken now. He had a family himself, and the veteran in the elevator had a wife and three children. Purposefully he escorted Murphy down six flights of stairs to the Bertillon room in the basement.

Tall, barred windows let in the afternoon sunlight. Under Steinbecker's supervision a dozen men, made up of sergeants, lieutenants, two Bertillon experts, a reporter and a photographer from the Groveland *Free Press*, gave Murphy the works.

First of all, they failed to fingerprint him. Except for a useless moisture-crease here and there, they got nothing for the files but two sets of black spots. Murphy had no prints. His fingertips were slick as glass.

Then it was mugging him.

For the benefit of the men from the *Free Press* Steinbecker asked, "You're submitting to this of your own free will, aren't you?"

"Yes, certainly," Murphy responded hopelessly. "But it's just a waste of plates. That camera won't work."

The police photographer growled something and snapped Murphy front and right profile, and standing up beside a perpendicular rule marked with inch and foot divisions.

"Well, go develop the plates and see," Murphy said. "You haven't got anything."

"If I haven't, it'll be the first time," the photographer said for Steinbecker's benefit.

While he was busy in the darkroom adjacent, the press photographer was getting shots with a "candid" camera loaded with a fresh roll of film. He and the reporter smelled a feature story in this thing.

"Mix the pictures," Murphy suggested resignedly. "The ones I'm supposed to be in won't come out."

The photographer grinned willingly. He got Steinbecker, Murphy, then Lieutenants Reisner and Hubbard, Murphy, Steinbecker, and so on. This was pretty good. If this little pop-eyed hoodoo was calling his shots, it would be even better.

The police photographer strolled out of the darkroom drying his hands and announced casually, "Them plates come out blank. They've been exposed, but there's nothing on them."

The press photographer asked permission to use the darkroom, and the two photographers went in together.

"What else have you got?" Lieutenant Hubbard asked. He had a metallic, hostile voice that he had cultivated to screen a heart as soft as an over-ripe tomato.

"Well, you're not wearing your badge, for example," Murphy said gloomily.

Hubbard made a pass at his breast. The holes made by the pin were there, but the shield was gone. The fact that the pin had been secured with a double-lock device was something to think about. The reporter made a sound of delight.

"It's over there under the fingerprint table," Murphy announced. Hubbard glanced in that direction, walked over to retrieve his shield. All the lieutenants and sergeants looked at each other with a kind of bewildered glee. Murphy stood with his head bowed.

"Go ahead, Murphy," Steinbecker prompted.

Murphy looked up, looked around timidly; picking out Lieutenant Reisner he said timidly, "Shoot me."

Reisner didn't understand, and looked at Steinbecker.

"Suppose I had just robbed the First National and was running with a satchel full of money," Murphy explained nervously. "You were shooting at me. You could shoot at me all day and the bullets would never get to me."

Murphy was Steinbecker's protégé, so all the cops laughed mildly. Steinbecker ordered one of them to go out and get a bullet-proof vest from one of the emergency trucks in the garage

"It isn't necessary," Murphy protested.

"Do you think I'll take a chance on having a man murdered before my eyes?" Steinbecker snapped. "Lieutenant Reisner. Is your gun in perfect condition?"

Reisner flushed and reported that it was. It was. The gun had been cleaned less than an hour ago, after he had hung up another perfect score on the target range. He was a deadly marksman, the best in the department.

The bullet-proof vest was a yoke of laminated steel encased in black canvas. It weighed about thirty pounds. The front and rear panels were held snug against the body by means of tapes which were tied at the sides. They got Murphy inside it.

"Go ahead," Steinbecker ordered grimly.

At a dozen paces Reisner drew aim on Murphy's breast. "Get ready," he warned. "This is going to knock you down."

Deep in Murphy's brain the tiger purred; he smiled half-heartedly, standing relaxed. There was dead silence just before the heavy bark of the .38 caliber revolver. That would be a hell of a blow to take on the chest.

The slug, an alloy of copper

Continued on page 168

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HARRIS TWEED

The Eerie Mr. Murphy

Continued from pages 59-167

and nickel that was guaranteed to sock through nine inches of pine, fizzled out of the muzzle of Reisner's gun and hopped along the floor. It rolled, coming to rest about a yard from Murphy's feet. Reisner ogled it, then emptied the five remaining slugs into Murphy's chest. But they all fizzled out and stopped hopping and rolling within a yard of the first one.

One of the men had a .45. Reisner borrowed it and emptied it in Murphy's direction as fast as he could pull the trigger. He borrowed another gun. And at the end there they lay, eighteen slugs in a cluster at Murphy's feet. Not one had got to him. Reisner wiped sweat from his forehead and grinned sheepishly at Steinbecker.

The press photographer emerged from the darkroom holding up a snake of wet film. He said, "All the shots came out fine except the ones Murphy was in. Take a look."

All the shots of Murphy were blank rectangles interrupting the sequence of good shots of Steinbecker and the others. All the men looked at each other, looked at Murphy.

Murphy hadn't been weighed. Steinbecker took him over to the scales, and a man took a slug of iron representing a hundred pounds off the balance. He shoved the brass weights back on the graduated bars, shoved them all the way back. At the end, the arm slowly oscillated as it was supposed to when there was nothing on the platform. Even with the steel vest on Murphy weighed less than an ounce, if anything. Steinbecker weighed his own hundred and eighty pounds, and he still had them. There was nothing wrong with the scales. There was something wrong with Murphy. Murphy's weight was going to look like a mistake in the records. "Weight: O."

"I guess it isn't any use," Murphy decided in his melancholy, E-string voice. "I shouldn't have come here. What's the use of your locking me up in a cell when I could walk right out again?"

Steinbecker asked, "You mean you could get out of a cell if we locked you in? With a brake and all?"

"Oh, yes," Murphy said lugubriously. In the back of his mind the tiger was purring again. His head ached.

Steinbecker's eyes lighted on a heavy pine packing box in which some equipment had been delivered. It was empty, and the lid was in one piece. The box was pretty small, but Murphy could just about make it if he doubled up.

They crammed Murphy, unprotesting, into the box and they nailed the lid down fast all around. They nailed the lid down so tight that no living thing would be able to break out of that box.

"I always wanted to see how they do this trick," said one of the cops.

"Damned if that little guy doesn't give me the creeps," someone muttered.

"He sure has got something."

"Quiet." Steinbecker hauled the pine crate farther out on the floor so that they could all gather around, and said, "I think he's got his weight back. Try it, Reisner."

Reisner straddled the box, hefted it a few inches from the floor and agreed that it weighed a hundred and thirty pounds or so. When he had set it down, Murphy rapped on the wood inside. All the cops gathered round, and Steinbecker put his ear close to the wood. In a muffled, elfin voice Murphy announced, "I'm gone, now."

"What did he say?" Hubbard asked.

"He says he's gone, now," Steinbecker answered, quietly.

All of them watched. They waited, listened, but nothing happened. They grinned. Solemnly Steinbecker moved the box with his foot, and it moved as though Murphy had lost his weight again. The silence got pregnant. A man said uneasily, "I bet he can't breathe in there. Much."

Steinbecker ordered a man to yank the nails, and the man did it with pincers and a claw-hammer. When the lid was bent back they saw that Murphy had told the truth. He had been gone for about ten minutes.

There was no denying that Murphy had worked a very good dodge. He wasn't there. They waited expectantly for the rest of the trick, for Murphy's reappearance. He didn't show up; the crate was absolutely empty, and nothing happened.

The men shuffled their feet or cleared their throats, but nothing happened. They looked at each other, half expecting Murphy to stick his head out of someone's pocket. They all jumped when Steinbecker kicked the box irritably and bellowed, "Murphy!"

Immediately the echoes were swallowed in a hush; the heavy pine crate remained empty; Murphy wasn't in it. He wasn't anywhere; he was gone.

Though all the men were off duty now, they responded eagerly when Steinbecker barked an order to search the Bertillon room and darkroom. Murphy couldn't have got any further away, because the only exit door had been closed and guarded.

Long before the search ended in failure, Steinbecker had worked up a generous, clammy sweat. Through his unwilling mind sneaked the thought that trains would wreck, planes would crash, general hell would pop, and through a dirty stroke of fate it would be the fault of August Steinbecker.

For he had had that little nightmare of a Murphy nailed up securely in a box, and he had let him loose. ⌗

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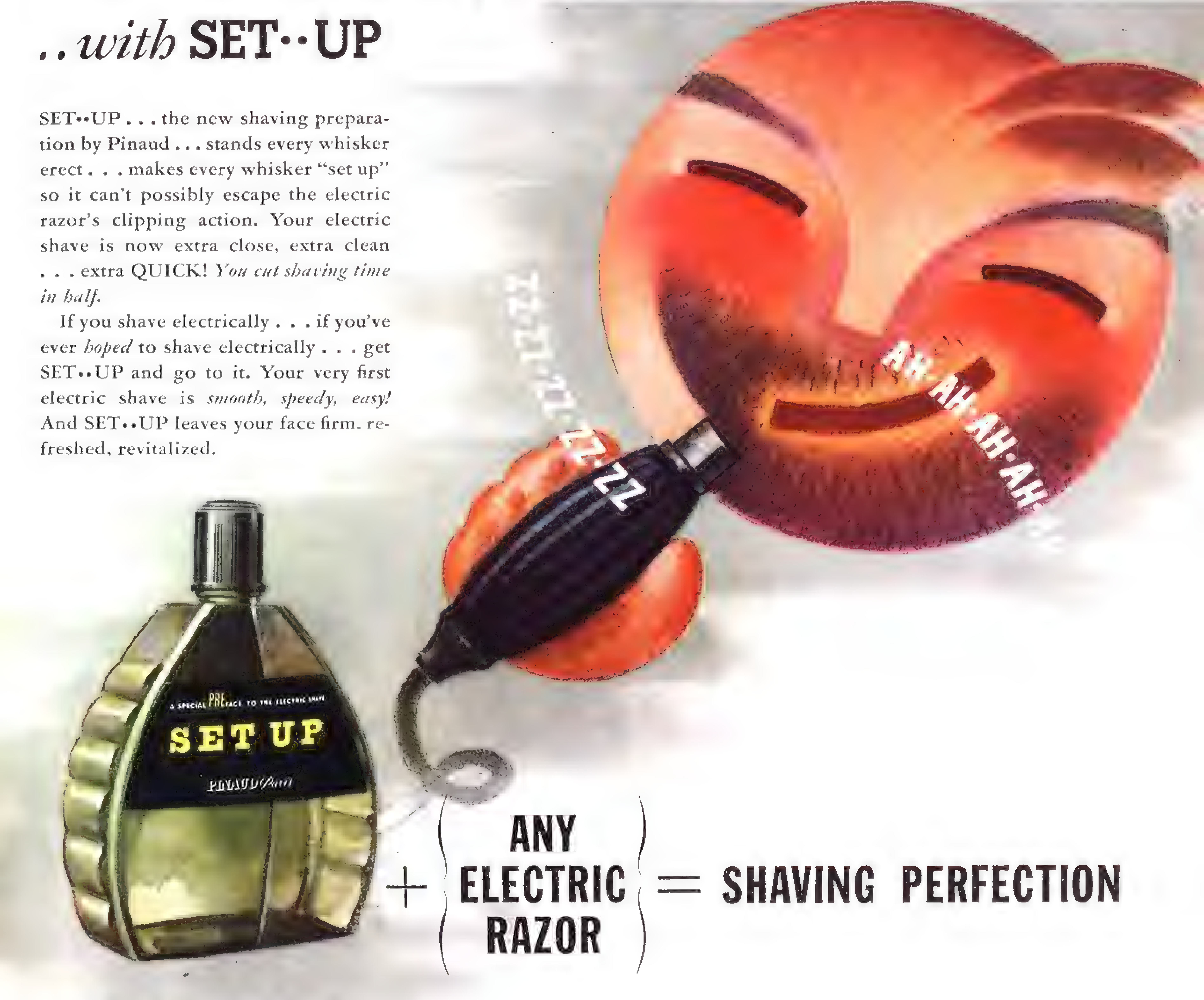
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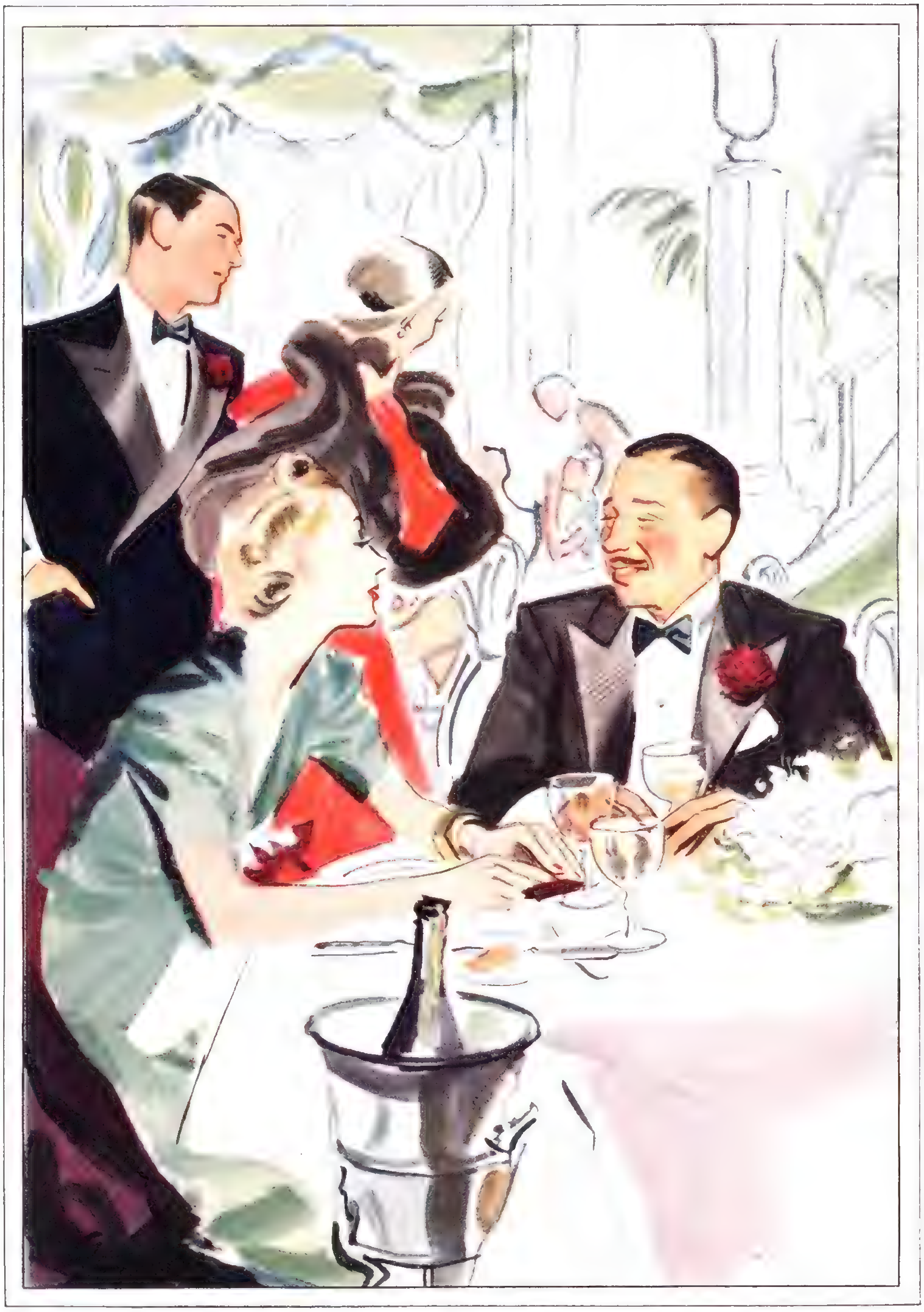

THE CHANGING DINNER JACKET SITUATION

While many well dressed younger men both here and abroad still dress in the manner of the man in the background, the newest tendency is toward an increasing formality in dinner clothes, featuring the revived importance of the single breasted dinner jacket worn with a stiff shirt and wing collar. This newest dinner jacket has ribbed silk lapels, as opposed to the shiny facings of the double breasted that has been the reigning favorite for the last few seasons. It is worn with a black waistcoat, semi-butterfly tie, and plain gold studs. With it either patent leather pumps or oxfords are suggested, and an oxford grey or navy blue topcoat. With the double breasted, men continue to wear the soft collar-attached shirt and a satin tie to go with the satin lapels. With the soft collar the midnight blue Homburg hat is preferable, with the wing collar either the Homburg or a collapsible opera hat.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

World's Toughest Cop

Continued from page 84

howled its delight as the can's contents of slop began oozing down the modish gangster's starched bosom and white waistcoat.

Last August, Broderick was detailed to find the thug who had shot and wounded Patrolman Kominsky. The search narrowed down to a petty gangster named Thomas Kilbride. Through a tip from Kilbride's girl friend, Johnny located the gunman in a saloon on Third Avenue. When the detective entered the place, Kilbride was standing at the bar with four other pals whom Johnny recognized immediately as being wanted for other crimes. One of the gang, catching the detective's reflection in the mirror back of the bar, cried out.

"God, it's Broderick!"

All five thugs turned and faced Johnny. The detective simply glared at them and then barked, "Come along with me, all of you." And the five hoodlums went with him quite willingly. Broderick did not have to baste a single one of them, either.

The terror of the underworldlings for a Broderick uppercut has been enough to drive some of them to suicide. On November 3, 1926, a trio of veteran holdup men, Red McKenna, Hymie Amberg and Bobbie Berg, heavily armed, broke out of their cells in the old Tombs Prison in New York City, murdered the warden and a keeper and then proceeded to shoot their way through the prison gate. A general riot call brought every available New York policeman running to the Tombs. Barricading themselves behind a coal pile, the three convicts would not be driven out, even in the face of the heavy barrage from the police machine guns, rifles and pistols from all parts of the Tombs building.

When Broderick arrived on the scene, he went directly into the yard and, in spite of the crossfire, managed to reach the coal pile unharmed. After emptying his pistol in the exchange with the convicts, Broderick then rushed. When he reached them, Johnny found that the trio had committed suicide.

That same year of 1926, Broderick won one of the eight medals for valor which the New York Police Department awards annually to its members. Johnny got his medal for a midnight performance in a Broadway restaurant. A man was flourishing a revolver and threatening to shoot everyone in the place. Enter Broderick who quickly disarmed the man of two revolvers and a knife and then pinched him.

One day during the summer of 1934, Broderick became suspicious of two chaps, driving in the Forties, west of Broadway. He mounted the running board of the moving automobile and swung his fists. The car stopped. The badly stunned driver toppled out, a friend after him. Johnny swung again and the friend went down, too. Broderick arrested the pair because they confessed to him that they had stolen the car only a few minutes previous. When Magistrate Brodsky heard the story on the arraignment of the thieves, he wrote to the New York Police Commissioner, complimenting him on Broderick's alertness and aggressiveness.

In appearance and manner, there is none of the hardboiled copper about Johnny Broderick. As a matter of fact, he is known in the Police Department as the "Duke" because of his great yen for clothes in the Broadway style.

His suits, usually of flashy, light materials, fit him perfectly. His buttonhole always boasts a white carnation while his fedora is invariably tipped at an ultra sporty angle. His shirts, handkerchiefs and underwear are silk and monogrammed. Friends say that Johnny strives for the unique sartorial effect traditionally affected by his great pal and patron, Jimmy Walker. There is no denying that Broderick would like to top off his swell regalia with spats and a cane but feels that might be overdoing it a bit for a cop, even though he might be the world's toughest.

Broderick is a fairly tall (five feet ten inches), solidly built (one hundred seventy pounds) and good looking Irisher. His eyes are brown as is his hair which is now turning gray.

He is forty-two years of age and has been with the New York Police Department for fourteen years. Johnny has personality and is very popular with his fellow members of the force, the press, and the Broadway and New York sporting mobs. With friends, Broderick is soft spoken and only talks out of the side of his mouth when he gets excited. He knows how to yarn with the great and the near-great, both classes finding him grand company.

Because Broderick mixes well in all kinds of society, makes a nice appearance and is a pleasant companion withal, the Police Commissioner usually selects him as the bodyguard for celebrities visiting the Big Town. Among those whom he has served in this capacity are Queen Marie of Roumania, King Albert of Belgium, August Herscher, Peggy Hopkins Joyce and Tex Rickard. Even as a youth, long before he entered the Police Department, Broderick was picked by the late Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, as a bodyguard. Then Broderick was a walking delegate for the Teamsters' Union and met Gompers at a convention. The famed Labor Leader liked Broderick and made him his personal bodyguard. In his present berth with the Main Office Squad, Detective Broderick has a roving commission which can take him anywhere. When it comes to bringing back to New York

Continued on page 172

Even a Horse Scorns

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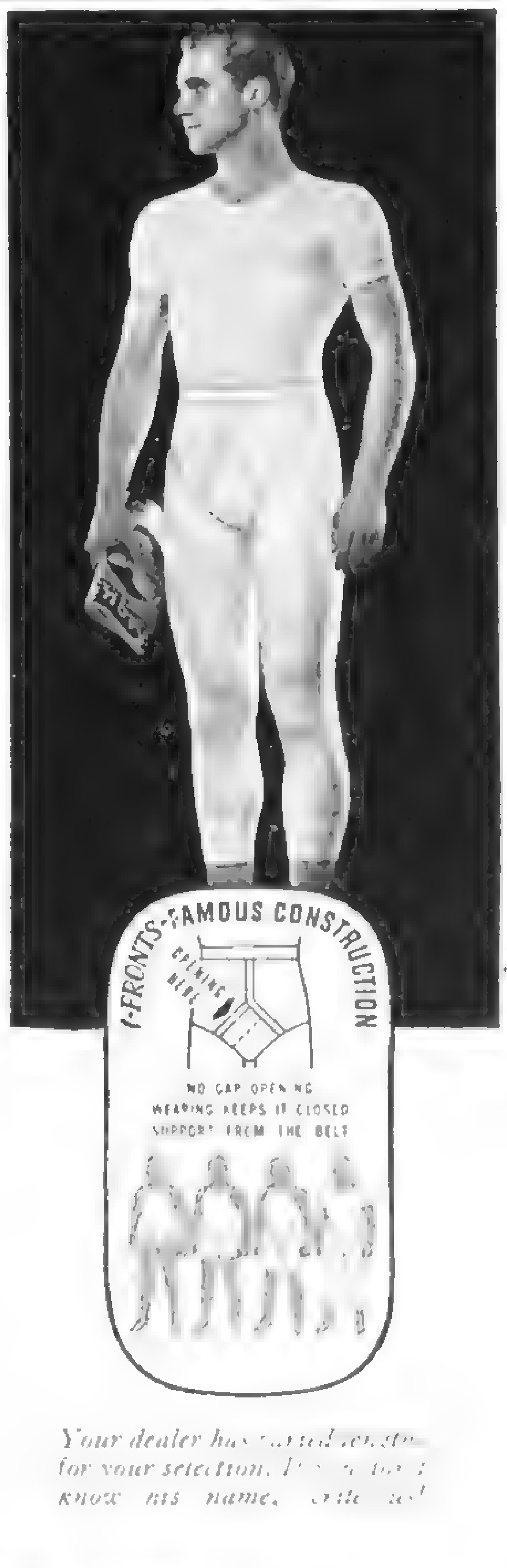

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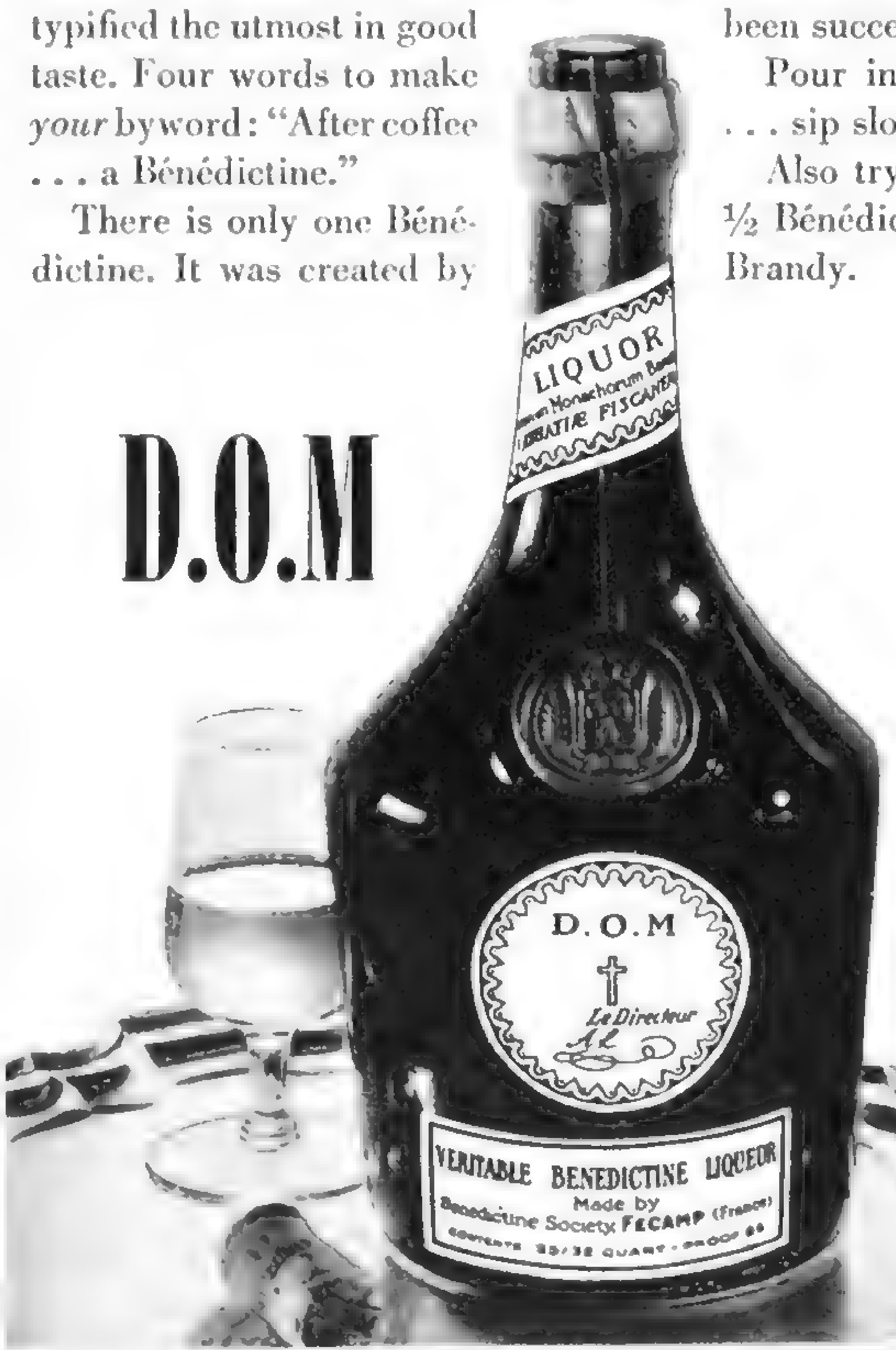
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World's Toughest Cop

Continued from pages 84-171

criminals wanted in Manhattan who are apprehended in other cities, the Main Office Squad usually gets the assignment. Such assignments are regarded by the rank and file cops as "cinchy" because they usually include a pleasant trip with first class accommodations. New York crooks have a habit of being finally caught in Miami, Los Angeles, Monte Carlo or Rio de Janeiro. Jaunts to such places are not hard for a cop to take, particularly when he is getting all his expenses paid. And to an experienced hand like Broderick, it is just as easy to return a prisoner from Rio as it is from the Bronx.

Broderick goes to a gymnasium every day for a complete workout and is always in excellent physical shape—ever-ready for a fracas. Anytime. Anywhere. He is a teetotaler and abstains from nicotine. Johnny can sprint like a Jesse Owens and the years have not slowed him up any. He can still go up the steepest stairs, three steps at a time. He walks with an alert, swinging swagger. The man has untold stamina, staying power and can stand punishment aplenty.

One night several years ago, Broderick received a phone call from a hoodlum who, after denouncing him in profane terms, dared Johnny to come to a certain joint on Long Island. At the time, Detective John Cordes, his partner, was dining and Broderick was alone.

He left a note for Cordes, giving him the address of the place where he was going. When Broderick arrived at the Long Island dive, he found sixteen toughs awaiting, all set to dismember him.

Undaunted, Johnny tore into the mob and was still on his feet when Cordes and a wagonload of cops arrived, albeit he took an awful drubbing.

That was the only time Broderick ever lost a decision. But remember it took sixteen tough guys to accomplish such a Herculean feat.

Broderick never handpicks his opponents. When Jack Sharkey was heavyweight champion of the world a few years ago, he was an impressive fighter but not sufficiently impressive to awe Johnny Broderick. After one of Sharkey's fights at Madison Square Garden, his manager, rotund Johnny Buckley, settled an old score with the New York press by socking one of its smallest members. The tiny sportswriter thus smacked was a friend of Broderick. When Johnny heard about this incident, he rushed to Sharkey's dressing room after Buckley. As Broderick charged into the Sharkey quarters, the champion shouted "Don't you lay a finger on him." With his right hand, Broderick pulled his gun and covered Sharkey while he decimated Buckley with his left. This completed, Broderick pocketed his gun and turned to Sharkey. However, the champion was busy attempting to revive Buckley.

John J. Broderick was born in the Gas House District of New York which is located around Second Avenue and East Twenty-fifth Street. This neighborhood is an Irish Ghetto and has provided the American prize-ring and the Manhattan Police Force with a dynasty of doughty drubbers. Johnny attended St. Gabriel's Parochial School but had to leave at the age of twelve to help his mother. Although Broderick has long since moved out of St. Gabriel's Parish, he still takes an active interest in the Parish's social activities. He acts as master of ceremonies at their smokers and participates in their entertainments. His first job was driving a brick truck. Later, Johnny graduated to handling a coal wagon for Burns Brothers. While in this capacity, Broderick became an official in the Teamsters' Union.

When America entered the World War, Broderick joined up with the Navy and it was in the Service that he got his first boxing lesson. In 1922, Broderick passed the examination for the New York Fire Department but he was a fireman for only nine months. "The life was too peaceful and, anyway, I got tired of playing checkers," he says.

In January, 1923, Broderick went over to the cops and has stayed with them ever since, in spite of some very stringent disciplinary measures which have been handed him. The natty Broderick with his Broadway reputation was the darling of the Tammany-controlled Mayor Jimmy Walker administration. Hence, in 1934, when Fusionists had bested Tammany and elected LaGuardia Mayor, Broderick was too much a symbol of the flambuoyant Walker era to escape rebuke by the new reform administration. Mayor LaGuardia appointed General O'Ryan, Police Commissioner and one of the first things O'Ryan did was to discipline Broderick. Ace detective Johnny Broderick was demoted to patrolman, put back "in harness" and his pay reduced from $4000 to $3000. He was exiled to patrolling a beat over among the warehouses of Long Island City where the lights of Broderick's beloved Broadway are only a burnt-orange haze on the western sky. There was a great hullabaloo about it. Broderick's thousands of friends were indignant and were all for getting up a petition to Mayor LaGuardia. But Johnny would not let them and took his demotion like a soldier.

Aye, the Brodericks never were a complaining clan. Shure, no man would be quicker to admit that than an O'Ryan. Four months after he had been put back into "harness" and sent to pounding lonely suburban pavements, Broderick was summoned by Commissioner O'Ryan to his office. The day after Broderick's visit to headquarters, O'Ryan made this announcement:

"Patrolman John Broderick has been promoted. He will return to plain-clothes duty as a detective, third grade. After meeting Broderick and having an opportunity to observe his work, I find that his morale, despite a demotion, was unimpaired. His commander in his report to me described him as a model cop. He is a type that can do good work for us."

So Johnny went back to his old job—but at patrolman's pay and two steps lower in rank than he had been before. In 1935, Broderick was promoted from detective, third grade, to detective, second grade.

A $500 boost in pay went with the promotion making his current salary $3,500—little enough to support a family, and pay for his gas and oil and the taxes on his home in Jackson Heights.

The only other time that Broderick was up for official censure was in a 1926 fur strike, when it was charged by labor officials that he was paid $100 a week for protecting the "interests." In the investigation that followed, Johnny was exonerated by the late Magistrate Joseph V. Corrigan, certainly no cop-pamperer. Of course, when Broderick acted as Tex Rickard's head bouncer at the Madison Square Garden there were numerous unofficial complaints emanating from the town's sporting hoodlums for the ungentlemanly manner in which he would eject them from the Garden's premises. For instance, friends of the notorious racketeer, Vannie Higgins, were not at all pleased at Broderick's custom of bouncing Vannie through a telephone booth every time Johnny happened to run into Higgins at the Garden.

His fellow cops speak in the highest terms of Broderick's valiant exploits but they point out that sooner or later, he will be bumped off, probably by some hophead. Nobody knows better than Detective Broderick himself that he is cemetery bait. It just is not in the cards that he can always emerge victorious and unscathed from his eternal encounters with the underworld. However, Johnny is possessed with that inherent fatalism of the Irish who believe that when your time for departure from this earth has come, nothing can be done to prevent your take-off. Indade, 'tis God's Will.

Though long a colorful character of Broadway's night life, Johnny Broderick is a good family man.

On his evenings off, Broderick can always be found at his little home in Jackson Heights, Long Island, sitting in the front parlor with the wife and daughters, Marion, aged thirteen, and Margaret, aged sixteen. All the Brodericks are musically inclined and, at the drop of the hat, will oblige with a family concert. Mrs. Broderick plays the piano, the kids do an Eleanor Powell and father, a John McCormack. Seriously, Johnny Broderick's tenor voice is not bad. Back in his old home parish of St. Gabriel's in the Gas House District, the older parishioners will tell you that no lad, save possibly Jawn McCormack, himself, can sing an Irish ballad with more feeling than Officer Broderick.

"I'm telling ye, when Johnny Broderick sings *Mother Machree* at an entertainment given by our Church," an old lady of the Parish informed me, "the tears just come to my eyes natural-like—for he sings that grand song so beautifully."

Recently, a number of Broderick's friends tendered him a testimonial banquet. When it came Johnny's turn to reply to the many plaudits of the various speakers, he stammered: "Aw, ladies and gentlemen, I'm no speech-maker. I'll sing you a song instead." Without any further preliminaries, Johnny began to chirp: *My Wild Irish Rose.*

Officer Broderick is a very chivalrous copper. He considers it always his duty to protect damsels in distress. And he does it very effectively, too. Back in 1927, Broderick was cited for commendable police duty by the Department for saving a lady from an attack by two men. Broderick was walking along Forty-ninth Street, west of Broadway, at five a.m. one morning when he saw a woman struggling with two men in front of a hotel. When Broderick called a halt to the proceedings, the assailants fled in a taxi. Johnny followed, arrested them and relieved the pair of two revolvers.

Another time, the owner of a small restaurant downtown told Broderick that three ruffians were perched in front of his place, annoying women. Johnny whacked the mugs down, picked them up again and hurled them one at a time through the restaurant's plate glass window. Then he arrested them for malicious destruction of property. The mugs got thirty days apiece and had to pay for the window. After profusely thanking Broderick, the restaurant owner timidly inquired just why he had resorted to the extreme measure of tossing the culprits through his plate glass window.

"You needed a new window," blandly explained Broderick. ###

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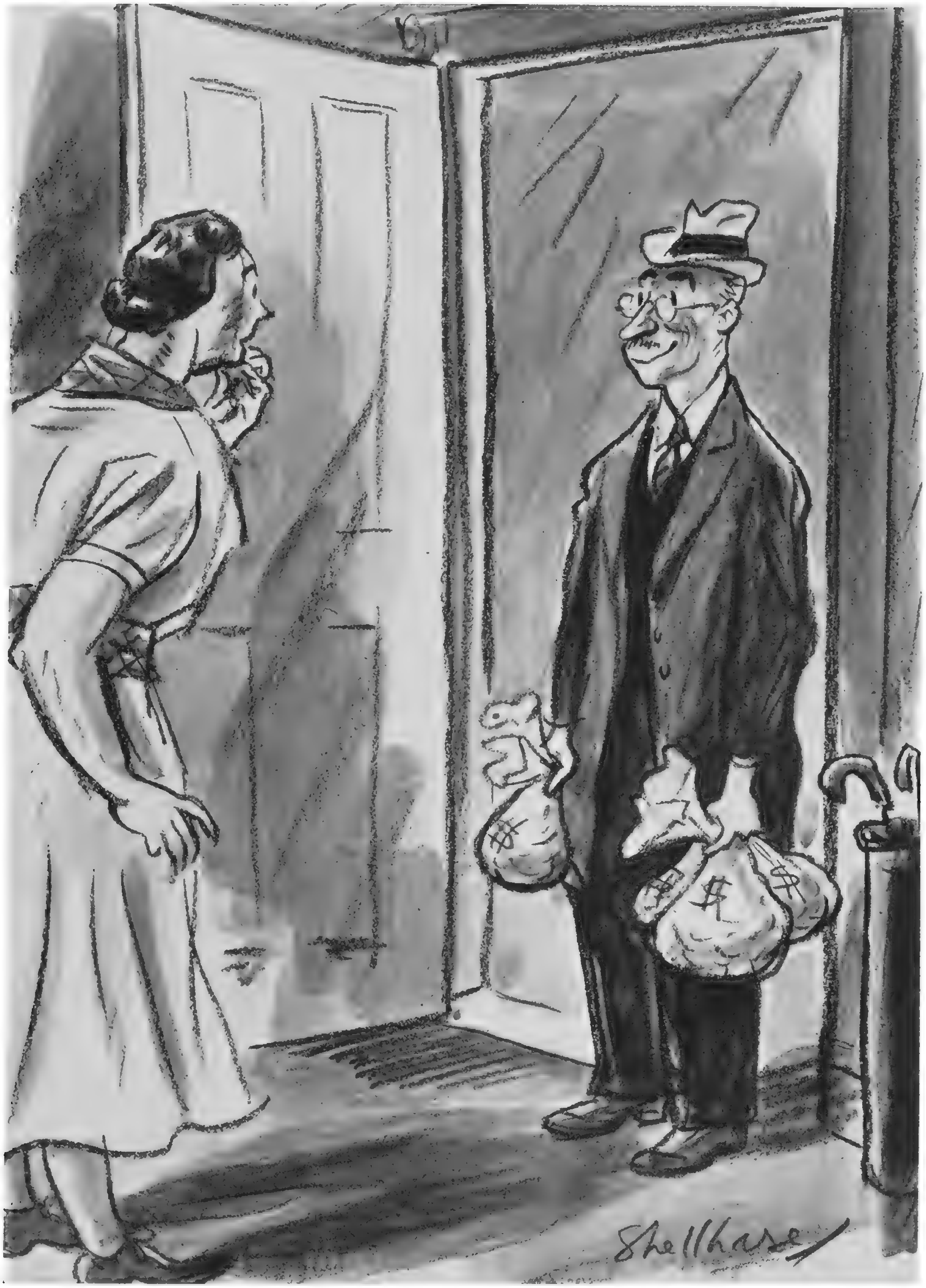

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The Barbaric Goddess Bapughà

Continued from page 80

"No, *bwana*," he said in a low voice, pained at my sarcasm.

There seemed nothing more to be said. Since we had come this far, I thought, we might as well see it through. The hours dragged monotonously by while I endeavored to keep as calm and quiet as possible. Then in my brain, stupefied by the heat and the boredom, two ideas began slowly to percolate: the Ba-Ila down at the joining of the Zambesi with the Kafue some six hundred miles away worship a goddess Bapuca whom they believe to be the daughter of the Monze, the mighty god of rain. Was the Bapughà of the Engineer the same deity as the Bapuca of the Ba-Ila? And did Engineer know this hill and cavern which he was talking about?

"No, *bwana*," he answered when I put the latter question to him, "I have never seen them, but I know them from my dream."

"And Bapughà?"

He was silent a moment, his forehead corrugated by deep meditation.

"No, it is not the Bapuca of the Ba-Ila. Bapughà I have worshiped when I was a small child. I do not know where."

Untiringly he manipulated his long pole, now using it as a paddle, now propelling the canoe by pushing against the bottom of the swamp when the water was very shallow, always maintaining his erect pose of perfect equilibrium. We were drawing nearer and nearer to the hill and I could see clearly now the part that rose above the reeds, a barren mammelon dotted with clumps of leafless trees. It appeared to be completely deserted, and during our two days' travel we had not passed a single canoe.

I began to be obsessed with the idea of how stupid it was for me to spend four days on such a trip with the sole result of having my companions pull my leg for the rest of my life.

About five o'clock when the sun was just touching the summit of the hill, the canoe ran violently aground, giving my poor bones a final twist of torture. After he had pulled the canoe well up on firm ground, Engineer gazed about him curiously with his sharp eyes.

"Look, *bwana*," he said, pointing.

Down at the bottom of the hill on a small plateau just visible above the high reeds was a big village of probably a hundred huts, and from it a disorderly procession of men and women, surrounded by bands of noisy children, was advancing toward us. We walked slowly to meet them, and as they approached an old witch doctor of a more solemn and majestic appearance than any I had ever seen came out from the crowd which had stopped in a sudden inquisitive silence, and saluted me in a dialect very similar to that of the Mutwa, the pygmies of the Lukanga.

"Welcome to you, *bwana*," he said to my astonishment, "I was awaiting you."

He darted a penetrating, curious glance at Engineer.

"That is my boy," I said to him in Mutwa, thinking he had taken a dislike to my servant. "He is a boy who will not bring any harm to your tribe."

An odd smile lit up the magnetic eyes of the old man. "I know him well," he told me.

I thought I had misunderstood him, until I caught sight of the grayish, mystified face of Engineer.

From that moment the old witch doctor was in command and throughout the events that followed I was always impressed by his dignity and self-possession. These events, as I have said before, were not at all extraordinary in themselves. But happening in the strange, unreal atmosphere of that steaming swamp in a savage, unknown corner of Africa, they acquired a charm which took complete possession of me.

The sorcerer, with an authoritative gesture had dismissed the crowd of natives who started good-naturedly back toward the village, laughing and gossiping. Only three remained at a respectful distance from us, and from the leopard skins ornamenting their breasts I knew they were chiefs or lesser witch doctors.

Then without another word the old sorcerer motioned to us to follow him up the hill. When we reached presently a clump of thick, dark bushes, he pushed aside the branches and revealed the narrow entrance to a cavern, down which we followed him, groping and stumbling in the darkness. After about twenty feet along that passage which had been deeply hewed out of the rock by the erosion of rain, we debouched into a natural cavern.

From what I was able to judge at first sight by the diffused light coming from an opening in the roof, we were in a rough circular chamber about fifty feet in diameter and sixty feet high.

In the center of the chamber stood a dark object which to my intense surprise appeared to be a sort of statue about ten feet high.

At its feet glowed a large bed of embers. At a gesture from the seer two of his companions stooped down and worked energetically at some goatskin bellows until high flames leaped up revealing an impressive statue carved in wood in a primitive way, but with remarkable skill and artistry.

A sobbing breath came from Engineer at my right. "Bapughà, *bwana*," he whispered, tugging at my blouse. Then he stood without moving, his eyes wide open, staring at the statue.

I could scarcely credit my senses, for I had never heard before of natives in that part of Africa worshiping huge idols of that kind, nor had I ever encountered such perfect workmanship as the statue displayed.

The wise man interrupted the course of my thoughts.

"*Bwana*," he said in a deep voice that resounded and reverberated in the silence of the cavern, accompanied by the rhythmic sighs of the bellows. "Ten times ten moons have passed four times, since the day in which those mangy dogs, the Barotse, came to steal our women and our young to sell them into slavery. While I defended Bapughà, I was mortally wounded, but the Fountain of Life healed me and promised me that one day my only son whom the Barotse had stolen would be given back to me." He paused, and then added, "For I must teach him all the ancient secrets and all the magic powers of the cult of the goddess before I die."

Silence reigned for a few moments. Four hundred moons, about thirty-three years, I thought. That would be the time when Rhodesia was still a completely savage country in the hands of tribes in continuous warfare among themselves, devoted only to slaughter, loot and perhaps to supplying the Arabs of the coast with slaves.

"*Bwana*," continued the old man, "three nights have passed since the goddess has sent a dream to me. I saw a powerful white man bringing me my son, lost since so long time. *Bwana*, Bapughà cannot err. You are that white man, and all the blessings of Bapughà will protect your life. And, look..."

With a movement unexpectedly quick in that old man, he had seized my faithful boy and torn away the single garment draped around his body.

"This is my son, look," and with a trembling finger he pointed to the complicated tattoo covering the boy's stomach. Involuntarily I lifted my eyes to the statue. Its stomach was ornamented with exactly the same designs, designs which I had never seen before.

I must confess that I felt as if I had strayed into a novel where I was compelled to essay the difficult rôle of hero. The strong emotion which the old wise man, his assistants, and his son were evidently feeling, but suppressing according to their custom under a mask of impervious indifference; the fantastic, unbelievable idol living in the mystery of that spectacular cavern since who knows what immemorable epochs, combined to give me a deeply thrilling impression. But I had to assume a poise to match theirs, so I concealed my feelings and, not knowing what to say, approached the statue to examine it.

I noticed at once that hanging around its neck was carved an *impande*, the treasured shell which for so many centuries has been in Central and South Africa the insignia of the greatest chiefs, introduced into the country "long, long, long ago," as the old sorcerers say, by one Bulongo, the most powerful of the Ba-Ila semi-gods.

The affinity of the name of Bapughà of the Loeti Swamps with the Bapuca of the Ba-Ila, and their common valuation of the *impande* opened up a vista of extreme interest from the ethnographical point of view. My thoughts began to race unbridled through the darkness of the past. But once again the old seer plucked me out of my meditations.

"*Bwana*, in the village there is a dance, very big, in honor of you who have listened to Bapughà and brought back to her the servant which was stolen from her."

When, the next morning, I departed all the village slept in a dead exhaustion from an entire night spent in songs and dances. The Chief whom the old witch doctor had deputed to guide me back to camp had already grasped the paddle of my canoe when Engineer, with a pitiful face, came running down to the shore.

"*Bwana*, I . . . " he hesitated. Then with decision, "No, Bapughà so wants. Good-bye, *bwana*, the peace be with you."

I had not noticed the approach of the old witch doctor until I heard his deep voice repeating, "The peace be with you, and all the blessings of Bapughà be conserved to you for all your life."

Then with a gesture of simple reverence he offered me in his two outstretched hands a little statuette of the goddess, an exact reproduction of the great idol in the cavern.

"Good-bye, wise man; good-bye Engineer—the peace be with you," and my canoe began its homeward journey, followed by a second which would bring my guide back to the hill.

A few days later in the Lukanga Swamps I escaped seemingly by miracle from the sudden charge of a great herd of buffalo. Two months later in the equatorial forest, I came out unhurt from a dramatic situation when three enormous gorillas attacked me from very close quarters.

Was it your magic, Bapughà, that protected me? And you, who drew my poor Engineer so unerringly back to you, are you making a trick of that sort to me, that I can never rest content in civilized lands but must be always returning to your African wildernesses?

From her place on my desk the statuette looks at me with her subtle smile, mysterious and silent as the sphinx she resembles. ⧺

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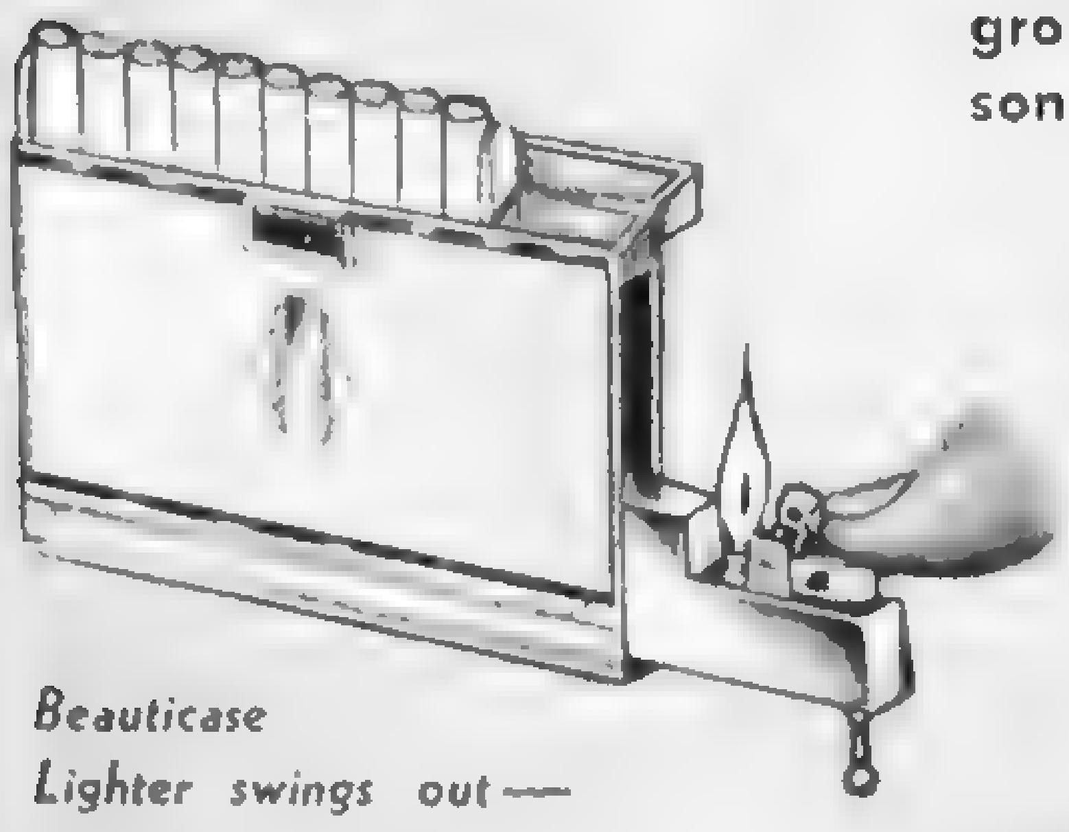

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Roulades and Cadenzas

Continued from page 120

Congress hearing a speech which they cannot possibly understand. For them, the noble dramas of the soul woven into a symphony do not exist. They endure, like well-bred monkeys, the tedium of being on display. They remain to the end only because they wish their clothes and themselves to be seen leaving. Otherwise, why come?

Obviously, our limited demand for music is heavily adulterated with hypocrisy and millinery. With all our pretense, we are living, artistically speaking, in a hovel. Yet I am expected to agitate about the condition of the dome.

* * *

We shall have begun to make progress when our cities offer a symphony concert every day, when all masterpieces are rehearsed to that point of intimate knowledge which the New York Philharmonic-Symphony appeared to have achieved under Toscanini, when we breed composers who can express our national spirit, and when listeners cease to be satisfied merely because Madame Pons has touched them with her singing, or because *Die Walküre*, which they should have known by heart for years, cuts and all, has cast its spell over them for the first time.

An important step will have been made when every listener realizes that not even music critics can acquire more than a fragmentary knowledge of the art from public performances alone.

If I were Mr. Farley, I would further enlarge the Post Office deficit, put the already overworked Government Printing Office to further trouble, and squander Partiturs and vocal scores on all supporters of the Democratic party and, if any can be found, of the Republican party, too. The results might not be immediately apparent. But some response would be forthcoming by the next election.

It is immeasurably more fun to practice exercises nowadays than it was when I was a boy. Instead of the comparative monotony of the piano tone and the uncertainty of the violin's squeak, students may now vary their scales with any one of the 262,000,000 (verified by a Certified Public Accountant) tone colors made available by Mr. Hammond's new electric organ, which takes little more room than a bridge table and brings to life sounds never before heard by the human ear.

The romantic possibilities suggested by this invention are staggering. Leopold Stokowski, to be first to the bat, boasts, "With six of these instruments I can produce a symphonic concert."

Delegates from the Guild of Former Pipe Organ Pumpers rise to complain that the tone is synthetic. It probably is, but the best ears among them can't detect it. So what?

Its advantages defy prediction. No longer are we at the mercy of the horn player's lip which for decades has spent most of its waking hours courting its mistress instead of its instrument. No more do we have to be content with the nuances of the average trombone player. Nor will we need sixty strings to sing above a small battery of brass. An additional spirt of electric juice into the violin vibrator and it will drown out ten brass bands.

"The *Hammond*," again according to Mr. Stokowski, "is limited only by the imagination of the person who plays it."

Think where that leads us! If the realization paralyzes your imagination, have a look at your fellow-residents as you ride up in the elevator with them and conjure what it might be like if they should install one of these gadgets in the apartment below.

Nothing has been said yet as to whether the new organ can reproduce human voices as well as instrumental tones. It seems safe to assume that with its infinity of combinations it can. If not, another invention will, shortly.

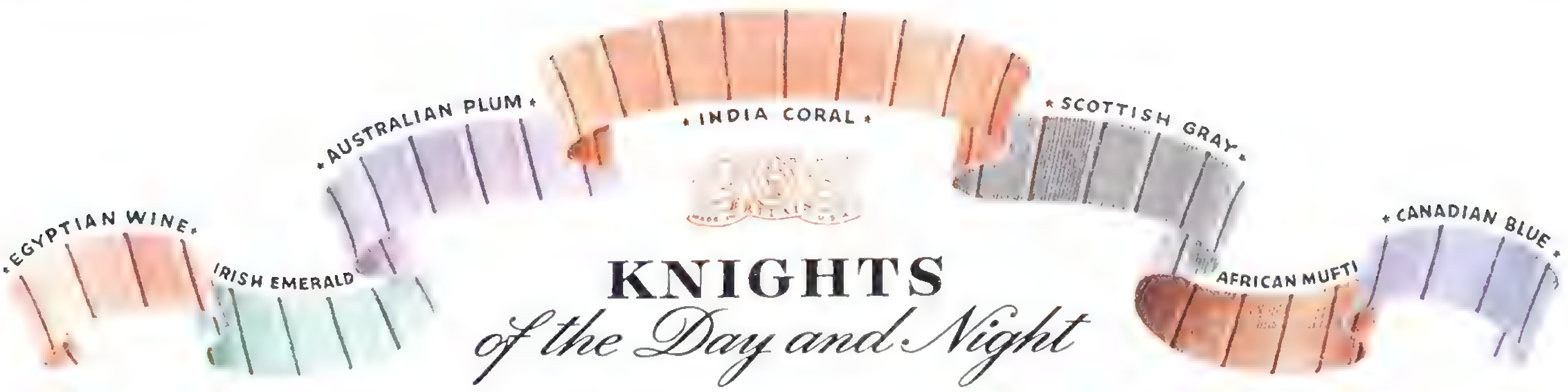
How gratifying it will be to light a fire under Marion Talley's voice as it comes over the radio! How kind to supply Lotte Lehmann with some badly needed top-tones and enough breath to carry her through a simple phrase! What a boon to the human race to be able to instill a bit of musicality into the singing of Grace Moore. These missions of charity and many others that we would perform gratis will surely not be long undone.

And then, who knows, in some not far distant time, we may have the pleasure of hearing *Siegfried's Forge Song* sung without that husky wheeziness which now inflames it whenever Mr. Melchior is not in voice. An instrument may even be invented to take the rôle of *Tristan* since no tenor exists today who can sing it. With this an accomplished fact, any number of operas might be put back into the repertoire.

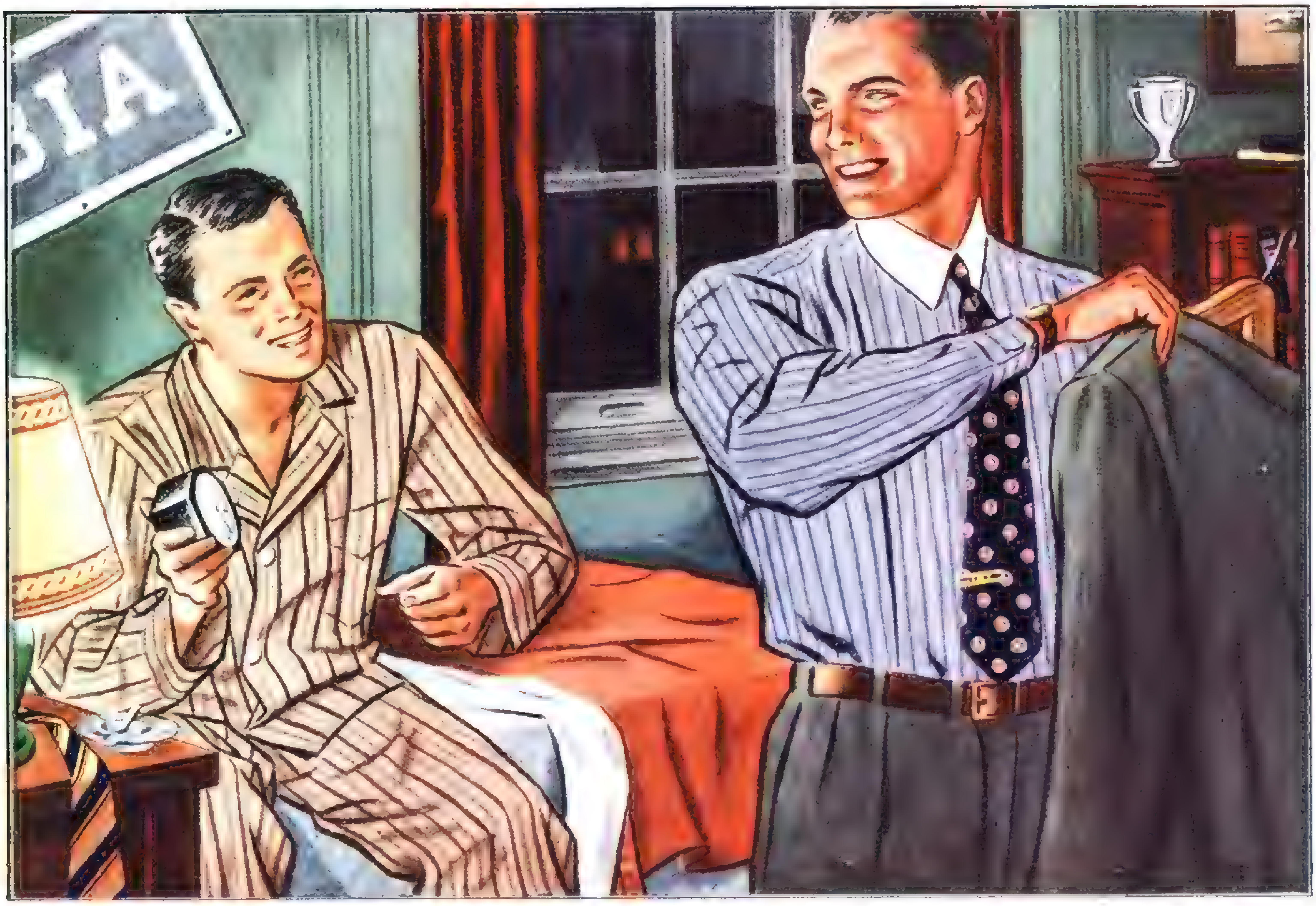
All this may seem far-fetched to you. But never forget that the Austrian peasant who, on hearing of Marconi's death, said he supposed his son would carry on the business was not half as much a fool as the man who imagines that the discovery of instruments for making sounds audible ceased with the death of Marconi.

Authorities tell me that it will shortly be possible to dispense with symphony orchestras. Every single one of its sounds—overtones, mistakes, variations in pitch and all—can now be artificially created, photographed, and preserved. Yes, it's true . . . and with all the differences between a Stradivarius and any other kind of violin and between Mr. Kreisler's and Mr. Heifetz' tone.

Continued at top of page 181



KNIGHTS
of the Day and Night



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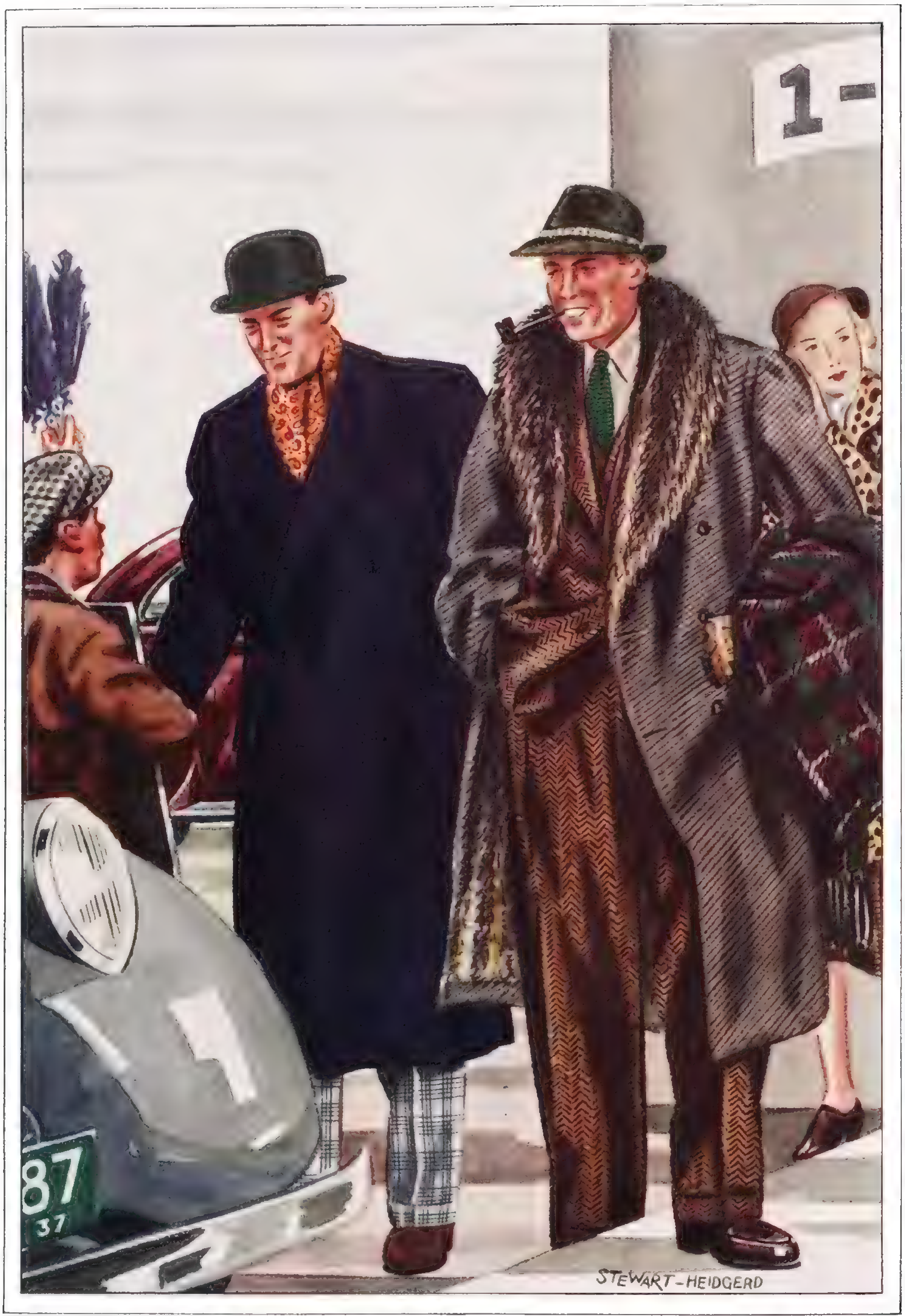

PAINTED FOR ESQUIRE AT THE YALE BOWL BY STEWART-HEIDGERD

The Yale Bowl at New Haven, Connecticut, seating approximately eighty thousand people, always draws a fashionable crowd regardless of the seasonal fortunes of the big three teams in relation to the rest of the country.

A YOUNG ALUMNUS AND AN UNDERGRADUATE

THE man on the left is dressed in a semi-sports manner, combining a derby hat and a double breasted semi-ulster coat with a grey Glen plaid Saxony suit and brown reversed calf town shoes. The muffler is a paisley pattern foulard. Yellow string wool gloves or heavy leather gloves would complete this outfit. Note that the coat has a convertible collar with resultant wide lapels and is of a roomy loose fitting cut. It carries a half belt in back.

The other outfit is more typical of the undergraduate, consisting of a Harris tweed ulster with rabbit fur lining and a raccoon collar, worn with a Shetland suit of black and brown herringbone in the popular three-button notch lapel single breasted model, a tan oxford shirt with lounge collar attached, worn unpinned, a bottle green knit tie, dark brown calf Norwegian model shoes and the green rough finish Tyrolean hat, flecked with white rabbit's hair.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Roulades & Cadenzas

Continued from pages 120-178

You may say "to Hell with it," but that won't help matters any. Already we have had ample evidence that movie stars can be given soprano or contralto voices at will and that soon voices will be matched to their screen personalities. We know that high C's are scratched on gelatin whenever they are needed. The other day, by casually twisting dials on a record amplifying machine, recommended by Toscanini, I transformed the brittle, wiry soprano tone of Lucrezia Bori into the limpid, opalescent tone of the late Nellie Melba and then, by another twist, into the velvety texture of Galli-Curci at her prime.

With this a reality, you can see for yourself the necessity of becoming really musical. Before the machines of the scientists, the human ear is helpless. Only a thorough musical training in the essentials of the art—its anatomy, its psychology, and its philosophy—will save us from a lunatic asylum. #

Mexico for Tramps

Continued from page 95

to sleep with him in the cot, which sagged in the middle, she was not permitted to eat at the same table, and while we ate in the dining room she stayed in the kitchen, where he said she belonged.

How did the young woman like it? She liked it fine. She wore a gold ring and bought all John's clothes and took care of his money; she considered it exactly the same as being married and her relatives were honored to be connected with an Americano. John was easy to get along with. He did not beat her up except in his sleep sometimes when he had nightmares about the early days, after smoking too many cigarettes; he was easy going, free with his money and always sure of getting more because of the mechanical problems that were too much for the Mexicans and demanded his attention as an expert. She had plenty to eat, wore new clothes, lived in comfortable rooms and slept on a cot instead of on the floor, as so many of her neighbors did, and she liked it very much with John.

She told me so when we were alone sometimes, and her only grievance was that he would never take her into the United States. She wanted to go, but John knew that, being such an old man, he would be unable to earn his living there in competition with American mechanics and he was far better off in Mexico.

"Mexican women like very much to marry with Americanos and go into the United States," she told me. "Already the girl next door has seen you and she tells me she likes the Americano very much, but he does not talk to her."

"Is it the dark one with the smallpox face?"

"Yes. She wonders what is the matter with the Americano, why he does not talk."

"Tell her I can't talk Spanish."

"She will teach you."

"Then say I'm married."

"That would not make any difference to her if your wife is in the United States. They always expect an Americano to leave them anyway."

"Then tell her I think she's ugly."

"She knows she is not beautiful."

"Then don't say anything."

"It is better so."

It makes a hobo feel good to know he is in a country where he is respected as an Americano worth robbing and I quickly lost the inferiority complex you get when you've been on the bum, and walked with my head back and, seeing the natives pointing and laughing at my boots, I took longer steps and brought the hobnailed heels down hard on the sidewalk so they could hear me coming.

Some of the dark-skinned, dark-haired, dark-eyed senoritas were very pretty and at first I was surprised when I heard them say "Hello boy," as I walked by their doors, thinking they looked too young to be in that business, but it was just their way of getting acquainted, and when some of them said, "O.K. come on. Let's go. Geeve me one keese," they were only having fun showing off the English words they had learned in school. It soon became the natural and proper thing to have a girl say "Adios" the second time you passed her on the sidewalk of Calle Serdan and it was easy to get acquainted. As an Americano I could mingle with all classes without being barred from any. My tough-looking clothes were not held against me because they knew the American tourists never give a damn for dress, and when I told them I was an American tramp they slapped me on the back and laughed in my face and said I had a wonderful sense of humor. It never occurred to them to believe it. Every time they asked me what I did for a living I said I was an American tramp and it became a great joke.

In two weeks I knew most of the interesting young people in town and I had such a good time I stayed four months, until I had almost spent the fifty dollars I came down with, and I never knew what boredom was until I went back to the United States, to the paved highways, hailing the traffic that never stopped, to the cities filled with automobiles and wealth and clean-looking and surprisingly beautiful, but for the hobo, unapproachable, American blondes! #

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DANIEL HAYS GLOVES

Professional Dog Lovers

Continued from page 103

when you say "Dead-Fetch."

Use a ball or a stick or your hat to break him of the association between Fetch and a corncob, but not until he performs with the cob. Don't try too much at once. He'll soon fetch anything.

Some dogs, especially natural retrievers, dislike to retrieve certain things. Many of them hate to pick up woodcocks. Nobody seems to know why. They will find the bird, but won't touch it.

There is a way to cure this, too. Take him by the collar and left ear with your left hand. You include the left ear because some dogs will bite you in this trick if you don't. He can't reach you if you have his ear. Take him to the object, put his head down to it and say "Fetch." If he doesn't take it, step on his right forepaw. He knows what you want him to do. He'll take it. Craig demonstrated this one with a big Irish setter.

"This is a tough one," he said, "He knows the routine, but he's tough and he likes to get fanned a bit, just to make me do it."

He tried Dead-Fetch first, throwing a stick into some weeds. He sent the big dog after it, but the setter walked all over it, pretending not to see it. Craig fanned him, ten feet from it, and the setter leaped on it. He found it right away next time. Craig took the big dog's collar and ear and tried to show how he would make a dog pick up what he dislikes. But the setter was too smart. He knew that business too. When Craig tried to step on his foot he howled sharply, lifted his foot out of the way and lunged for the stick.

Craig said the setter was a field champion and fetched perfectly in the field. But he liked to play at this foolery.

It takes only a few days to get your dog this far. He will obey the commands because he knows what they mean and associates disobedience with a bit of pain and obedience with approval.

It is time to take him afield now. If he has never hunted before, it is not likely he will hunt at first. He likes to hunt, but he doesn't know it yet. He doesn't know what hunting is or what birds are. The first day or two he will just run around investigating everything. You try to lead him to birdy spots, thick cover when it is cold or hot, thin cover when it is warm or cool. He won't know what he is doing.

If he finds some birds he probably will flush them. Once in a while there is a natural who will stand them, but this is too rare to take into account. Probably he will chase them, too. Let him do it. Let him do it for several days. He is getting interested.

Take him out with an experienced dog if you can get one. Not that he will learn anything directly from the other. Animals are not imitative. But he will stick with the other dog. Don't take him out with a fast field-trial dog. He will only wear himself out and won't get interested in hunting. A slow dog is better. Your dog will run ahead and try to get the other to follow. But the old one will pay no attention and yours will come back.

When the old dog finds birds your pup may be surprised into a stand. But the chances are that when he gets near enough to smell the body-scent, he will rush in. When he has smelled them a few times he is likely to start hunting for that smell. Probably he will flush whatever he finds. Let him do it for a while.

Craig said the best way to break a young dog of flushing birds is to get him tired. But not too tired, because that would make him lose interest and set him back a week or two. Just tired enough to have the edge off. Then, Craig said, he will often stand birds.

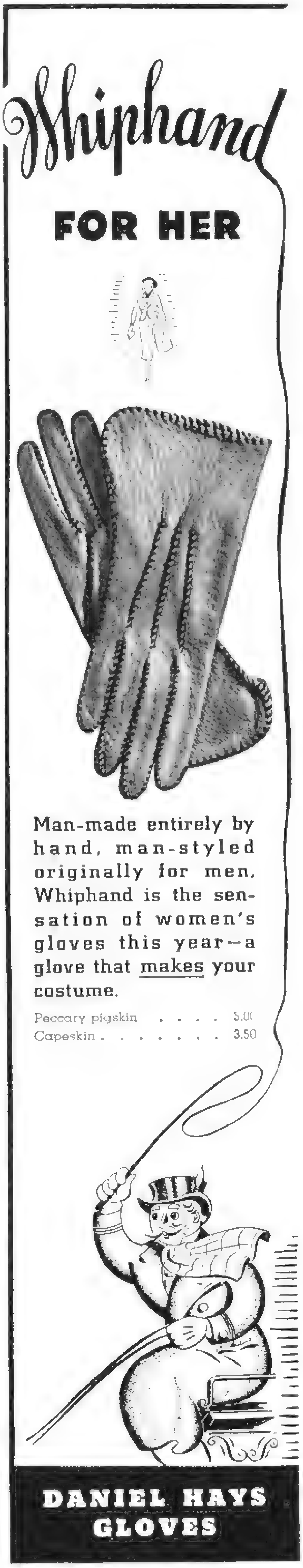
But if your dog doesn't, put a long rope on his collar, and when he finds birds or his partner finds them, check him. You can tell when he finds them because he will stop for a moment anyway. Walk toward him slowly, taking in the rope. Hold him there, no matter how hard he strains. Keep saying "Ho" or "Steady." Pick him up by his tail and collar and set him firmly on his feet. Take your time. After a while, let him go forward slowly. Don't shoot when they rise.

Never whip or scold him for flushing birds at first. He will only think he's done something wrong by finding them. If you have whipped him for chasing chickens it's worse.

Craig and his trainers work on horseback. Afoot they would collapse after a few hours, especially behind long-casting dogs and what they call nervous fools. They shoot from horseback too, but they don't hit anything.

No shooting is done over a young dog until he stands birds well and is ready for training on "Steady to shot and wing" and picking up birds.

If your dog has a tendency to gun-shyness it will show at the first shot. He will flinch and whine and drop back. He will follow at heel until the next shot. If he is reassured and petted and is not very gun-shy he may get over it. If not, he probably will drop back a hundred yards or so until the next shot. Then he may turn and



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DANIEL HAYS GLOVES

sail for home or the car. If he does you have some trouble ahead.

Craig says nearly any dog can be cured of gun-shyness. The method is simple. Take him out with a trained dog, but hold him by a rope tied to your saddle or belt. Let the other dog find the birds. After you shoot, give him something he likes to eat and pet him awhile. Keep on doing it until he begins to associate a shot with something pleasant and gets the idea that it isn't going to hurt him. After every shot give him a bite and pet him. Sooner or later he will get interested in the hunting and forget his shyness. But it takes some time. Don't try to do it by promiscuous shooting and feeding. Tie it up with hunting.

Sometimes, of course, there is a nervous fool, so flighty that it takes enormous patience to train him.

Craig told about one of these he had 10 years ago when he first came to Louisa County from Roanoke with ten dogs and a little equipment. The dog was gun-shy; he was a bolter; he would run out of sight and stay away for a half-hour; he ran around in silly circles, liking the wrong places, flushing birds and doing everything wrong. He wanted to hunt but he was so nervous and silly he couldn't steady down. Craig wanted to send him home but his owner wouldn't hear of it.

It took seven months to straighten him out. But he became what Craig mildly calls a real dog, with perfect manners and a fine nose. And he never tired. Craig said he was the only dog that ever ran out of sight, found birds, stood them awhile and then came back to get him and lead him to the game.

That fall, Craig said, the dog was taken to Georgia, where he found more birds than any other in the vicinity. He was the wonder of the season. But he was not kept in training that winter and the next summer, and when the next season came he was a nervous fool again and no good for anything. Although he liked to hunt, he was an artificial hunter and had to be kept in training constantly. The fool was farmed out to a postman, who finally got him into shape again. But although he would hunt for anyone after Craig trained him, he would hunt for no man thereafter but the postman.

There are several other natural faults in the field that are not so easy to correct. One is ground-hunting. It may be that your dog will insist on following bird trails instead of keeping his head up for body-scent. He should keep his head high, circling around down-wind from spots he considers birdy. But maybe he will mope around wherever a bird has been, trying to follow it.

There is only one way to cure them. It is simple, but it takes time. Whenever he gets his nose down and begins to weave around, call him in. Take him somewhere else. If birds rise and you can mark them down, take him directly there without allowing him to nose around on the way. Call him in every time his head goes down. Persistence may finally discourage him, especially if there are plenty of birds and he gets the body-scent often. If not, you're hooked.

Another bad fault is a dislike for briars and heavy going. Craig has a cure for that, too. It works well on his land, where there are all kinds of going, and plenty of birds. He takes such a dog into the heaviest briars and keeps him there until he finds birds a few times. If he marks birds down in brambles he takes the dog there and makes him find them. He won't let them go anywhere else for a while—but only for a short time each day, so they won't get badly scratched. It works if they are interested, and Craig doesn't try that until they are interested.

Retrieving in the field is easy, once you have taught your dog on the lawn. Simply apply what you have taught, using the same methods. If he sees the bird fall, say Fetch. If he doesn't, say Dead-Fetch. You may have to take him to the bird once or twice. You may even have to step on his foot. But he will soon be running down crippled birds.

Some of them will grip a bird too hard, and bruise it. Craig has a small strap, studded with very short tacks, with the points outward. He straps it around a bird, with the tack points under the wings, and throws the bird. When your dog bites down on tacks once or twice, he'll pick birds up gently.

Craig works out the finer points of field behavior with patience, encouragement and a little guile. One of them is discovering and fixing the ideal range of the dog. If he goes too far, call him back. If he goes too fast, make him stay close. That is about all you can do about pace. If he is slow, he's just slow. If he ranges too close, hang back until he has hunted out the near ground and gets ahead, then adjust your pace to his until he is used to keeping away

Some dogs have a natural smooth pace and keep it up all day. Big pointers and setters, powerful and heavy-legged, gallop along like box cars on legs, covering ground and working efficiently, but not looking very well. Spaniels work close and not fast. They are efficient, too, in their way, but not very inspiring either.

Craig believes the English setter (or the Llewellyn, which is a branch of that breed) is the classiest dog in the field. That is, he runs beautifully and smoothly and carries what the trainers call a Merry Plume. And indeed he showed one or two afield that were marvels of mobile beauty.

But he has no favorite breed. Even the setters which run the loveliest are not always the best dogs and a big clumsy pointer may find more birds and behave better. Ordinarily, Craig says, the setter should be able to stand heavy going better, with their long coats, but it is not always so. Many a pointer, he said, will hit a briar patch like a plow and turn

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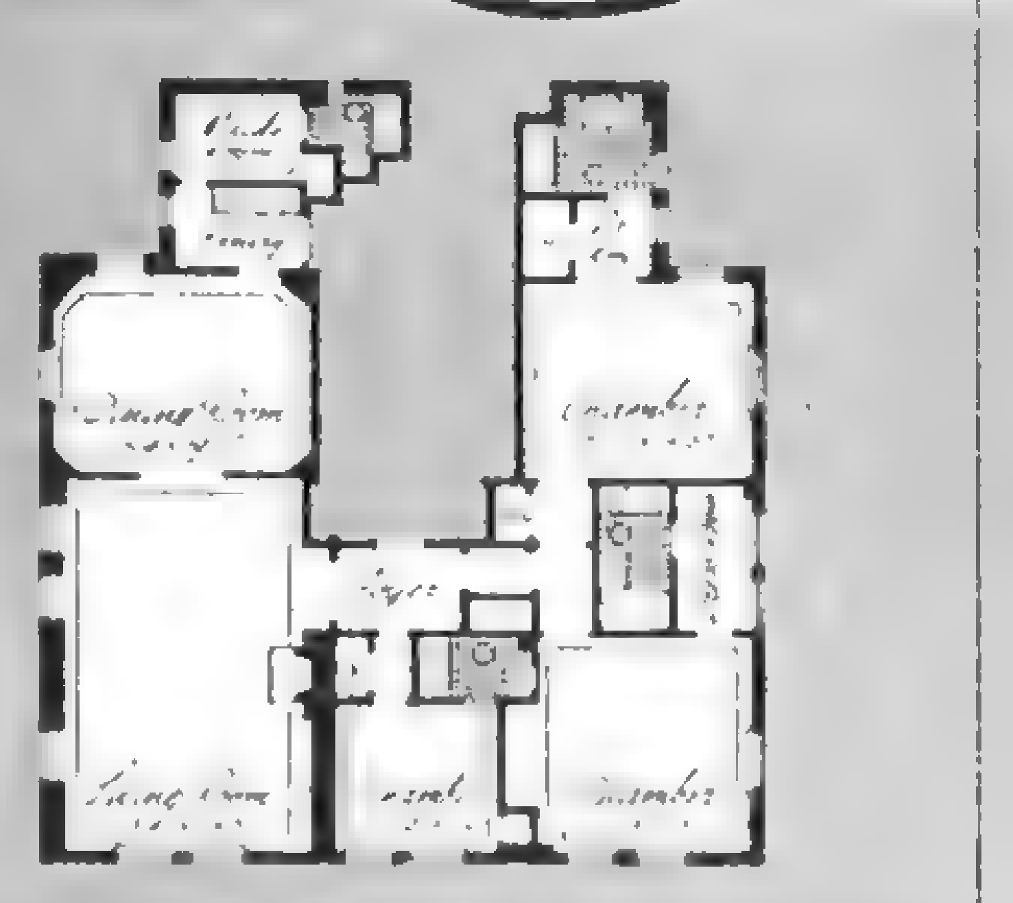
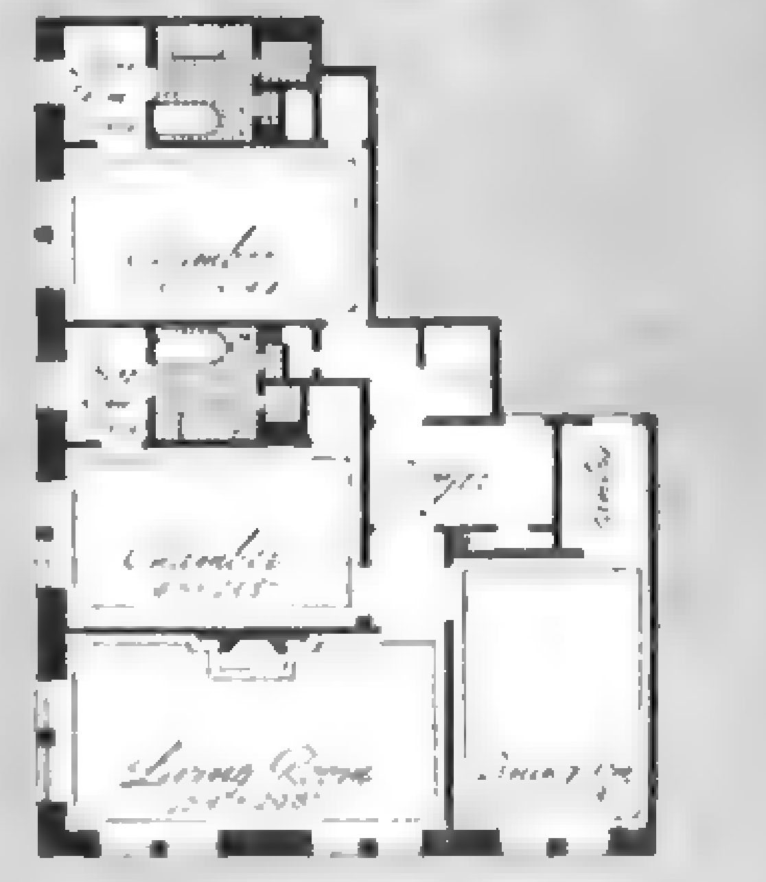
Courtesy Agfa Film

TOWER SUITES

Overlooking Central Park



TOWER SUITE WITH FOUR EXPOSURES



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Professional Dog Lovers

Continued from pages 103-183

aside for nothing less than a tree. But after a few days of it they get too sore to work

As to nose, none of the breeds has any advantage. The individual is by himself. Pointers are likely to cover more ground. Setters are more affectionate and naturally obedient. Pointers, as a breed, are more courageous and aggressive. But setters are not likely to be tough dogs.

Cocker and springer spaniels are not very good for the Southern type of hunting, except for woodcocks. They work close to the hunter and are fine in heavy underbrush and briars. But they cover little ground. They flush their birds instead of standing them, and you must always be ready to shoot. Craig said they can be taught to stand, but it is hard. He has a Britanny spaniel there which stands birds naturally. Some field trial outfits have springers and cockers for retrieving only. The setters and pointers find and stand the birds. The cockers fetch them. Craig said the spaniel is the best of all retrievers.

It takes from two to four months to train a dog. But don't think your trainer will make a field champion for you in that time, or that he will give you back a dog which will find birds, catch them and put them in your hunting coat. You don't want a field champion if you are the average hunter. You couldn't handle him or keep up with him. Craig said the field trial dog usually is not much good for casual hunting. They wear you out.

But if your dog has a fair nose, a healthy body and the instinct to hunt (and some bird dogs whose ancestors have hunted for many thoroughbred generations are entirely without it and therefore hopeless) your trainer should give you back a dog which will range well and steadily, find birds, stand them, stand steady to shot and wing, and retrieve. If you are that average hunter you can't handle more, although you probably will think you can if you have just read a professional Dog Lover.

If you have a large estate, or rent some hunting land, Craig can give you some tips.

Of his 3,000 acres of woods and fields, he plants about as much land as the surrounding farms—a couple or three hundred acres maybe. But he does it in the way they call nigger-farming. That is, he plants a piece here and there in corn, rye, millet, sorghum, lespedeza, beans, etc. All these things make cover and food

Some of this he harvests for his stock—horses, cows, dogs and the birds he raises. Some he leaves for winter cover and feed. When he harvests a field he always leaves an uncut border for winter. He never plants the same field two years consecutively.

He also plants strip crops three or four rows of any of the crops mentioned, here and there. These are not harvested. The strips are planted in the middle of open fields or fields with light cover, or even in the open woods—anywhere. He has dozens of these strips in casual places. There is food and cover everywhere.

He raises about a thousand partridges and two or three hundred pheasants every year. The native partridges thrive on the place when he releases them. He has tried imported birds once or twice, especially Mexican partridges, but they disappear. The pheasants he releases don't seem to do well, either. He doesn't know where they go or what kills them.

He has hen partridges laying all summer. The eggs are taken away from them and given to bantam hens. The bantams will sit jealously on partridge eggs all summer. The eggs are pointed, white and slightly marbled. The hatching nests are on narrow strips of loose earth shored up between planks. The ground must be watered every day, to keep the eggs moist. The loose ground absorbs excess water and allows no puddles to form. If the membrane inside the eggshell dries, it sticks to the chick and prevents it from pecking its way out.

When the chick is ready to leave the egg it pecks a perfect circular cut around the pointed end of the egg, a quarter of an inch back from the point,, leaving only a little unpecked hinge just behind its neck. It enters the world through a hole as clean and as round as if a saw had cut it.

The chicks are then given to barnyard hens and cock partridges. The partridge hens are still laying and the bantams are sitting on eggs. Cock partridges make fine mothers. At the end of the laying season the hen partridges are given coveys.

Some of the chicks are put into home-made brooder houses at first.

Brood pens are placed on the ground, where lespedeza has been planted. They have open wire-net bottoms, allowing food and droppings to sift through. The chicks can peck at insects and seed in the lespedeza through the wire. The chicks and their foster-mothers are locked up in little raised houses during the night because rain drowns them easily. Few chicks drown on Craig's place.

Varmints must be killed off relentlessly if you release your birds or expect to attract any to your place. Crows are the worst offenders. They eat eggs, kill chicks, tear up nests and harry mothers. They are smart, voracious, strong and mean as Hell.

Craig goes crow-hunting every few days. He has killed as many as fifty in an afternoon. His average bag is about twenty. Crows are supposed to be the hardest birds to get a shot at, and you can't stalk them. But they are suckers for a call. Craig gets into a patch of saplings and goes to work on an ordinary commercial crow-call. He shoots them as they

Continued at top of page 186

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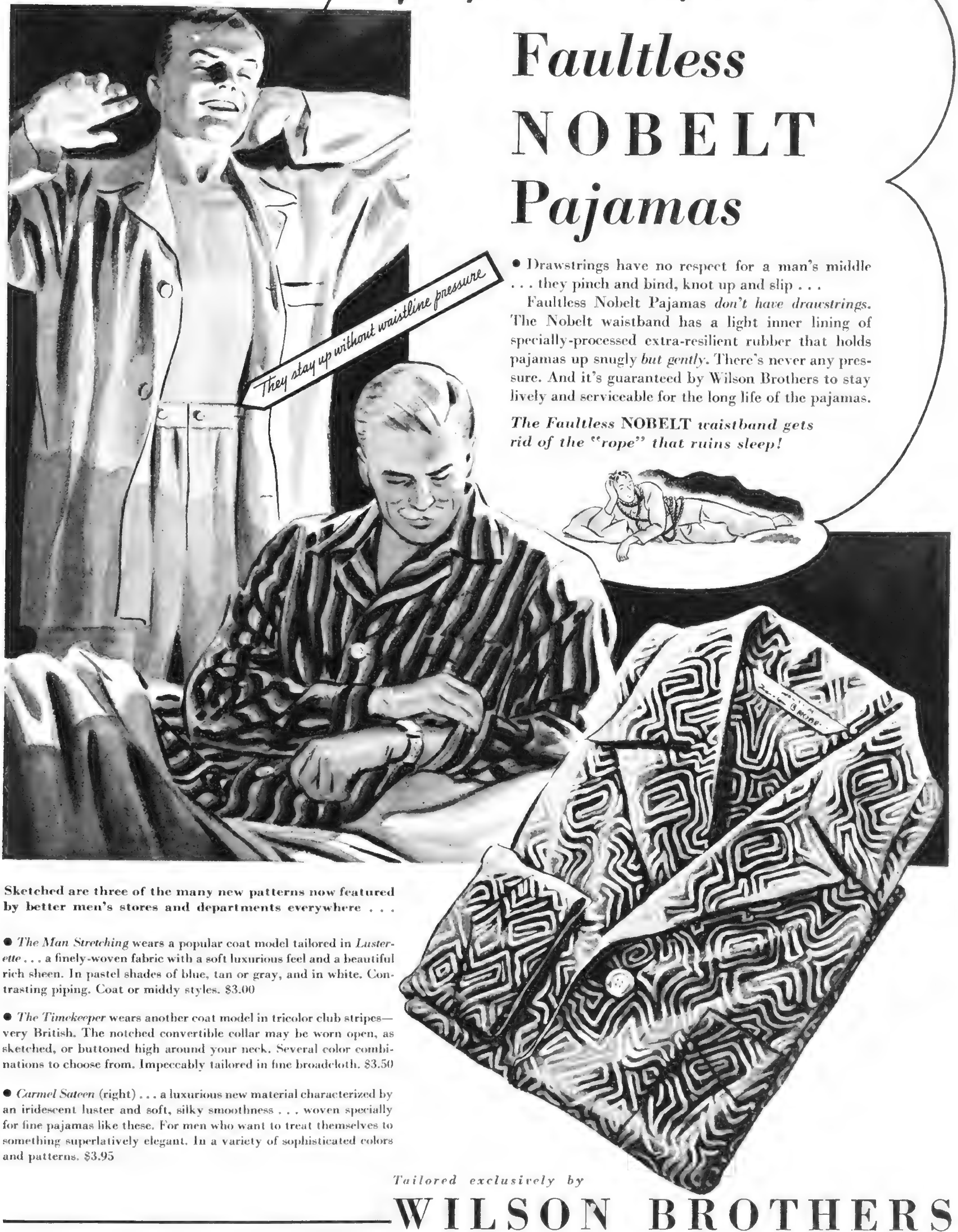
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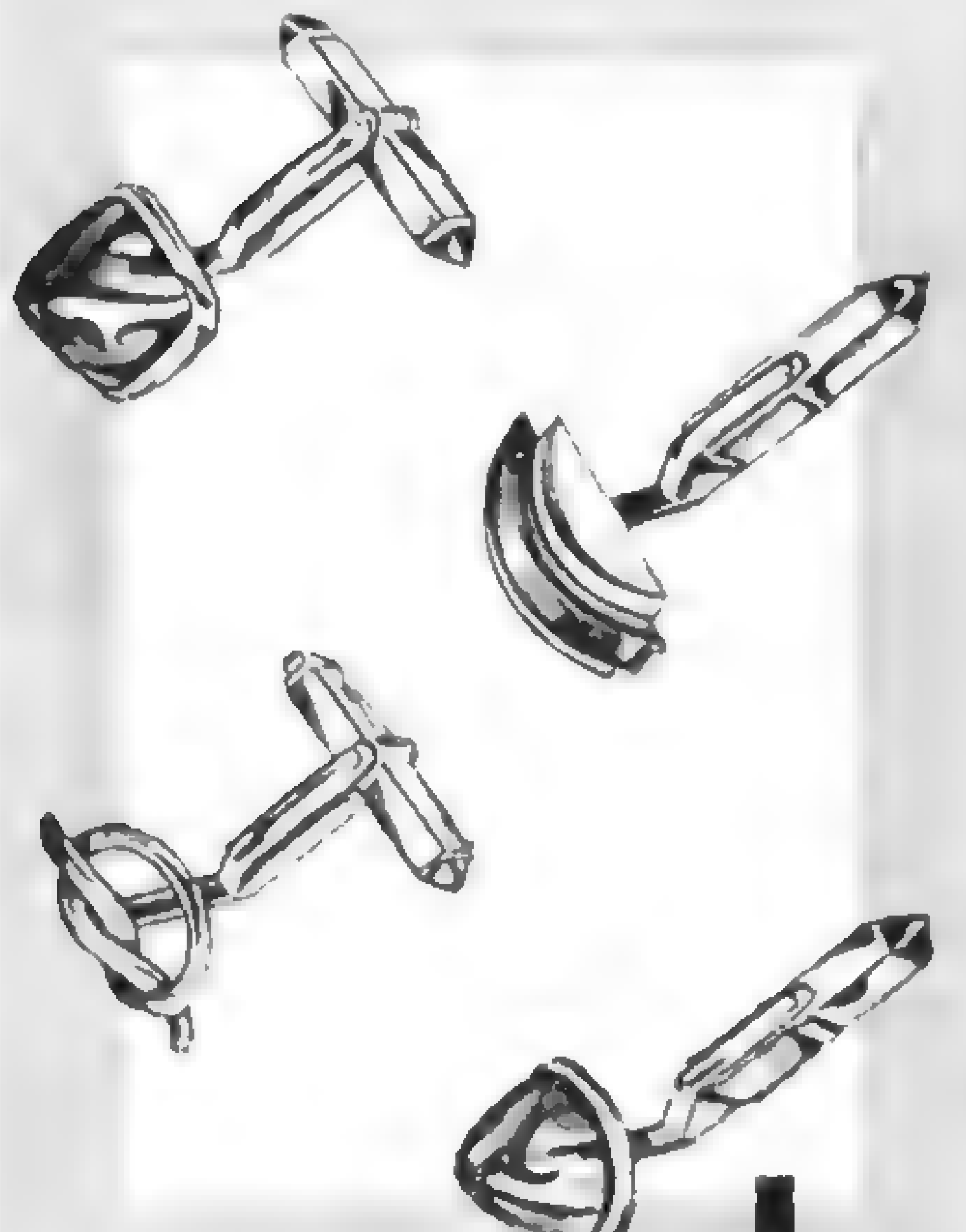

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Continued from pages 103-183-184

come in. Very simple.

Owls, foxes, rats, housecats, occasional bobcats, hawks, eagles, mink and other rodents—all will work on partridges. Craig shoots and traps them.

His place is full of rabbits, but that doesn't worry him. He says it is easy to teach a dog not to run rabbits. He simply calls them back when they chase one. If they are tough he fans them. If they obey he feeds them. When they are green he lets them chase a few.

Craig has no trite list of Don'ts for training, amateur or professional. He says he works with one dog in ways he wouldn't think of using with another. He says you have to use your patience, your intelligence and your knowledge if you have any. Mostly it's the first.

Craig is a man who would look about like a youngish office manager if he didn't have the weathered face of a postman and wear the utility clothes of a game warden.

He lives in a fine roomy house on a rise overlooking a little valley on each side, with the Blue Ridge at its back. Fine lawns are all around and he has good rustic furniture under the trees. A private road runs two or three hundred yards down to the main State road. His two-year-old son was killed there by a truck two years ago.

In his office there are forty or fifty pictures of champion dogs he has trained. He has also a picture of an airedale, now dead, with which he says he has had more pleasure hunting than with any other dog. He says the airedale would hunt anything and wasn't very good at hunting anything. He would chase rabbits, tree squirrels, stalk field-larks, even stand partridges momentarily. He was a fine duck retriever. But he was as eager as the Devil after a soul, and even when he had flushed every bird within a mile, too far from Craig for a shot, the airedale was as cocky as if he had caught them all and brought them in. He didn't obey unless he wanted to.

"If I ever get where I can have a dog again," said Craig seriously, "I think I'm going to get me a spaniel and maybe do a little hunting. They are good around the house and don't wear you out in the field."

His wife said he wasn't joking. She said Craig hadn't had a dog of his own for several years and didn't like to hunt much anyway.

Rich or poor, Craig charges you five dollars a week to board and train your dog. ⌗

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from page 106

rancor. "So they did, did they?" he shouted. "I guess *we* knew what we were doing! And as for you, it'd serve you damn good and right if I knocked your damned block off!"

That is one sample. I could give you others.

I was invited to watch several pictures in the making. One was being handled by a director named Butler, a thoroughly agreeable and modest fellow, entirely without pose, who seems to regard his job as any other man might regard his and who is ingratiatingly free from all nonsensical arty talk. The scene being shot was a nautch dance in an opulent harem, the nautchee being Miss June Lang. The setting was something more than colossally epic and was full of richly clad female dancers and male extras. After endless preparation the camera, reared aloft on a boom and pushed along by a large crew, started to grind. After several minutes of grinding, the director cried out to stop and ordered the scene shot again. "Why?" I inquired. "One of the camera crew left a couple of footprints on the polished floor and they would spoil the picture," he replied. "But might not those footprints have logically been made by one of those harem attendants over there?" I asked. "Try to tell that to the bosses!" he answered.

Once more the camera got busy. But after six or seven minutes of shooting the director again called halt. It appeared that the Mlle. Lang's veil had fallen off her face during her dance, which was woefully not turkey. So the whole thing had to be begun over. Again after five minutes the director had to stop proceedings. This time the Mlle. Lang's veil had again misbehaved. "Why not a simple safety pin?" I hazarded. "You ask my assistant," ironically retorted Butler. And so it went with shot after shot until everyone on the set, assuredly including the director, was exhausted.

"But isn't it all terribly expensive, this shooting and re-shooting and more re-shooting?" I asked.

"You've said it!" Butler answered. "The film wasted on each one of those shots costs a pretty penny; the mob of extras costs another pretty penny for night overtime; the crew costs another pretty penny for overtime; and that isn't all."

"But why, when a nickel's worth of reasoning about those footprints and a three-cent safety pin would have saved all that time and good money?" your curiosity seeker inquired.

Butler looked at your curiosity seeker pityingly. "You evidently know very little," he admonished, "about the moving picture business."

I talked one day with Adolph Zukor, the head of Paramount. "Where," I asked him, "do you manage to find so many new incompetent young women players for pictures when you already have competent ones under contract, or with a little looking could

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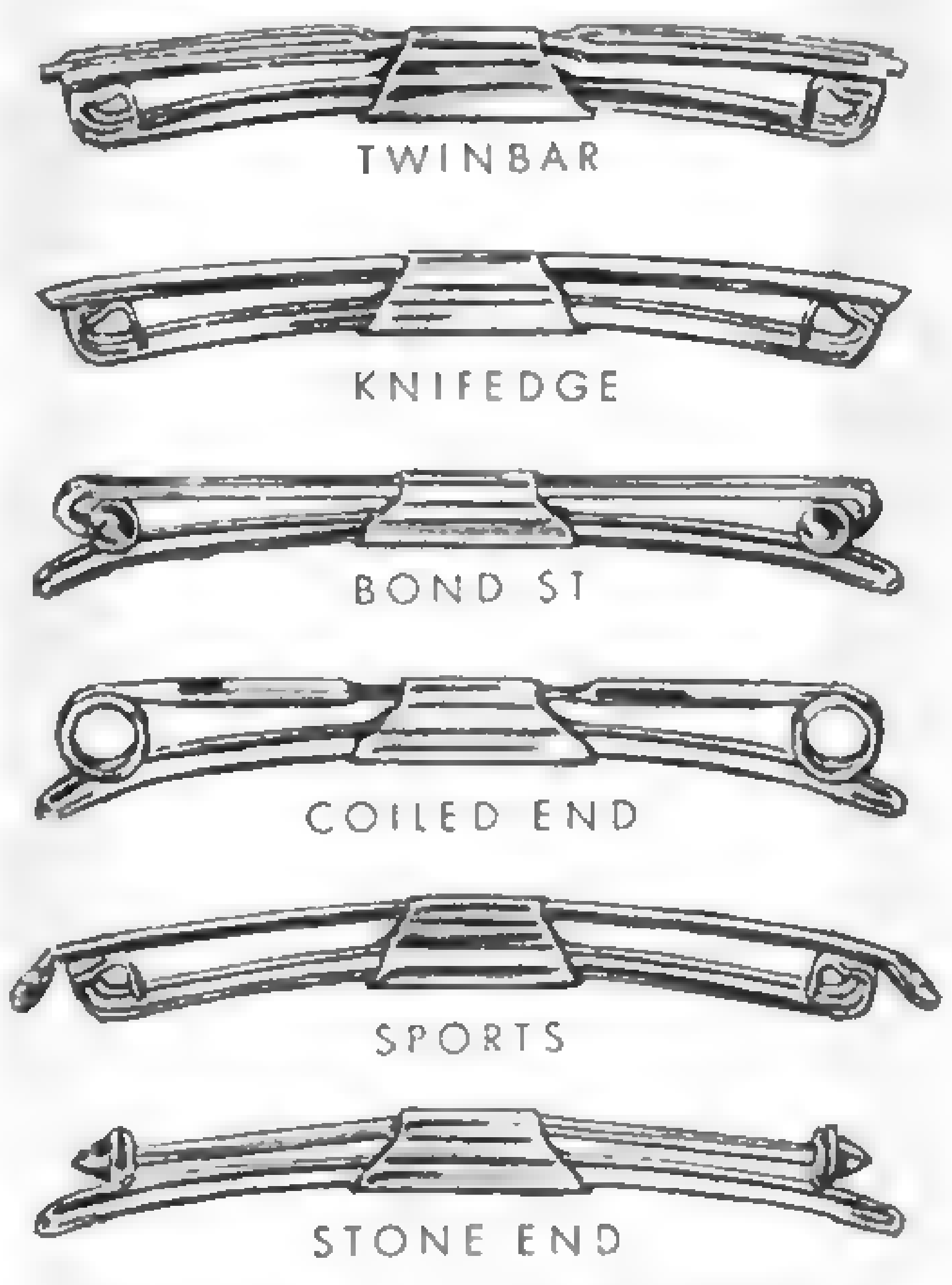

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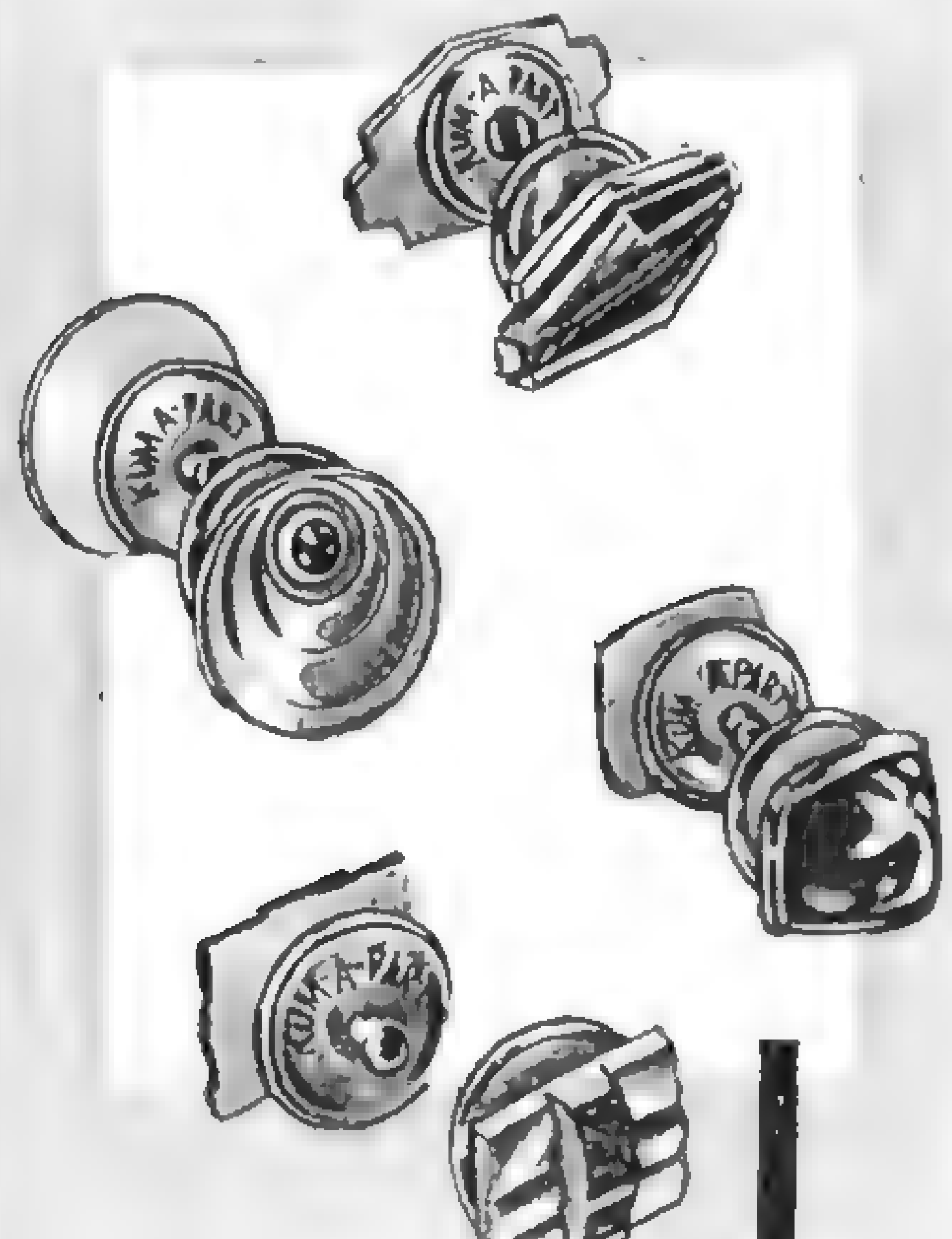

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readily, in the theatre and elsewhere, find others ten times more competent in every way than those you presently saddle yourself with?"

"Just as a busy man hires a lawyer to look after certain angles of his affairs and a bookkeeper to handle others, so we send our scripts around to three or four actors' agents and we trust their judgment in the casting of a lot of the rôles," he told me.

"You trust the agents to cast a lot of your rôles!" I exclaimed.

"Sure, why not?" he returned, apparently with surprise.

I offer these illuminating specimens of Hollywood logic and practice from two men who are superior to the general Hollywood run.

At another time I spoke with a prepossessingly bright young actress connected with one of the larger studios. "I've been with them for two years now and I'll be twenty on my next birthday," she said. "So I'm beginning to seem pretty old to them and they're giving me rôles of women of thirty-five or forty. But when they engage some woman of thirty-five or forty from the theatre and she shows up at the studio they confuse the novelty of her first appearance in their midst with fresh youth and give her the rôles that a girl of nineteen or twenty should be playing."

"What is their idea of a youthful rôle?" I ventured.

"Their unchangeable conception of a straight ingénue rôle," she observed, "is that no young girl can under any circumstances be either intelligent or possessed of any humor. She must invariably be a cross between a marshmallow and a sponge soaked in tepid milk and must exude a bashful sex appeal, like a puritanical rabbit. She must know nothing and shrink from feeling anything, unless it be an arbitrary emotional response to the noble hero. She must, in short, be an intellectual and emotional doll dripping sawdust all over the script."

I commented to many men and women on the impression of pervasive unhappiness that I gained in Hollywood. "You can count the happy people here on the fingers of one hand, and they're idiots," said Edgar Selwyn. "There isn't any happiness or final contentment in Hollywood," said Walter Wanger. "Oh, to be back in the theatre again," said Joan Bennett. "Here, it's waiting, waiting, waiting. If only the theatre could find a place for me," said Paulette Goddard. "What any sensible man makes up his mind to do out here is to stop all guff and just go along and make the best Grade B pictures he can, as there aren't any other kind," said Robert Sisk. "I want to get back to my next novel so homesickly awful," said Frances Marion. "The goal of any really decent movie actor is the stage," said Spencer Tracy. "It isn't so bad when you lie in the sun and go to sleep and don't think about it," said Major Zanft. "I love the pictures, I simply love 'em," said Anita Loos, covertly pouring her highball onto my pants. "The most wonderful place in the world, get me?—the most wonderful place in the world!" said John Emerson, with a large wink. "Gee, for some of that profiterolle chocolat at the Colony and that sauerkraut at Luchow's!" said Frances Langford. "Two more weeks and then, thank God, New York!" said Richard Rodgers. "Two more months and then, thank God, New York and the theatre!" said Irving Berlin. "The second any picture is finished I clear out. If I have to come back for retakes, all right, but out I clear right away anyway," said Sylvia Sidney. "Can't you get me a job in New York?" seven movie people's chauffeurs asked me. "Everybody's sad and unhappy here," said Joel Sayre, and Arthur Richman, and Constance Collier, and Burgess Meredith, and a lovely girl whose name I didn't catch, and the bartender at the Beverly-Wilshire.

The unhappiness and sadness are due to many things, but chief amongst them, I believe, is the knowledge on the part of the people in pictures that the pictures, aside from the mere money that can be got out of them, are in the end so completely unsatisfying, so futile and so empty a life's work and career. The actor, actress or writer of any worth at all appreciates that, while the pictures can do everything possible for plot they cannot and never have done anything for character. They can project the superficialities of character and create a superficial illusion of character but they cannot round out and deepen character as the drama can. Another supreme deficiency of the pictures as opposed to the drama is that whereas an audience takes away from the theatre the impression, the after-thought and the after-image of a play as a whole an audience takes away from the movies never an impression and after-image of the picture itself but one generally of some actor or actress in it. Thus the film player of any sense and integrity realizes that, however he may periodically succeed in impressing his audiences, the fundamental nature of his medium may cause it one day suddenly to drop from under him and leave him with his shirt-tail in the wind.

There you have Hollywood. There you have the so-called threat to the drama. There you have the threat to the theatre of O'Neill and Maxwell Anderson, of Katharine Cornell and Helen Hayes, of McClintic and Sam Harris. On the day that you find O'Neill in a senario conference on the Columbia lot with Harry Cohn, Katharine Cornell doing the rhumba with Cecil De Mille at the Trocadero, and McClintic splashing around in a swimming pool with Sam Goldwyn and Simone Simon, on that day I'll believe there is something in the threat. But until then I, for one, shan't worry. #

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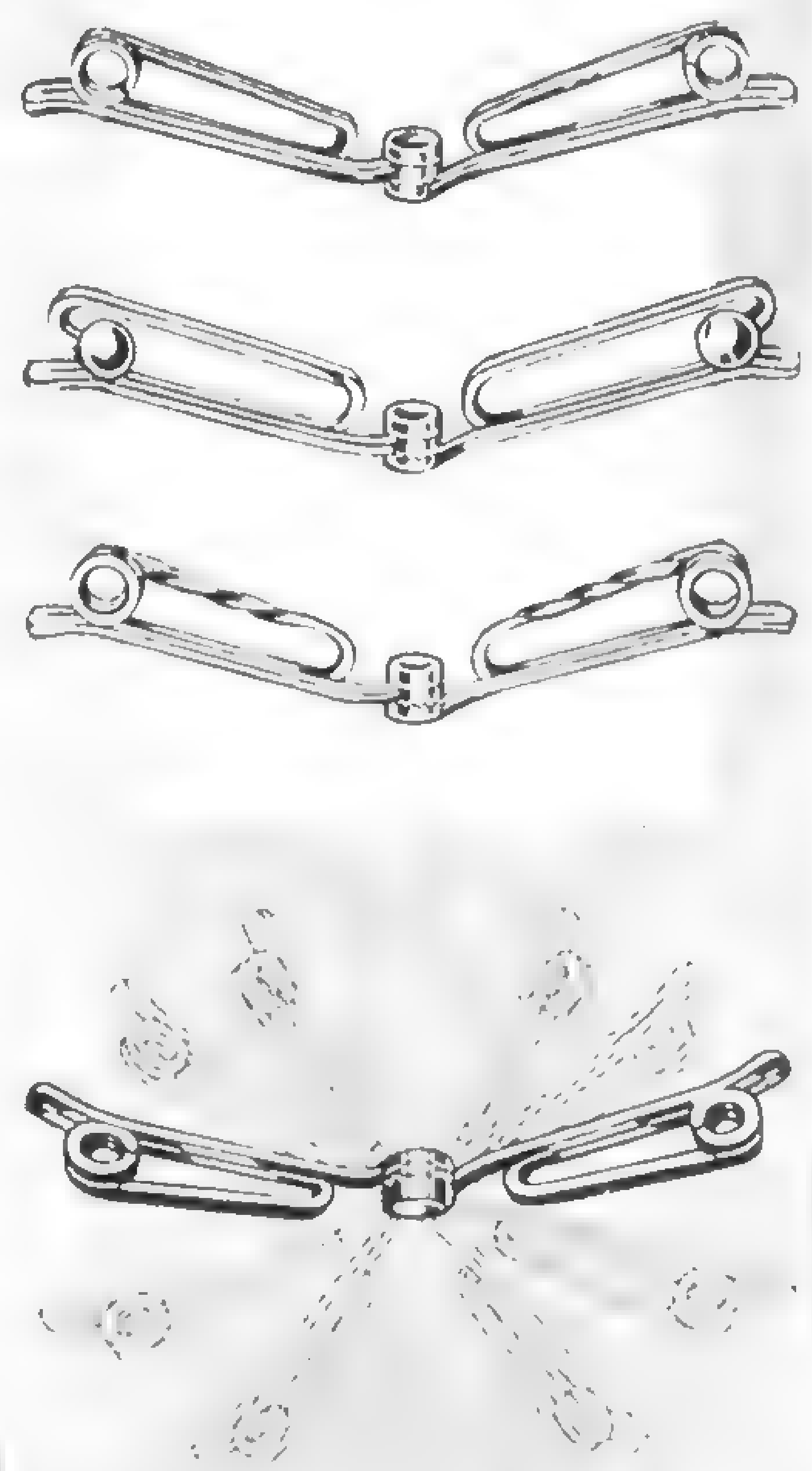

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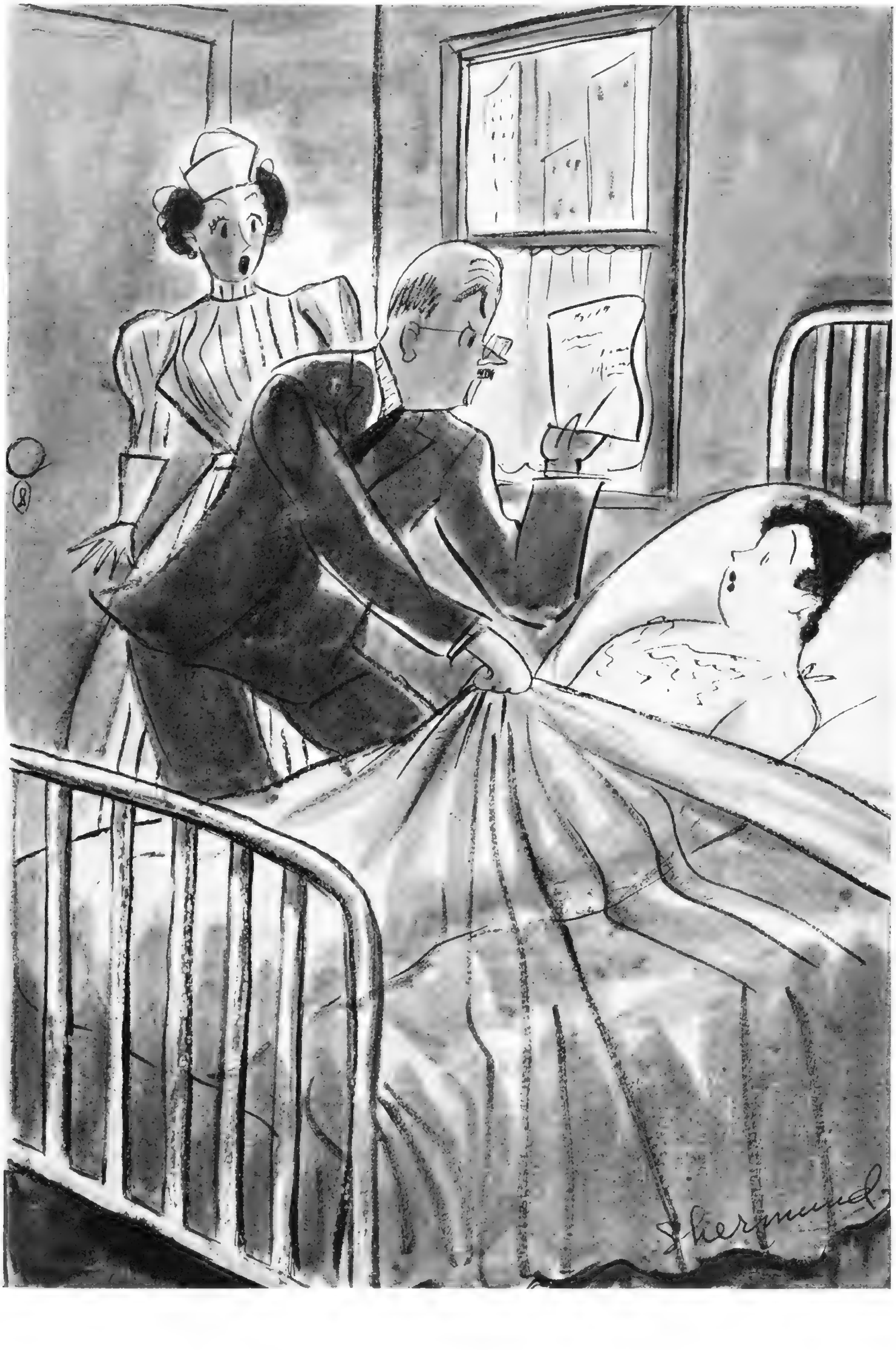

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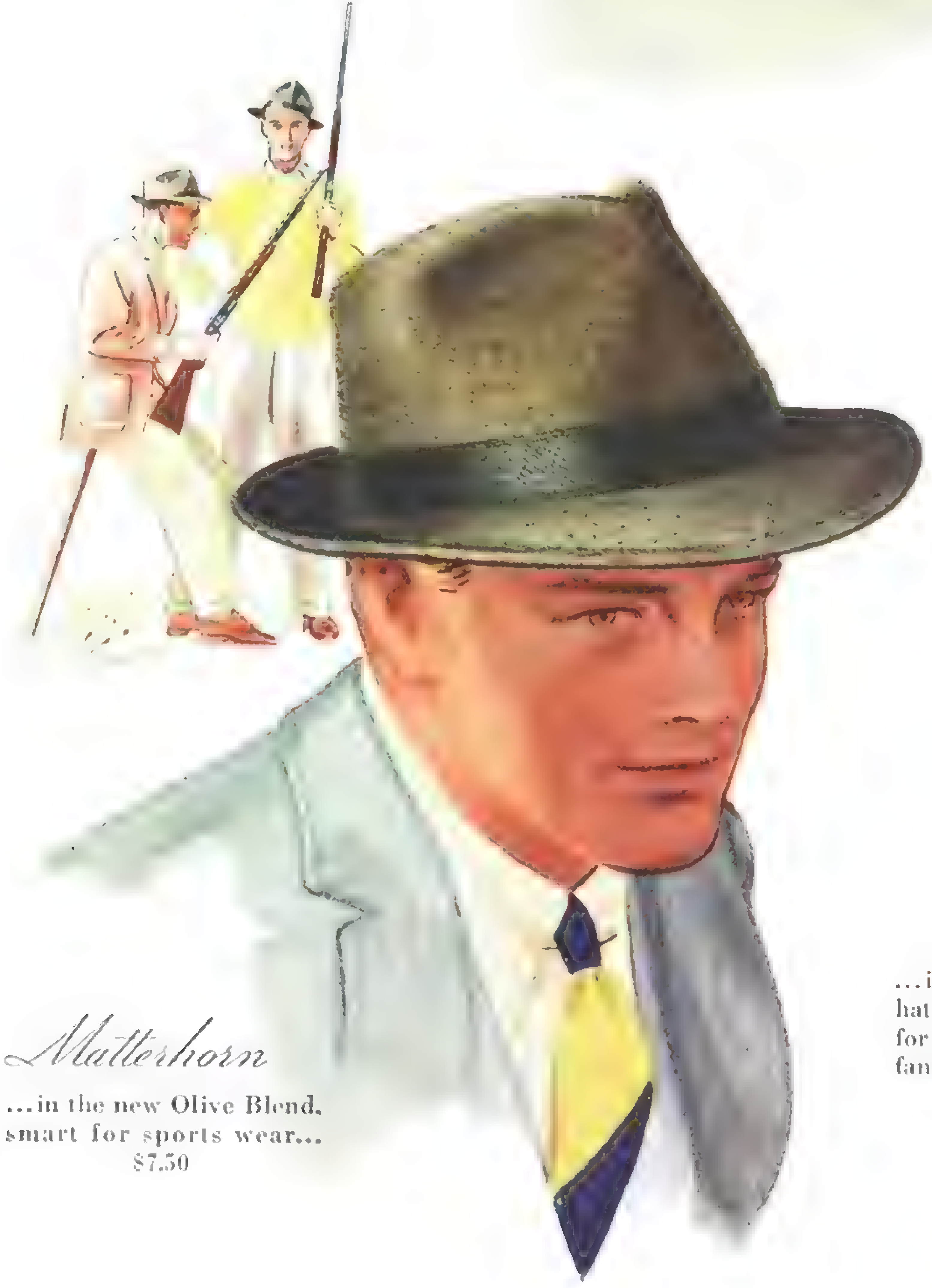

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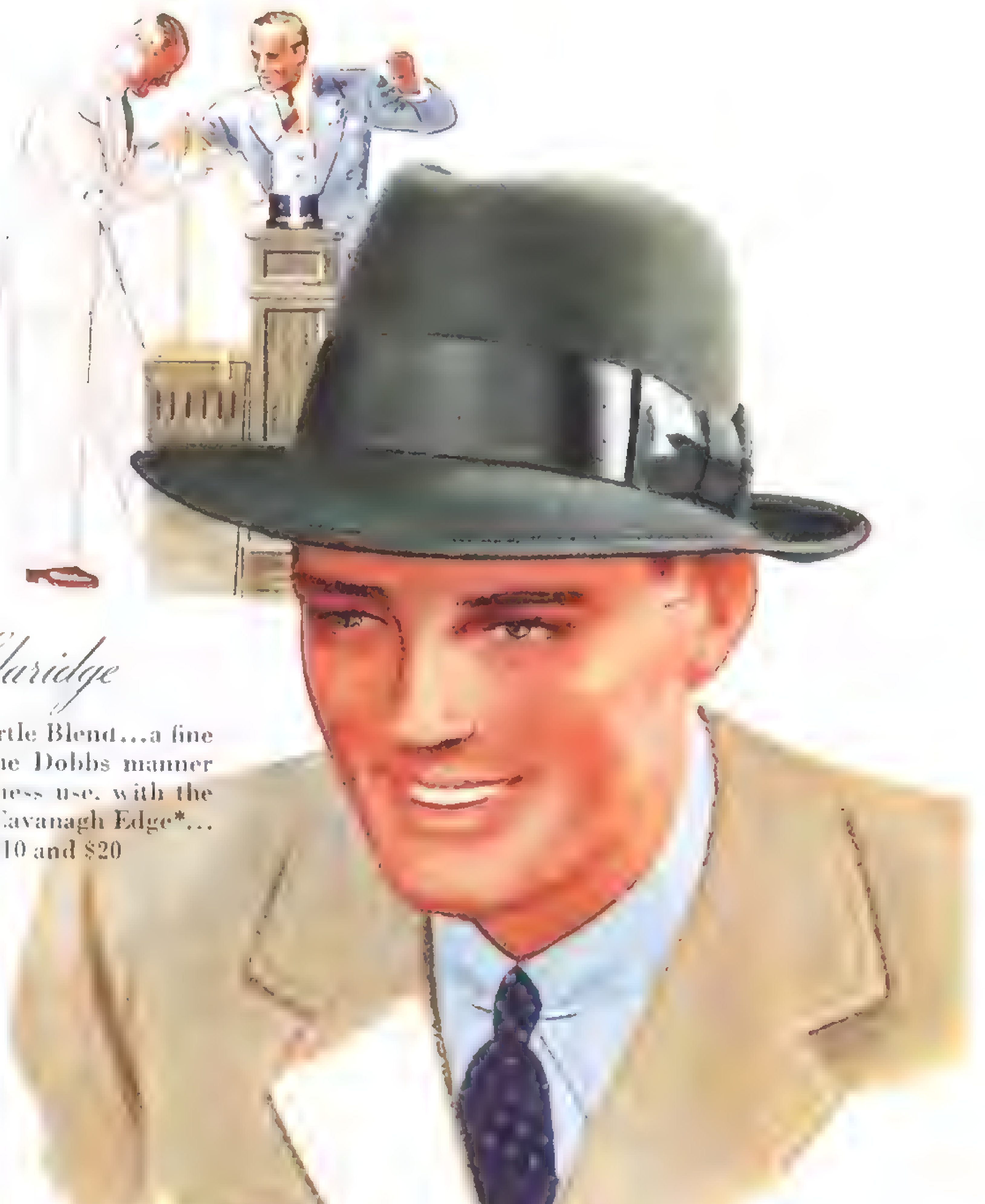

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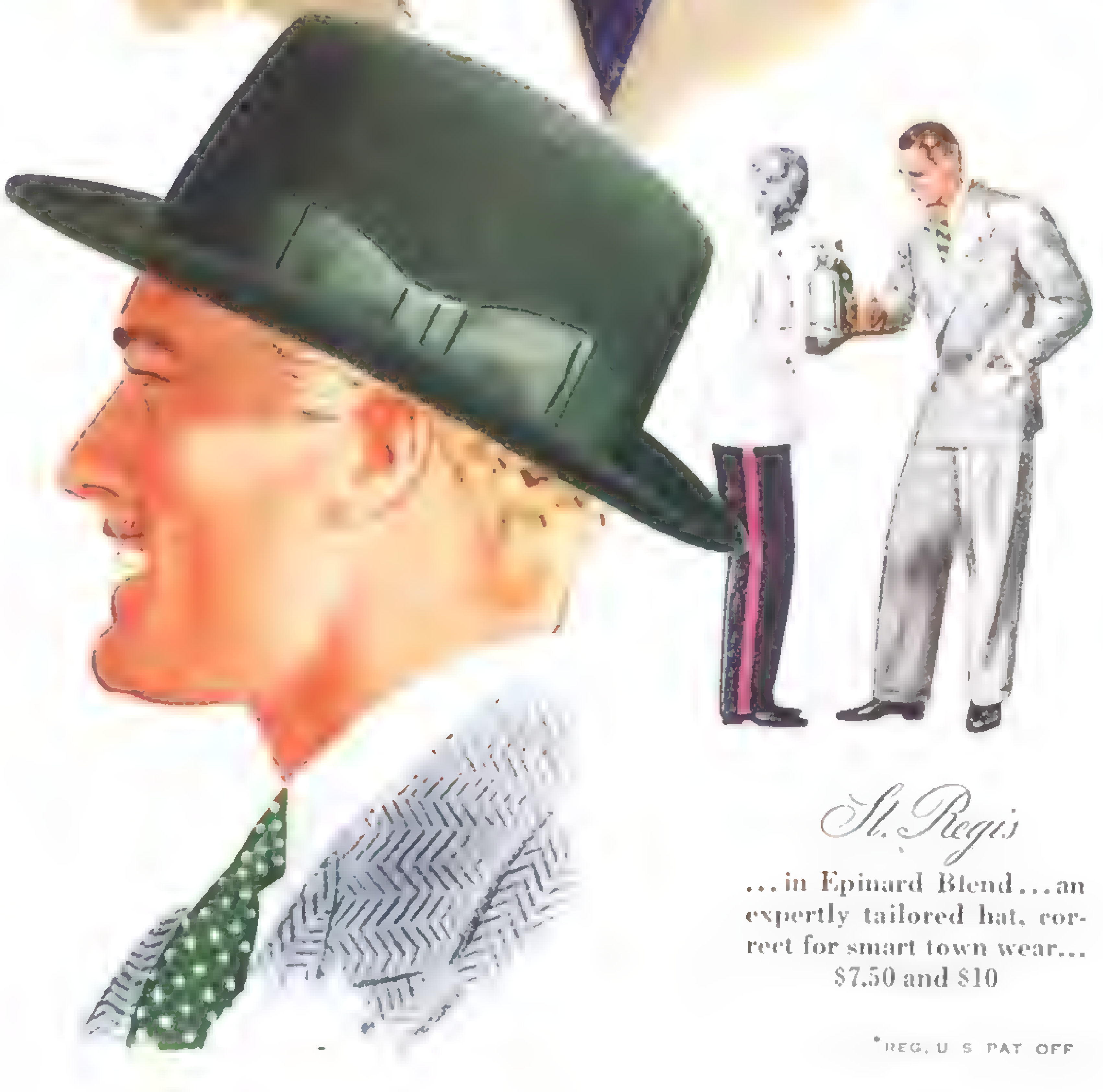

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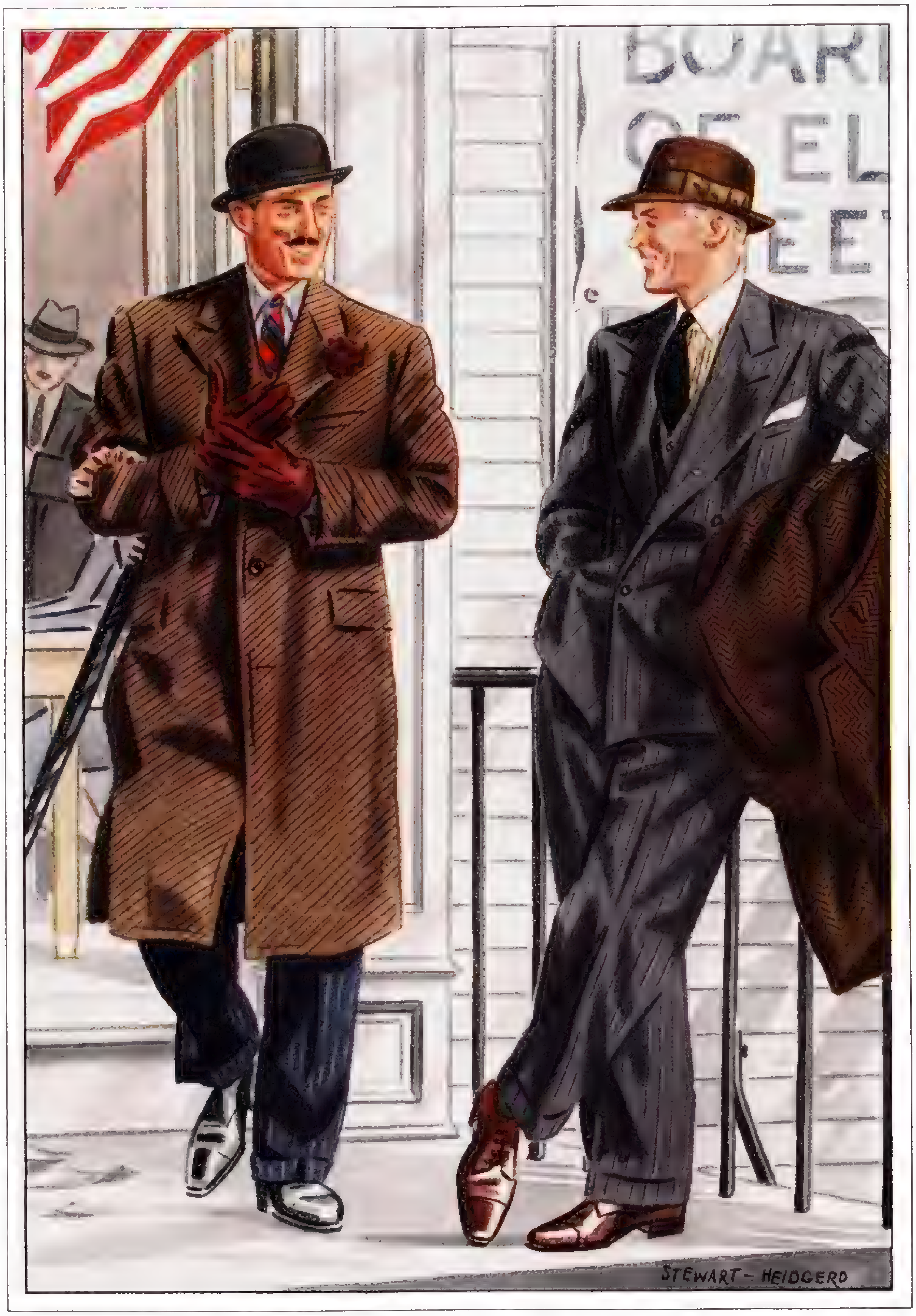

THIS IS THE MORNING OF ELECTION DAY

One of the new wrinkles characterizing this season's fashion trend is the use of tweed coats with dark business suits for town wear. This is a reaction against the regulation dark overcoat that had become so established as to take on the semblance of a uniform. At left, a single breasted coat with buttoned through front and peak lapels (a touch carried over from the reign of the dark colored Chesterfield) made up in pheasant colored Scotch tweed, worn with a blue striped worsted suit, blue broadcloth shirt with soft bound collar to match, regimental striped tie, bowler hat with full crown and narrow flat set brim, black calf town shoes, red capeskin gauntlet gloves, whangee handled umbrella and the perennial dark red carnation. Right, an unfinished worsted suit, striped broadcloth shirt, foulard tie, blucher brown calf shoes, snapbrim hat, and a single breasted topcoat of brown herringbone tweed.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

Warrior's Return

Continued from page 45

pain, before which he must lie perfectly still while other people took up the burden of his struggle. In spite of the pain which knotted his belly like a hand wringing out a dish rag he felt a gradual relaxation at the thought, an untroubled peace and a freedom from responsibility such as he had not experienced for many years.

The doctor came back and stood by the foot of the bed. His voice whispered through the darkness. "The ambulance'll be here any minute now."

Presently he felt them putting warm things around him and with a strange combination of strength and gentleness lifting him up and onto a stretcher. Half opening his eyes, he saw the white-coated figures and the serious faces of the two interns, then felt himself being gently carried out of the room and down the stairs. He closed his eyes again and the slow tranquil swaying of the stretcher made him think suddenly of Mama when she lifted him in her arms the time he had sprained his ankle. In the darkness before his eyes he saw her carrying him in her arms, putting him carefully down on the bed, comforting him, before the doctor came.

They went out of the door and the cold night swept across his face, but the rest of him was warm, covered over by deep wool, cradled in comfort against the cold night. Then in the ambulance the soft rocking motion of the big springs cradled him more deeply still, as the car sped swiftly through the dark night over the smooth deserted streets, himself warm inside, held in its arms and protected against the winter cold.

"What time is it?" one of the interns asked the other.

"Twelve-fifteen."

Past midnight, in the deserted streets, the smooth-running car was carrying him, warm and protected, watched over, to a waiting refuge from all pain.

"Who'll operate, do you know?"

"Walters, probably."

"He's a good man."

"Yes."

The voices stopped and the mildly swaying, rising and falling car bore him through the dark night, secure in its arms, rocking him gently in its arms as it sped forward to where Walters, a good man, was waiting. The pain did not stop but something in the sure mechanism of his effortless passage through the darkness, something in the sense of the hands that would lift him, the people that were waiting for him, made it, although undiminished, seem different than it had before. The pain was still there but the blind gnashing terror which had swept up and over him at each body-thrust of its agony was gone, supplanted by a slow, secretly assured sense of comfort and security.

The rocking motion of the car slowly subsided, but he did not open his eyes, holding to him with all his will the small soft darkness of the cradle in which he was lying, clinging to the peace and solicitude of the gently swaying springs and the dark warm safety in which he was imbedded.

But the hands moved again along the edge of the stretcher, lifting him up and drawing him out of his safety, and the cold winter night swept over his face. This time, as the bitter winter night swept across him, all the warmth fell suddenly from his body like a sheath, leaving him naked. The pain leapt upon his nakedness, possessing every shrinking hidden corner of his being, and winter's ally, death, hung grinning above him. He gasped and strained to struggle, alone in a pit of ice and blackness, clutched at by something gaunt and horrible.

Then, a moment later, bright lights shone into his eyes, making him blink, and grave solicitous faces appeared above him, looking down at him with calm and reassuring sympathy. The door closed behind him and shut out night and winter. Warmth floated around him again, and peace, as the gentle hands lifted and carried him away from the darkness, through lighted, warm, hushed halls. More people came and soon it seemed as though a kind of procession were forming in his honor, a procession dignified and calm, made up of people whose eyes and thoughts all centered upon him, whose every effort was directed toward his welfare. Cradled in a dozen arms, warmed by the attention of a dozen capable minds, he was borne slowly, in grave triumph, forward.

Even with his eyes closed he was conscious of ordered and efficient preparations being made all around him. Voices murmured to each other in consultation and once he heard some one whisper his name. With swift certain ease the whole complex machinery of this huge building: doctors, interns, nurses, anesthetists, surgeons, lights, sterilizing apparatus, gauze masks, rubber gloves, forceps, scalpels—was being set in motion—for him. Above him now the bright lights shone down, concentrating on him, singling him out from all the rest of the people in the room, bathing him in warm light against the black surrounding darkness, while all the eyes above the white masks were focused on him, and a hand held his own at the wrist, watchful of every beat of his heart.

Slowly, the misty tranquillity and peace welled up, as he breathed deeply, increasing, as he breathed more deeply, immersing him first in warm dimness, breathing deeply, then in increasing greater darkness, breathing, but warm darkness, rocking him gently in its mother-arms, peace flowing on the earth, peace settling on the soul of Ed Fletcher, slowly breathing in long-dreamt-of peace, cra-

Continued on page 192

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Warrior's Return

Continued from pages 45-191

dling him in the tenderness that had been long since lost, gone with the days gone by, gone with youth, with childhood, with his mother's arms, slow subsidence and return to the dark safety of the womb, to tenderness, and the timeless center of time, defeating forever the coldness of winter and death, to warmth and the glowing center of life, alone, safe, locked deeply, rocked gently in the immemorial slumber of the deep core of the universe.

When, he did not know, he felt himself slowly returning. He felt the slow rising from the profound sleep-velvet of timeless slumber. Unseen sharp fingers, metal-tipped, plucked away shreds of the deep rest, unraveled the velvet core that swathed him in peace and immobility. Harsher hands drew him forth more rapidly now and ripped him from the warm body which was his home and prepared to thrust him forth again into the glaring world.

He heard a voice. A glass clinked on a glass shelf. A door clicked and closed. Increasingly the sounds penetrated his covering. They scraped over him.

For a long time he kept his eyes closed, curtaining himself against the encroaching light, clutching to his breast the friendly darkness.

But voices whispered. The voices pried open his eyes. The two faces looked down at him with solicitous satisfaction. Sunlight came through a crack between the white wall and the green pulled-down window shade. Beyond, a klaxon ripped a jagged hole in the air. The sound made him suddenly violently sick.

The hands supported him and cooled his forehead and the voices murmured gentle sympathy. Now, he knew, the kindly darkness was gone forever, but in its place as he lay back again in bed there gradually came something else: breathing, and the consciousness of living nerves and muscles, and a sudden proud and vastly moving triumph in the knowledge of the defeat of death. Returned from the battlefield, wounded but heroic, he, the warrior with death, rested in victory.

"Just stay as quiet as you can, Mr. Fletcher," the voice said.

He lay perfectly still, the warrior slowly recovering from his wounds. Death, voiceless and defeated, crept away.

Food appeared, and people bringing flowers. In his mind, ironically, he laid them upon the grave of his enemy, death.

The shades lifted and the sunlight streamed in, flowing about him with warmth and life.

"It's so warm out today," his wife said, "you'd never think it was winter at all. It's more like spring."

Winter, along with death, had fled, defeated.

The warm food came at certain hours and he was washed and taken care of by gentle hands. All around him the complex machinery of the great hospital turned smoothly and uninterruptedly for his benefit, honoring him for his victory.

Now too his children came every day, attentive to him and eager to do things for him, humble and contrite at having been away from his side during the time of his battle. They watched him with anxious eyes and listened to his words.

The grateful world rocked him gently in its arms, from warm bright day, to dark warm night, through again to warm bright day, eternal, time defeated, as well as death.

"I don't know," he said, sitting up in his chair now with a blanket wrapped around him. "I still feel sort of weak . . . "

There was a second's silence, then the doctor clapped him on the shoulder with his hand, roughly, shaking him, and laughed. Some one else laughed too. The crashing laughter shook the room and he trembled, his body shaking with the crash of laughter that crackled wildly, like lightning, in the room.

"You'll be much more comfortable at home now," the doctor said.

"Besides . . . " his wife began, then stopped, but he felt her thought, and saw the money in her thought, grimy and green like flat inching worms.

He said nothing, closing his eyes and shrinking into himself, feeling the warmth escaping him, feeling the gentleness and kindness fleeing him forever, fearing the winter and the cold.

"Why, of course," said the doctor, and laughed again.

"I suppose tomorrow . . . " his wife began.

"Yes," said Ed Fletcher quickly. "Not today . . . tomorrow . . . "

Later, alone, he sat facing the clock and slowly counted the hours between now and tomorrow. The clock-ticks fell slowly, regularly, into the cold room. Each night in the store before leaving he wound the many clocks that hung on the wall.

Suddenly, behind the clock, the voices of the city, harsh and strident, beat like fists against the window pane, the winter wind screamed against the cold glass.

Death, defeated, was voiceless, but outside the window life, the undefeated, cried out.

He shrank back, listening. ⧺

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Paradise Number 29

Continued from page 63

"I thought you packed them!" I exclaimed.

Without attempting to report the ensuing discussion verbatim (I am not writing here on space rates), the upshot of the camp cot situation was that we had to do with pallets on the bare earth. Personally I welcomed the opportunity to rough it in this fashion, but Dorothea crabbed about it considerably. When our labors were ended and we had partaken of a frugal luncheon of some canned beans and a couple of bottles of coke we strolled the length of the beach, casting our eyes over the halcyon Caribbean, and dreaming the hours away, independent of the hustle and bustle of the machine age we had left so far behind.

"What a life!" I was impelled to observe, greedily filling my lungs with the fragrant sea breeze. The heat and the tempting waves gave me an idea. "I think I'll toss off these last confining vestiges of our outworn civilization and plunge into the translucent deep."

"Don't mind me," said Dorothea. "Only I've been watching some long grey shapes with sharp fins swimming along with us out there. I'm not sure, of course, but I think they're sharks. Anyway, they look mighty like the ones down in the New York Aquarium —only about four times bigger."

This disquieting information gave me pause. After some discussion we thought the better part of valor was to hesitate before we leapt. I recalled Mr. Beebe asserting in one of his books that the shark will not attack men except under provocation, but whether or not Mr. Beebe was sufficiently in the shark's confidence to be aware of what constituted such provocation I failed to remember.

The sun sets quite suddenly in the tropics. I am at a loss adequately to describe this phenomenon, but one moment you are unaware of the setting sun and the next are left in pitch darkness. Such was our experience that first night on Number 29. Darkness swooped down out of the hot Caribbean sky and it was four or five hours before we were able to locate our lean-to. I tripped over a fallen tree trunk and Dorothea twice fell into the sea. At last, however, we saw the dark shadow of our living quarters.

"One thing," I joked, groping about. It was my purpose to raise Dorothea's spirits, as she was rather wet and still trying to get the beach sand out of her ear. "One thing. We won't have to worry about burglars."

In this gay prediction, however, I was somewhat mistaken. An army of huge red ravenous ants scurried away when I at last managed to light our kerosene lamp, and we soon discovered that they had devoured our entire supply of bread. On top of which, apparently some huge, powerful bird had carried off a salt shaker and a pair of white canvas shoes. No other explanation seemed plausible.

"Well, I hope they fit him," I said of the shoes, attempting to turn the mysterious business into a *mot*.

We opened a can of tomatoes and had them for repast and then settled to think and rest and contemplate our strange new way of life. I stretched out beneath the blanket of sparkling stars. The moon was like a soft crown of gold. "Have you ever witnessed anything more magnificent, darling? More—well, completely satisfying?"

Dorothea did not answer for a moment. In the vast solitude I became aware of a little series of ironic *tch's*. "Yes," she replied meaningfully at last. "Our old apartment up on Lexington Avenue."

I was hunting around in my mind for an answer to that one when she interrupted my thoughts with what I fancied was a rather trivial complaint. "I can't find my nightgown," she said.

The sudden transition from a cosmic contemplation of the Caribbean moon to the insignificance of a misplaced nightgown lent impatience, I suppose, to my reply. "What the devil do you want with a nightgown way the hell and gone out here for?" I demanded.

"Oh, stop suspending your prepositions, for heaven's sake. If a woman has got to get permission to wear a nightgown then I don't know what!" she snapped testily.

Well, this sort of thing went on pretty well into the dawn. We kissed at last, however, and made up. I assured her I would be kinder and more considerate of the woman's problems during such readjustments as were bound to arise in our new environment, while for her part Dorothea promised to quit bellyaching for a while and make the best of a lousy bargain.

I must pause for a moment to compliment myself on the ingenious device I invented to solve the shark problem. Having with a great deal of foresight brought along several serviceable fish nets I would troll the waters below an expanse of rock for six or seven hours until I had beached a goodly quantity of small sea denizens such as jelly fish and sardines and whatnot. Then I would toss these out upon the water at one end of the beach where, being dead, they floated visibly on the surface and attracted the attention of the sharp-toothed possessors of the dorsal fin: I would hotfoot it over to the opposite side of the beach and quickly take a plunge for the duration of their interest elsewhere. Thus it was possible to get in five or ten minutes of first-rate bathing each day. Dorothea spent most of her time going around the island scooping fresh water out of old conch shells to supplement the meager supply we had brought.

Continued on page 194

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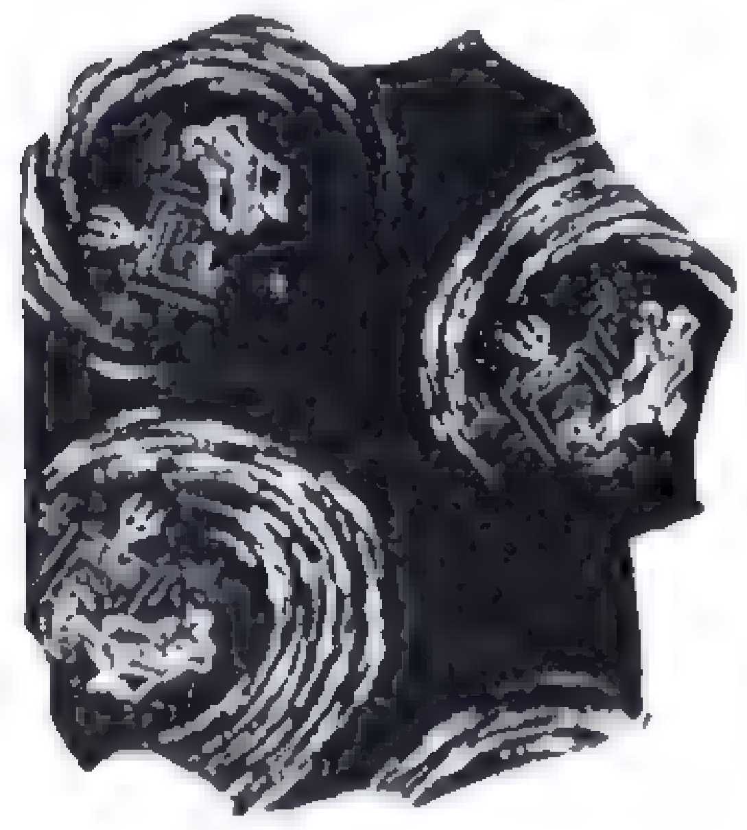

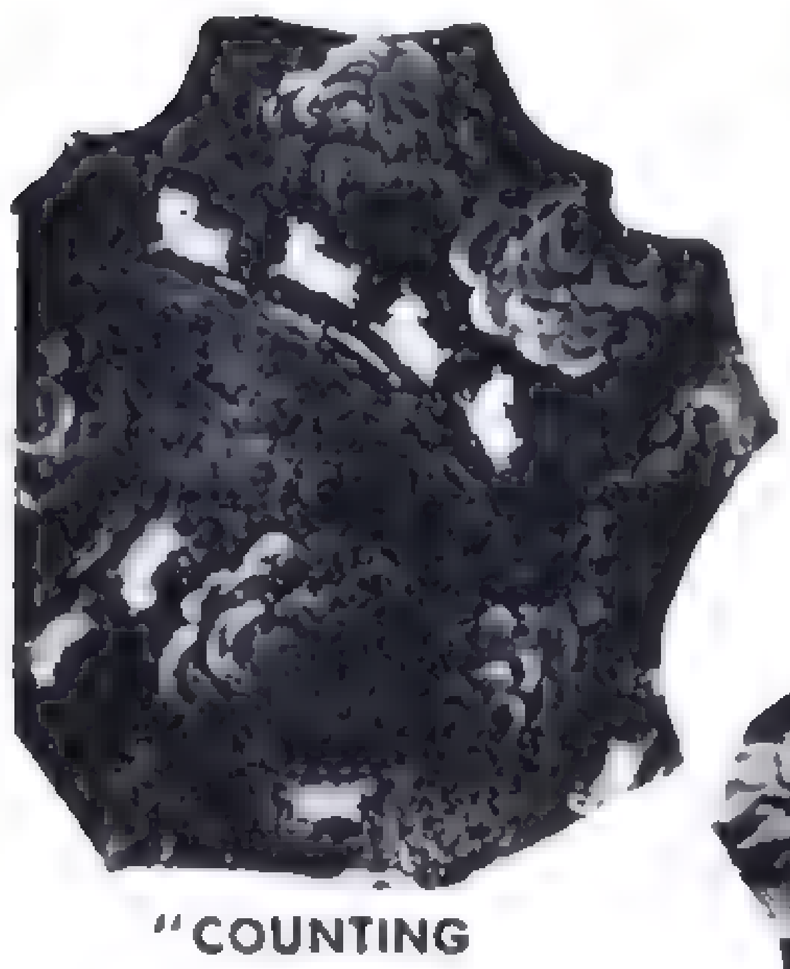

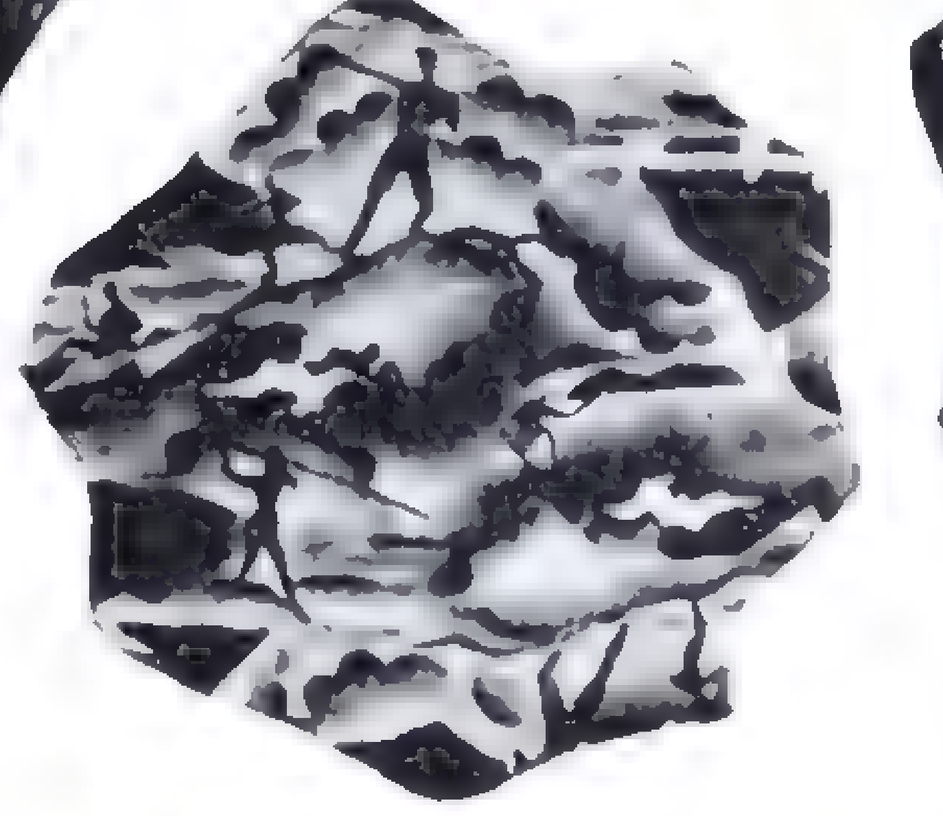

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Paradise Number 29

Continued from pages 63-193

Our rations had been reduced pretty much to fish and a type of rubbery water cress which my nature manual over-enthusiastically insisted was edible. The waters about us were alive with little sardines, but as we had brought along a packing case of the canned sort this hardly lent variety to our menus. Dorothea was having trouble with her frocks, as the combination of soap and salt water soon ate holes into their fragile fabrics. She almost cut off a finger scaling fish with a pen knife; she'd been bitten by a spider in several places, which had left unsightly lumps; and a sea gull had stupidly flown into a delicious pot of bouillabaisse (that's what I called it, anyway) she was preparing. Which, altogether, left her—how shall I say?—something less than delighted with our adventurous experiment.

Then one day, perhaps a month after our advent on Paradise Number 29, came that fateful storm which washed away our dreams and left our enthusiasm for Caribbean idyls somewhat dampened. It came out of nowhere, and returned there, no doubt; in the meantime it spread havoc thicker than kids do butter. It began with a gentle crooning whisper and wound up with a roar like a jungleful of paranoiac lions. It ripped out the few palms by the roots and flung them a mile or two to windward. It sucked the sea up in cyclonic spouts, the rain descending in such sheets as to beat the cyclone right back again. It picked up our lean-to and threw it at Havana, Cuba, if I am any judge. It took off Dorothea's dress and began working on her chemise. Number 29 shivered and groaned and wished, if it had the sense to wish anything, that it had never been born. Fish a foot long and dead gulls and tree trunks and clods of earth floated through the air in front of us. Floated? Virtually swished. And then no doubt for the sheer hell of it the sun grinned brightly and the wind ceased and the rain went off somewhere and all that was left of Number 29 was Dorothea and me and a lot of desolation.

We sat gloomily on the beach, our arms folded on our knees, and looked out over the now shimmering expanse of deceptive blue.

"Whose idea was this, anyway?" asked Dorothea at last.

"A hurricane doesn't have to be anybody's idea, darling," I told her. "It just happens all by itself."

"Oh, you know what I mean. The idea of leaving decadent civilization behind and seeking a paradise in tropical solitude, or whatever it was."

"Well, don't look at me," I said hastily. "Everything'll work out all right."

"The fish nets and everything else have blown away and we haven't a thing to eat."

"There's a lot of water cress under the rocks," I reminded her.

"Water cress!" she exclaimed. "I don't want to seem savage after only a month on this island paradise, but when we get home I am going to give the guy that wrote that nature manual his choice between eating a dish of this water cress or a copy of his book, and I'll bet he takes the book."

"Well, we mustn't become cynical," I replied, wondering whether to break down and weep or go drown myself in the Caribbean, but always keeping my faith in the cheery word, the happy advice.

"It just occurs to me" she turned, her brow wrinkled, "that that sea-going cadaver, Captain Billingsgate, might forget to come back to the island."

"Billingsby."

"All right, Billingsby. But suppose it slips his mind?"

"Never you fret, darling. It is always darkest before the dawn."

"I could answer that one easily, but things are bad enough as they are," she replied cryptically. "Let's go," she sighed, "and see what we can make of that water cress."

I was glad to see her accepting the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, to give Shakespeare a plug in passing, with such a good grace.

We settled down to the routine of waiting. Dorothea's calculations figured we had six days to wait while I thought eighteen, but we did not let this little difference depress us. I was forced to fish for sardines with a bent pin, and it was rather slow work. In four days I was able to land five, weighing perhaps half a pound all told. But we did not lose our spirits. Rather we gained in appetite, and what is one man's loss is another's gain seemed the appropriate sentiment.

Without benefit of shade or lean-to the sun blazed down and baked us to a nice livid shade of scarlet. Perhaps this is what is called being in the pink of condition. The voracious red ants, nothing daunted by the famine which had visited us, gnawed holes in our tropical helmets and dined on the cork therein. They also devoured the cork out of the snake-bite medicine bottles and drank the contents. Some kind of owl took to hooting in deathly wails all night, giving us some sleepless hours. Dorothea swore the noise came from the ghost of Captain Billingsgate (sic) who had drowned and returned to haunt us. We now calculated we had been on Paradise Number 29, by adding our separate opinions and dividing by two, approximately three months. We had achieved a sort of stoical acceptance of our fate, hardly noticing the great birds which came and flew off with Dorothea's nightgown and a pair of my rubbers. (Why I had brought rubbers I cannot at the moment quite say.) Indeed, we only laughed when the schools of sharks disappeared one day out of contempt for us as a good meal, and we took

Continued at top of page 196

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Paradise Number 29

Continued from pages 63-193-194

to naming the hovering black buzzards after our favorite relatives. All in all we were getting a real taste of paradise.

Not to prolong the fascinated reader's suspense beyond human endurance by relating the countless experiences our hiatus compelled us to endure, we were finally rewarded by the sight of a vessel one cold and rainy morning; navigated, as it turned out, by none other than our genial villain, Captain Billingsby. Some discussion arose as to the length of time we had been immured on the island, I claiming four months, Dorothea nine, and the captain seven weeks. We did not let this disagreement lessen the eagerness with which we contemplated our escape—escape, as it were, to civilization. Dorothea, indeed, sniffed the pungent fishy odor of our yacht with what may be described as something approaching sheer delight. I was not loathe to eat a hardtack and smelt sandwich myself. I even tried to engage the silent dwarf in conversation, but all he would say was, "*Son las tres menos veinte*," or something like that, and go back to staring at Brazil.

Once back in Jamaica it was necessary for us to get a cable off to Dorothea's father requesting financial assistance. This is perhaps not the proper time to analyze the tenor of those remarks contained in his reply, but he sent on a draft sufficient for us to book passage for home. Oddly enough it was upon the self-same vessel we had taken down, the ubiquitous *La Cucaracha*, in which we effected our departure for northern climes. After our soul-searching experience even this lousy crate looked pretty good to us. The cruise passengers seemed like a rather jolly and good-natured lot innocently seeking a bit of diversion.

Indeed, I may confess that we actually took a hand ourselves, at one point in the voyage, in tossing shuffle-board discs at the bathers, Dorothea scoring high woman by conking a fat bald-headed man in three successive direct hits.

When, at long last, we viewed the pink etching of the metropolis over our starboard bow, Dorothea audibly expressed her delight. "Decadent civilization, here we come!" she exclaimed happily.

I, of course, am made of sterner stuff; I deeply regretted the whims of fate which had made our dream of an island utopia something less than consummate. Nevertheless I, too, glanced at New York's skyline with a certain amount of grudging fondness. I am partial, as you might have guessed by now, neither to heroics nor cheap sentiment. In this situation I merely echoed my helpmeet's pleasure. "I'll take the same," I nodded. ⧻

Lovely Stooping Women

Continued from page 67

"I am disappointed in life and the world. . . . I won a fair measure of success but my life is empty. . . . I hold that a woman's mission is to look after a home, to bear children. And rear them. Not promiscuously but intelligently, for the man she loves and enlightened by a study of eugenics."

She speaks of:

". . . a woman's need for a man—a mate. . . . Men and women were created to need one another. The single woman is driven to confess that she needs a man in her apartment to shake cocktails *and to do the many things that only a man can do for her.* (Italics mine.) In the same way the single man needs a woman to fix his curtains, *straighten his pictures,* prepare his meals, arrange his furniture for his comfort—all the little feminine touches that convert a house into a home." (Italics still mine.)

But even if all the little feminine touches were laid end to end and there were no more men and women who needed one another, you couldn't cry Eureka. There are spinsters and spinsters. The writer of *The Single Woman's Dilemma* states:

"Only a man calls forth all I have to give. . . . Passion breaks down the otherwise impregnable defenses of the soul . . ."

and describes how she answers the call by having affairs with other women's husbands. Here at last, I thought, is someone whose life is full, who isn't a damsel in distress! But I was mistaken.

"The single woman faces the prospect of a lonely old age, with neither husband nor children to cherish her. . . . With all my passion for adventure I would change places with her (a wife) in a minute."

As for being a widow, that is "an endurance contest." According to *The Widow's Plight* the widow is:

". . . just a heart-hungry woman, making a noble gesture of contentment with the financial independence, the personal liberty, the vaunted freedom with which a modern woman may replace a flesh and blood, companionable husband. . . . No normal woman's life is complete without a man."

That last statement wasn't news to me, though maybe it is to habitual quality readers: I sympathized with her. And what chance has she now for remarrying, when possible second husbands will shy off for fear of being limned at so many cents a word in *Second Marriage Is a Mistake?*

Now I've always had the notion that the divorcée, at any rate, was a pretty carefree gal, but I've had to revise my opinion

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after reading *Ten Years After the Divorce: I Would Not Divorce Him Now*. He drank, but otherwise he was O.K. and she wishes she had him back. She is approaching a lonely middle age, she has no one to help her manage money, and she weeps "tears of loneliness" for herself.

But matrimony, even if it lasts, has its own frustrations. There are *Unhappy Marriages Among the Clergy*.

"My mind and spirit are becoming crippled after four years of this life.... Life for the average parson's wife is progressive crucifixion."

From *Poor Professors* I discovered that the wives of these under paid wretches suffer from "nervous and psychic frustrations." *A Doctor's Wife Speaks Up*, too.

Just being married to a man, any man, however, is bad enough. *I'd Rather Be a Spinster* complains a lady who preferred her former blissful lot of teaching and living alone to her present married state with a congenial man, because:

"Except in the largest cities, a woman must give up her name, her work, her income and her individuality for a mate."

It was only when I came upon "Love is the poetry of life, a growth in soul, giving more color to the sunset" that I felt sure I was reading a highbrow magazine and not just one of my married sister's letters. The writer explains that love means fresh violets, marriage picking up a husband's soiled shirts. Spinsters have no sex life, but there are compensations—at least, that's what *she* thinks.

"The duties of the average wife and mother lead sooner to the psychopathic ward."

I marveled at the number of women I know who have escaped this fate, but I guess they're just too lowbrow to write that kind of literature.

The author of *Monogamy Is An Art* also finds marriage unpoetic and stultifying.

"Once I supplied poetry, now roughage.... I live in a suburban street which the individual in me detests but which the Wife and Mother in me accepts."

I've always known, of course, that marriage had some disadvantages, but she revealed another which never came to me even in my most Freudian dreams; namely, it is essentially incestuous, because husband supplants the brothers and sisters of childhood. By this time I had read enough of these articles to know what was coming—frustration. She recommends a way of escape, saying "It is good for the individual soul to refuse to be frustrated." This is highbrow for cheating.

Here at last, I thought, is the answer. But then I read *Philandering Wives*. Its author speaks "from observation, experience, and contemplation." If she hadn't added that "contemplation" she might have landed in the pulps. Romance retreated from her domestic life. Like the spouses of the less sophisticated women who write to Advice to the Lovelorn columnists, her husband buried himself in a newspaper or book when she wanted to talk.

"Even the supreme expression of our love was no longer significant, yet it was romance I craved."

She found it, after he had supremely expressed with someone else. She told. He reviled her. It hurt.

"I didn't know he cared so much. . . . Curiously and to my chagrin, the fact that he had taken his (freedom) first did not seem to matter. I could not escape the feeling of being the greater sinner."

Right in the middle of this sinful era the good old double standard raised its hoary head and now, divorced, she knows it was all a big mistake.

Evelyn Havens, too (I trust this is a *nom de plume!*) "embarked on the great adventure" to her sorrow. She was "in her thirtieth year when our paths crossed," she confides in her lament *I Thought I Was Modern: A Venture in "Living in Sin."*

"I too, have made the daring experiment and have learned that in this year of grace 1936 as surely as in any previous age, the end of that road for the woman at any rate, is still confusion, unhappiness and agony of spirit, if not absolute despair."

At this point I was fairly well convinced that she wasn't enjoying herself, but she doesn't take any chances of being misunderstood. She was:

". . . plunged in a dizzy vortex of conflict, unhappiness and despair. . . . The frustration of the physical expression of love is as nothing compared to the frustration suffered by the woman who seeks happiness in love outside of marriage."

And as if fearing that her own agonies aren't sufficiently impressive, she invokes the experiences of her friends. There may be some women who can survive an illicit amour, she says, but she hasn't met them. All her acquaintances who lived without benefit of clergy have come to a bad end. One is in a sanitarium under the care of a psychiatrist, one is a drunkard, two have become hopelessly promiscuous, and one has turned homosexual.

Maybe the erring Evelyn would like to meet some of the girls I know. It might cheer her up.

After the contemplation of so much misery I need cheering up myself. A drink might help. It might also help drown an unworthy suspicion as to how middle-aged housewives and suburban matrons suddenly become articulate in effectively arranged paragraphs meeting the stringent literary requirements of the quality group. Surely hack writers restrict their activities to true confessions which differ from these by the paucity of their polysyllables, the fact that they are illustrated, and at least thirty cents! ###

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BEST OF THE MONTH

MOST HILARIOUS COMEDY: "The Awful Truth"
BEST MUSICAL ROMANCE: "I'll Take Romance"
ALL-TIME DRAMATIC SPECTACLE: "Lost Horizon"
FINEST PERFORMANCES: Grace Moore • Irene Dunne • Ronald Colman • Cary Grant • Melvyn Douglas

HOWLINGLY FUNNY—SMOOTH—DELICIOUS—FIRST ON YOUR "MUST SEE" LIST

Irene Dunne & Cary Grant in "The Awful Truth"

Why did she hide her husband when her best friend visited her? This and other novel questions are uproariously answered in a comedy screamingly climaxed when a society bride shocks Park Ave. with a sensational dance that stops a divorce. *Cast includes Ralph Bellamy, Alexander D'Arcy, Cecil Cunningham. Screen play by Vina Delmar—from play by Arthur Richman. A LEO McCAREY production. Associate producer, Everett Riskin. Directed by LEO McCAREY.*

•

GRACE MOORE IN HER FINEST, FUNNIEST PICTURE—A GORGEOUS EYEFUL—A GLORIOUS EARFUL

Grace Moore in "I'll Take Romance" with Melvyn Douglas

Between contracts and kidnappers, Grace Moore finds thrills aplenty. The scenes and pace shift brilliantly and dazzlingly between the hotcha of America and the colorful Argentine. Laughter and music highlight the romance all the way. *Cast includes HELEN WESTLEY and STUART ERWIN. Screen Play by George Oppenheimer and Jane Murfin—story by Stephen Morehouse Avery—produced by Everett Riskin—directed by EDWARD H. GRIFFITH.*

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For New Surprises—See "Lost Horizon" Again

Many who paid $2.20 to see FRANK CAPRA'S production starring RONALD COLMAN in "LOST HORIZON" are seeing it again—now at regular motion picture prices. You, too, will discover upon a second viewing many startling surprises that escaped you originally in this superb romance of amazing adventure and thrills. Screen play by ROBERT RISKIN from James Hilton's novel.

•

ASK YOUR THEATRE FOR THE OPENING DATE OF THESE
COLUMBIA PICTURES

One Second to Make Up Your Mind

Continued from page 55

Before the passage of that rule a runner who attempted to roll or crawl forward was, in football parlance, "asking for it." If he got a lot of knees in his back and his head torn off, he could not yelp a legitimate protest.

Hence, when I tried to crawl, Thorpe could have murdered me. Instead, he simply threw one leg over me, bore me to the ground and said, "If Georgie wants to play horsie, Jim will ride him."

Let's have a look now at a situation in modern football requiring a decision which Bill Karr, our right end, must make in one second several times during the afternoon when we play the Detroit Lions.

That little problem is put up to Karr when Detroit starts one of its infamous sweeps around the weak, or short side, of our line after the shift to the right. To Karr it looks like the charge of the Light Brigade because the Lions' tackle and guard join the backs to run interference for that swift, ground-gaining fool, Ernie Caddell of Stanford. And those blockers run hard and hit hard, make no mistake about that!

During the second required to get that massive, but beautifully timed formation underway, Karr must choose between two courses of action. He may decide to try to keep his feet, fighting off the two backs who head the profession and drifting with the runner, until the marines arrive to help him. Or he can knife in, going under the entire interference at its inception in an attempt to upset the whole lot. I have seen him stack up the gang many times. He is not large, as league players go, but very able and adept at throwing his weight about.

Bill Karr is warlike only while the battle is on. When there is no action, he is quiet and almost shy. Hence, I was a little surprised when he flew into a rage at me, during a lull in a game between the Green Bay Packers and the Bears. We had taken the ball to the Green Bay two-yard line and there Bronko Nagurski was badly hurt. I got permission from the officials to go on the field and have a look at the Bronk. I stood beside Karr as the trainer worked on Nagurski. Karr had had a crack on the head on the preceding play, for he suddenly looked around in amazement and asked, "How in the world did we get clear down here?"

I guessed that he was out of his head so I asked him, "What do you do on 12-29, Bill?" The question angered him. He yanked off his headgear, threw it on the ground and I thought he was going to swing at me.

"It's a fine thing!" he said. "It's a fine thing when the coach doesn't even know his own signals. How can we beat a tough outfit like this when the coach doesn't know we haven't got any 12-29?"

It so happens that 12-29 is a forward pass play with Karr on the receiving end. So I said, "Come on, Bill, let's get away from all these people and go for a quiet walk." The quiet walk was to the bench, where the fog enveloping Bill soon wore off.

That game brought out another example of one-second thinking by Lou Gordon, Green Bay tackle. It involved a punch which traveled about thirty yards. Now the contests between the Packers and Bears are played for keeps; both teams try to keep unnecessary roughness down to a minimum, but when big, muscular, young men are in continuous body contact it isn't any wonder that a fist flies occasionally. Joe Stydahar, our giant tackle, was enjoying a respite on the bench when he saw Beattie Feathers' head suddenly jerk backward from a well placed uppercut and Stydahar credited Lou Gordon of Green Bay with the punch. He was wrong, as it later developed, for Gordon was not the hitter.

Even so, Stydahar started his punch from the ground as he left the bench and he was still throwing it in one motion when he approached Gordon, who had been thirty yards away when the swing got under way. Someone yelled, "Look out, Lou!" and Gordon glanced up just in time. He didn't have a second to make a decision: in a flash he made up his mind—to duck! Stydahar's fist sailed past, pulling the big tackle after it and depositing him on the ground, face down.

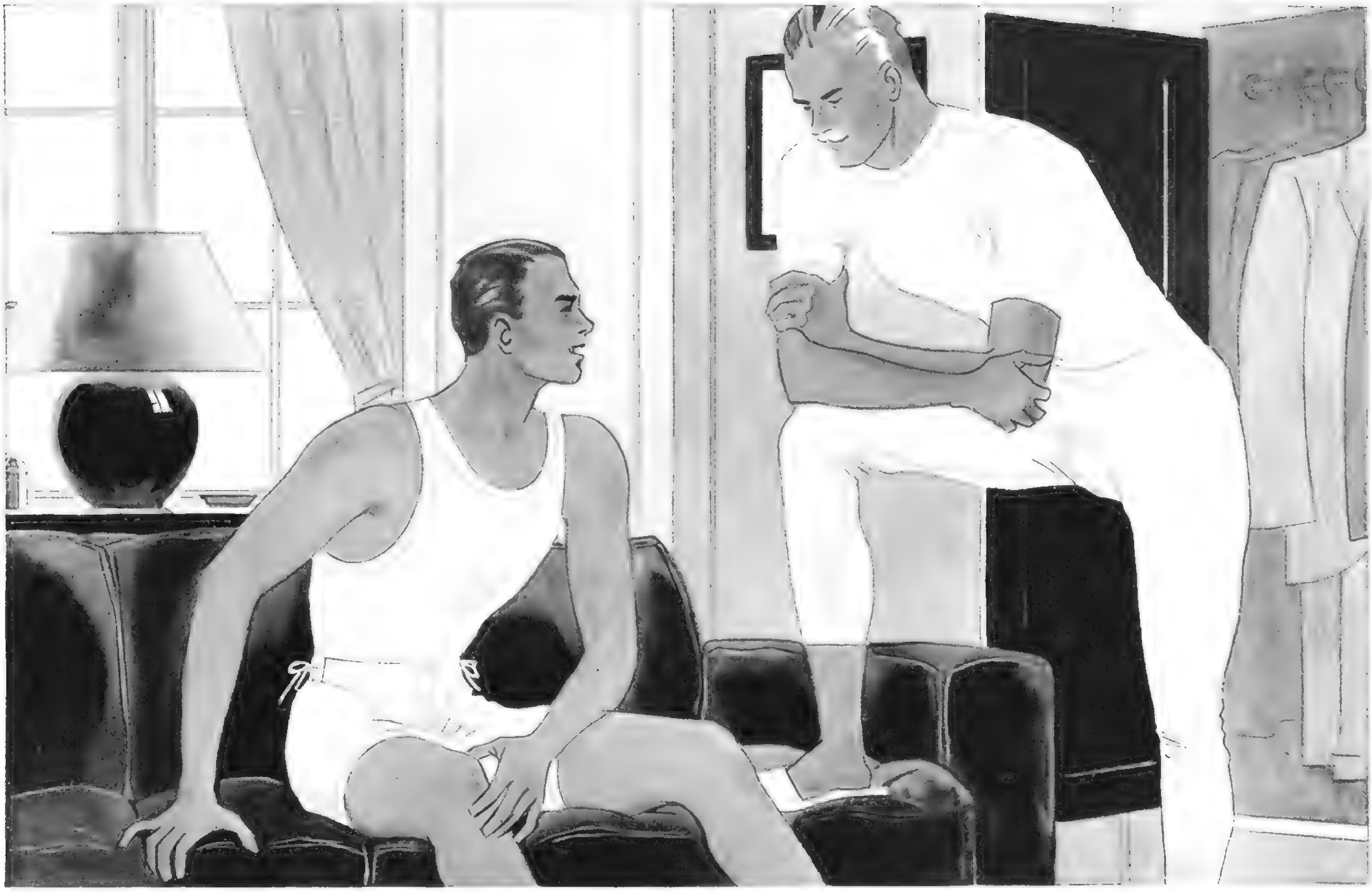
After the game the boys were brought together and shook hands. But Gordon told Stydahar aggrievedly, "Say, if you had hit me I might have been hurt bad!" The Bears reassured him, telling him he would merely have been short one head!

Hurried thinking is the rule rather than the exception in major football competition, whether college or professional. Sometimes a forward passer has to make a lightning decision. One such instance comes to my mind, involving the great forward passing battery of the Green Bay Packers—namely, Arnold Herber throwing touchdown passes to Don Hutson, formerly of Alabama. Don Hutson, you may recall, was the hero of the Crimson Tide's victory over Stanford in the Rose Bowl two or three years ago.

Don is a great pass receiver. He is extraordinarily fast and frequently runs away from the man assigned to guard him. He cuts in and cuts back with the elusiveness of a great open field runner. But it is well to remember that in Arnold Herber he had a pitcher who throws nothing but strikes.

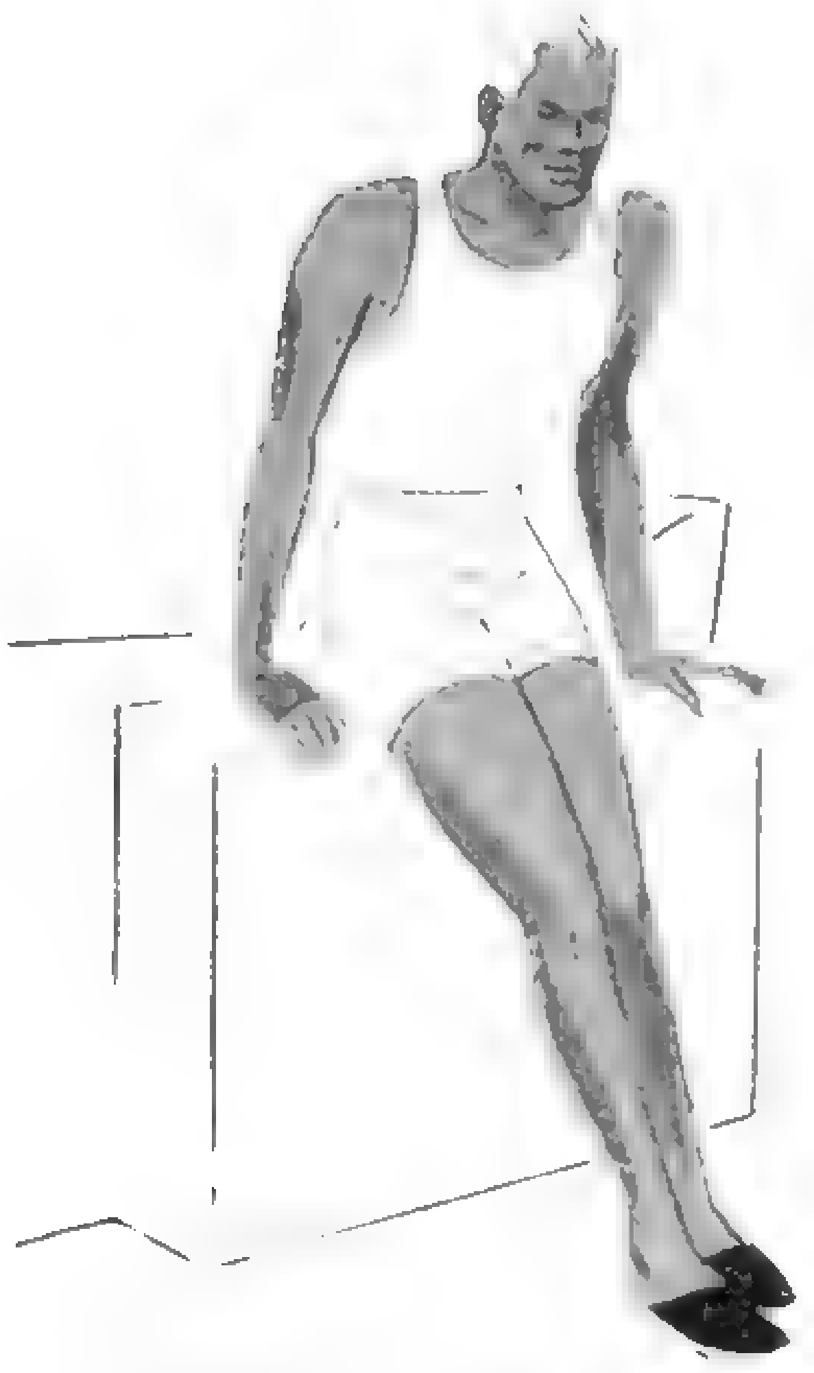
The incident I have led up to occurred in a game against the Bears. As Hutson sped down the field on a forward pass play, two of our backs covered him, one ahead to his right, the other to his left. Herber saw the defenders

Continued on page 201



Richelieu ribbed athletic shirt: with side-tied, sateen-faced trunks. Priced from 50c

Short sleeve crew neck shirt and ¾ length drawers, all-round Lastex belt, in ecru or white. From 50c



Sleeveless shirt, Swiss rib, and all-round Lastex-belted trunks. Priced from 50c

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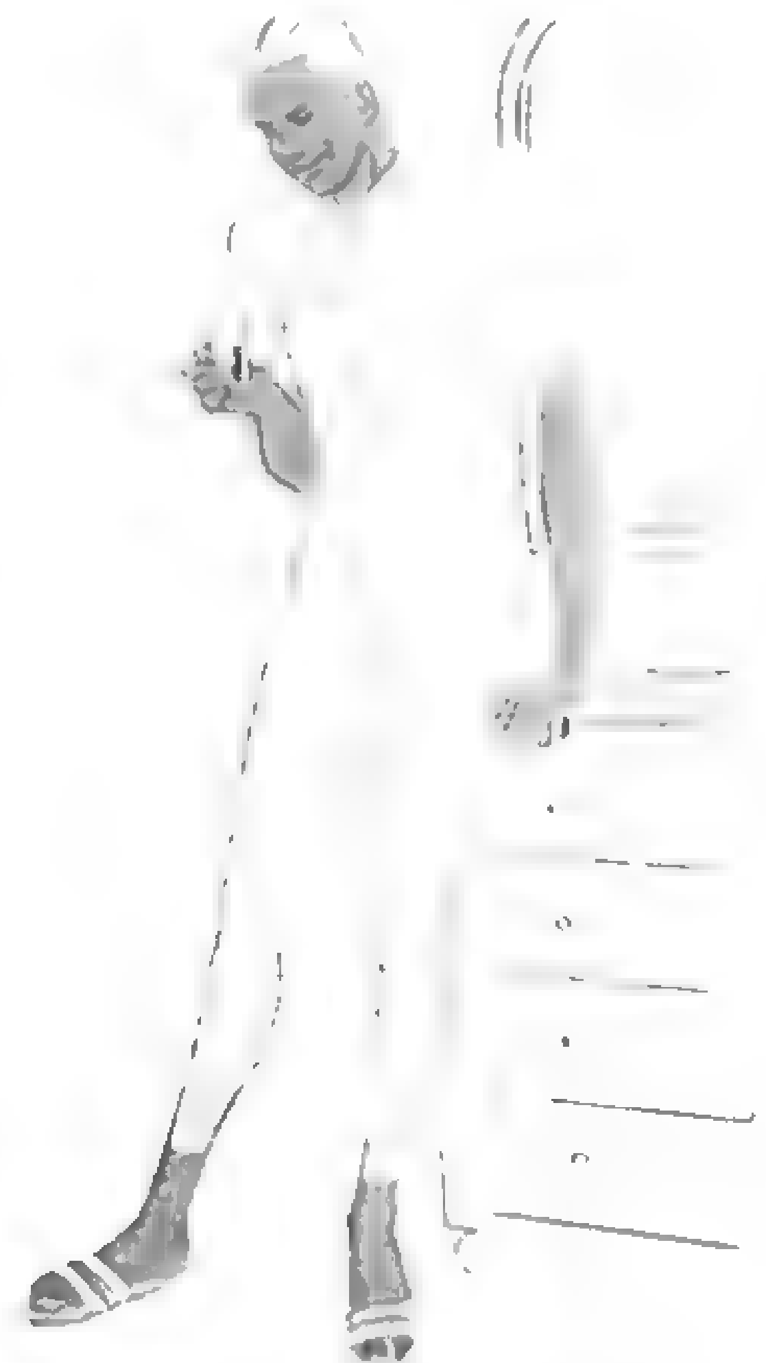
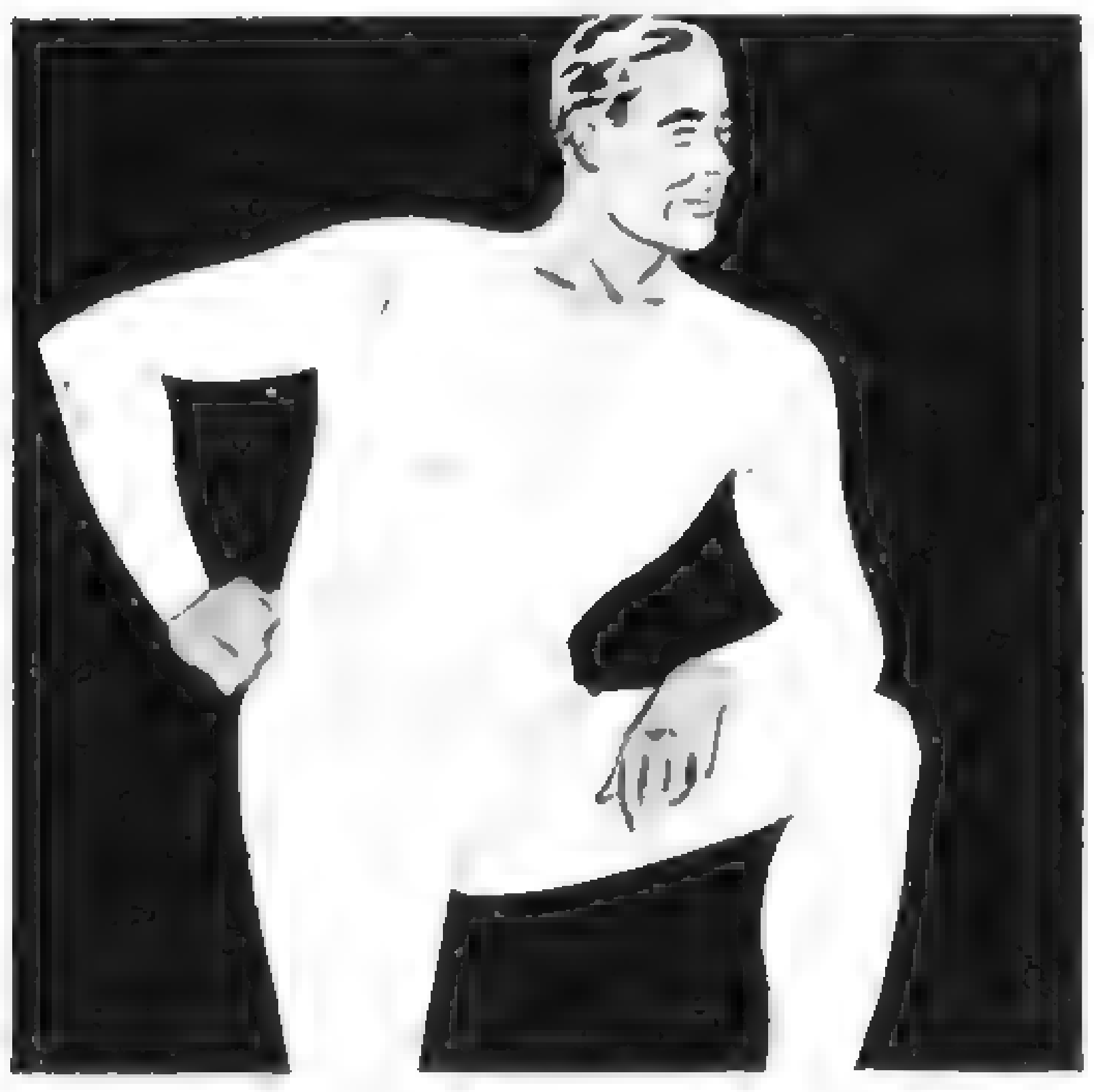


Short sleeve, ¾ length Union Suit, 12½% wool with rayon stripe. From $1.50



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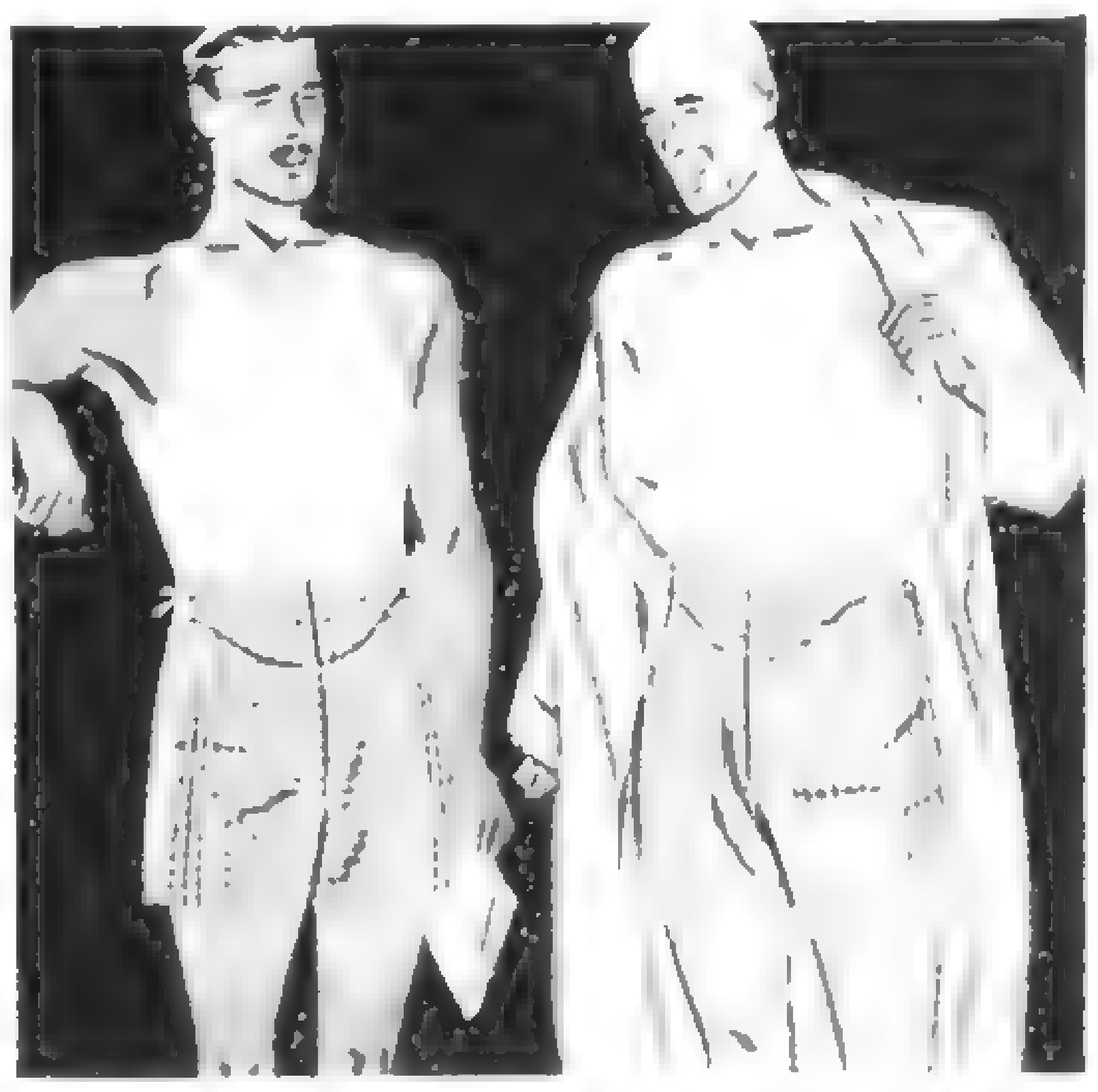

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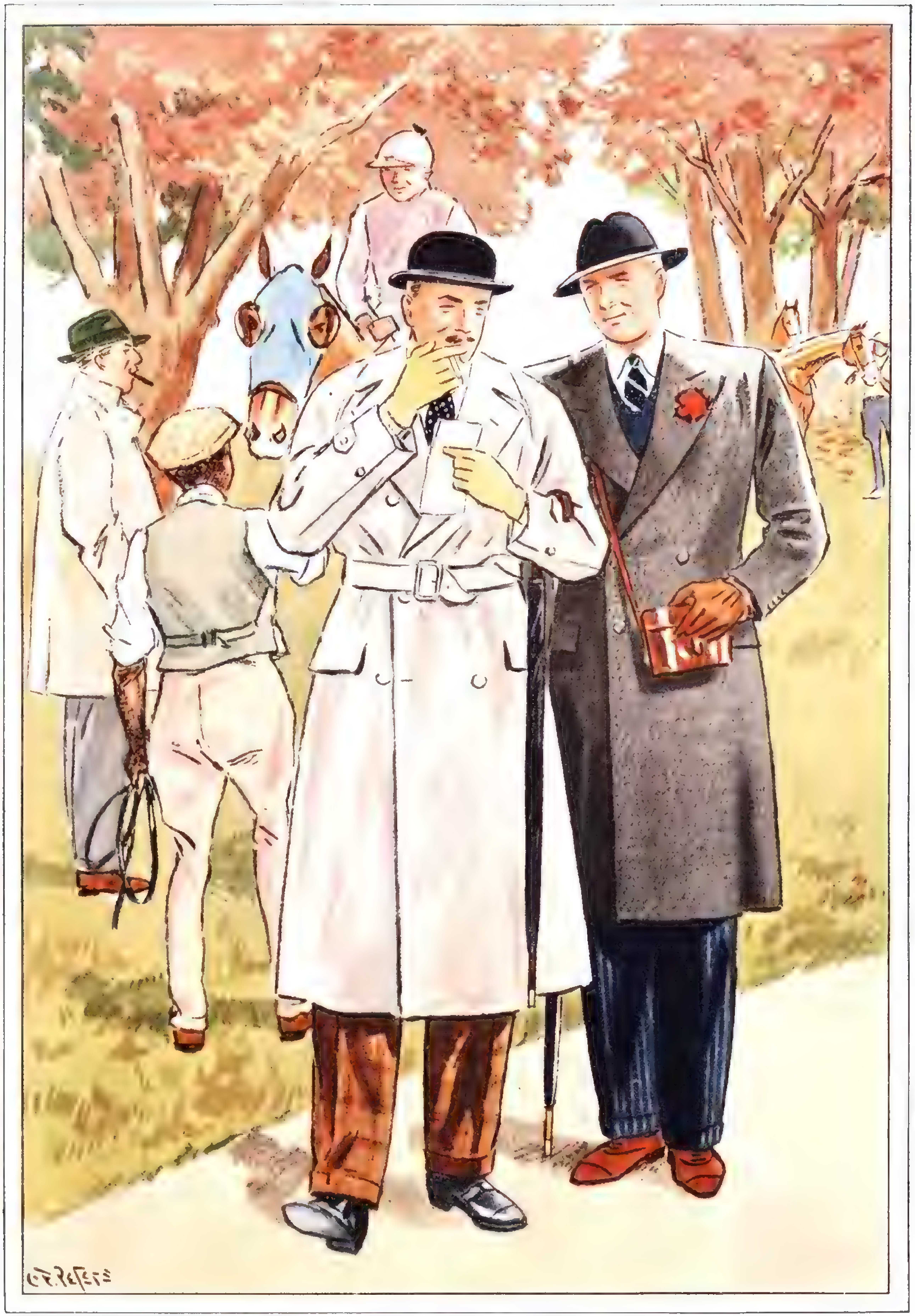


PAINTED FOR ESQUIRE ON LONG ISLAND BY C. F. PETERS

The annual running of the United Hunts Steeple Chase at Belmont Park on election day is a social and sporting event of the first magnitude featured by the presence of the society horsemen en masse as well as members of the national foreign teams competing the following night in the national horseshow held at Madison Square Garden.

THIS IS THE AFTERNOON OF ELECTION DAY

THE two outfits seen here are definitely classifiable as semi-sports wear, meaning that they are most appropriate for spectator wear in the country and may be worn informally in town for lunch and cocktails although they are not recommended for business wear, except Saturday morning before the football game or the races in the afternoon. At left, the popular ivory colored light weight raincoat in the typical hunting or riding model, with a tremendous skirt sweep afforded by the long inverted pleat in the back, worn with a brown Glen plaid Saxony suit, ivory silk shirt, white starched collar, polka dotted blue tie, derby hat and blucher front black country brogues. Right, double breasted Shetland tweed topcoat without breast pocket, with chalk striped flannel suit, sleeveless pullover sweater, lounge collared madras shirt, school striped tie, reversed calf shoes, black Tyrolean hat.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)

One Second to Make Up Your Mind

Continued from pages 55-198

closing in and knew that Hutson had little chance of taking a pass thrown ahead of him. The passer anticipated Hutson's next move and threw the ball short. His anticipation was perfect, for Hutson, without looking over his shoulder, suddenly stopped dead, whirled and came back, to find the ball floating to him. Had he not raised his hands and gathered it in, the ball would have struck his chest, so accurate was Herber's timing.

On all forward passes, of course, a secondary defense man is constantly confronted with the problem of instantaneous action, when a few steps in the wrong direction can lead to disaster. If you want to see this problem for yourself, watch the secondary defense men, instead of the forward passer, when it is obvious that a pass play is developing. At least one unlucky defender will have to make up his mind between two potential receivers, either of whom may be in line to take the throw.

One of the toughest quick decisions to make in football is required of the safety man when he must field a punt on his own 15- or 18-yard line with the opposing ends bearing down on him. Any decision he makes involves risk. If he signals for a fair catch, his team is placed in a bad spot. If he decides to catch the ball and try to run it back, he may fumble, the opponents may recover and the enemy is then within easy striking distance of a touchdown. If he decides to let the ball strike the ground and roll over the line for a touchback, there is always the strong possibility that the crazy thing may bounce backward or sideways, roll out of bounds on the one- or two-yard line or be recovered by an alert, fast end before it crosses the goal.

Along with practically all other football fanatics, I get a kick out of the safety man who doesn't hesitate to field the ball and run it back. The masters of punt returns, within my experience, were or are Keith Molesworth of Monmouth; Cliff Battles of West Virginia Wesleyan; Dutch Clark of Colorado; Paddy Driscoll of Northwestern; Bob Monett of Michigan State; Joe Laws of Iowa, and a fellow named Grange.

And while we're on the subject of punting I'll confide that there is a player on our Bears' squad who can punt sixty-five and seventy-five yards at will but is never permitted to boot the ball. The player is Jack Manders, who has place kicked 179 out of 182 attempts at conversion after touchdowns. He has also won so many games for us by field goals that the sports writers call him "Automatic Jack."

Two years ago I unwisely decided to let Jack do the punting in our post-season exhibition games on the Pacific Coast. He punted in practice all week before the first game and kicked 65 and 75 yards regularly. In the game he also booted high, long and handsome. But he attempted three easy field goals and missed all three! That was when I decided he was through as a punter. A little research revealed the reason punting and place kicking do not mix.

A good kicker meets the ball with his instep arched high and his toes straight, possibly bent down a little. Moreover, he whips his foot across the ball to get a spiral. In place kicking, success depends upon meeting the ball squarely, with the toes slightly upturned, the arch down, with a straight follow-through. The entire procedure is exactly opposite that involved in punting.

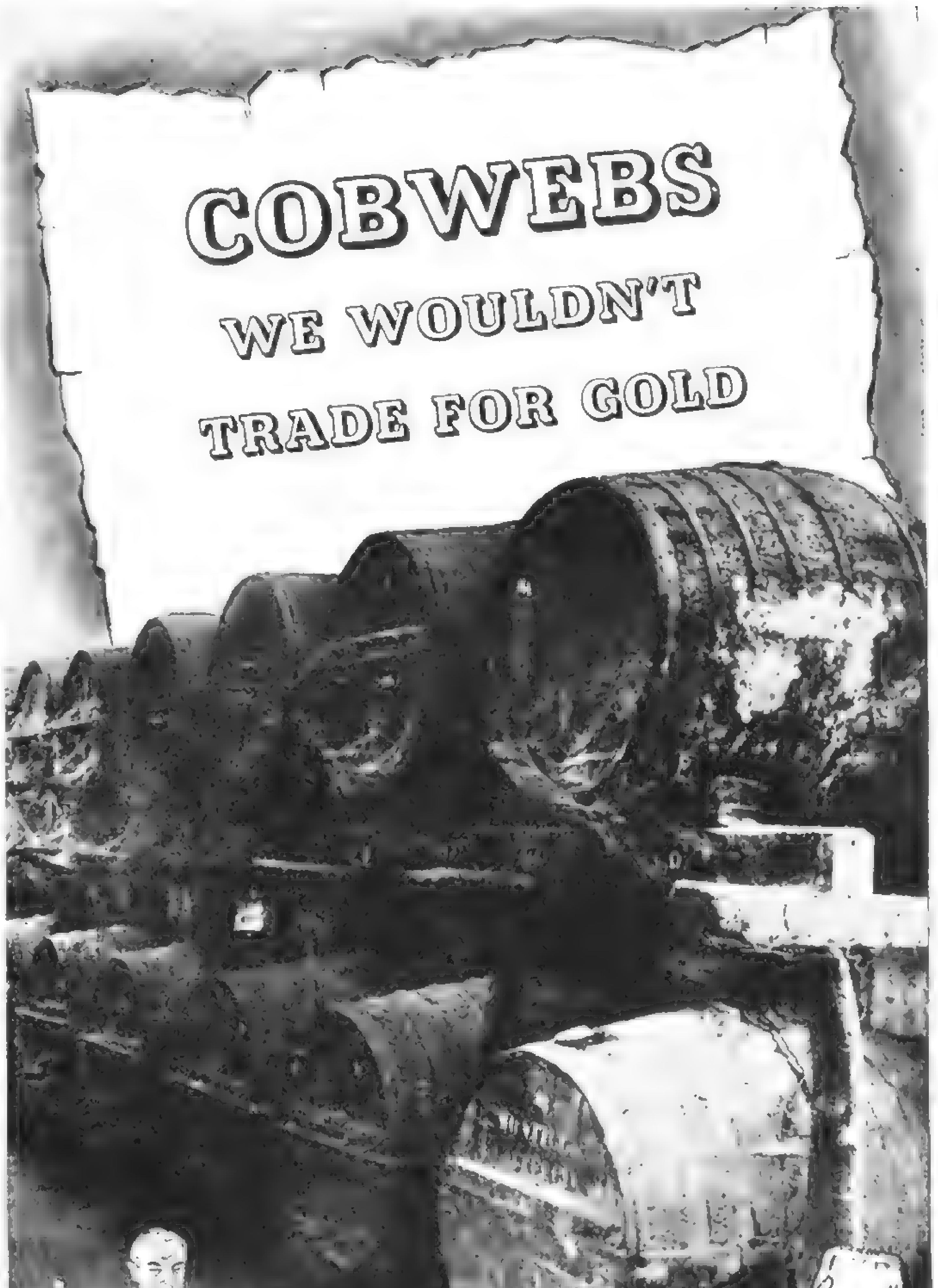
You are asked to bear with me now, while I relate an example of spur-of-the-moment thinking by your tale teller. It is recited chiefly because it brings old Jim Thorpe back into the picture. Only a few people know that Jim chased me on the longest run in the history of football --140 yards; not, however, as the crow flies. You won't find the run in the record book, but Thorpe will verify it.

It happened in a professional football game. With the field as sticky as molasses and the ball as slippery as a watermelon seed, Jim fumbled on our four-yard line and Georgie Halas, who happened to be loitering in the neighborhood, picked up the ball and started to run, with Thorpe in hot pursuit and mad as a hornet. Although I had a good lead I knew that Jim would overtake me and like all great men in a crisis I had an inspiration. I knew Thorpe never made an orthodox tackle. He simply threw his body at the runner, or whipped a leg across him bringing him down boom!

I wasn't interested so much in the possible touchdown, as in avoiding being brought down boom so when I judged that Thorpe was near enough to launch his body at me like one of Jehovah's thunderbolts, I zigged to the right. When he approached again, I zagged to the left. I kept zigging, then zagging until we reached the fifteen-yard line. There Jim threw himself at me, his hands slapping one of my heels. The slap upset me but I rolled over and onto my feet, reeling across the goal line. There I flopped on my back with no interest whatever in anything, especially football. Finally enough strength returned to enable me to raise up on my elbow and look back at Thorpe. He was still lying on his back in the mud on the fifteen-yard line, spread eagled, and equally disinterested in current event. Later, we calculated that we had run 140 yards, in round figures, in the what is usually called a "veritable quagmire."

The tackle is the boy who has to make some quick decisions and opposing teams and coaches do everything within their power to help him guess the wrong way. In major football, the attacking team

Continued at top of page 202



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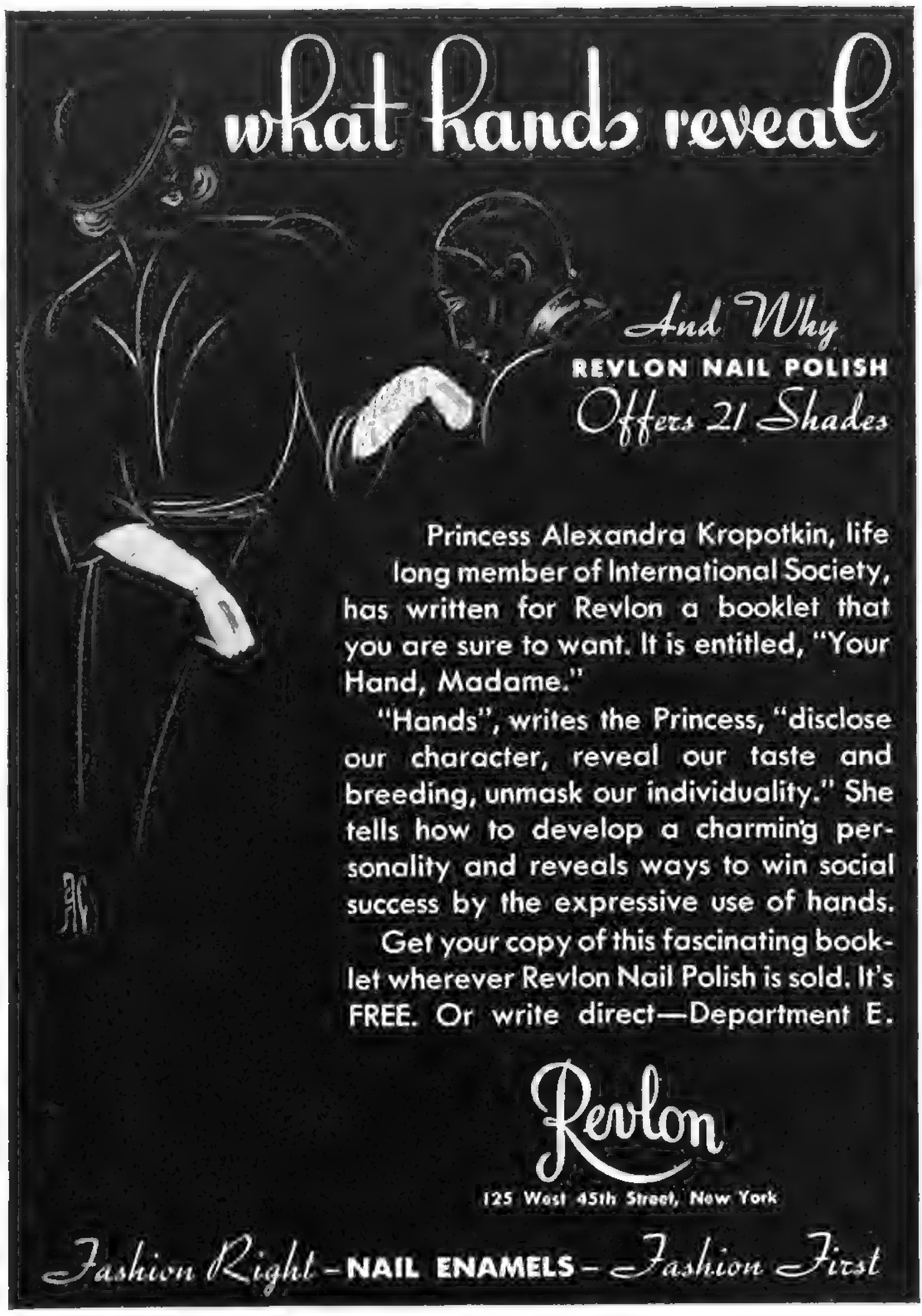

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One Second to Make Up Your Mind

Continued from pages 55-198-201

asks only that it can successfully lure the defensive tackle one foot out of position.

As an illustration, I'll expose a cute little plot cooked up by the New York Giants against our Bear tackles. This may be the Giants' first notification that we were on to their crafty maneuver. I'll expose it here for it is not too technical.

Frequently the Giants' end would line up two yards away from his own tackle instead of the usual one yard. They hoped our tackle's innermost thoughts would be something like this: "Oh ho! That end has moved out so he can hit me from the side and box me in, with the play going outside me. I'll fix their little game. I'll move out wide also."

That was what the Giants wanted. If the tackle moved out, they'd cross him by sending the ball carrier inside him. An alternative hope was that when the tackle moved out wider than normally the entire Bear line would overshift, paving the way for a reverse to the other flank.

One of the features of our own offense, the man-in-motion, is designed to give the opposing end and secondary men food for lightning, and we hope, confused, thought.

When the Bears come out of the huddle and go into battle formation, we often send one of the halfbacks galloping far to the left or right. Let's assume it is to the right. When he gets out there, any one of several things may happen. He may be used merely as a decoy, to pull one of the secondary defense men out of position, leaving a vacancy into which a forward pass may be thrown.

Again, a lateral pass may be thrown to the man on the outpost. He may then run with the ball if he isn't properly covered or he may relay the ball to an eligible receiver ranging downfield.

On the other hand, he may come charging back, moving momentarily toward his own goal, as the ball is snapped, to comply with the rules, then swerving in to get a sideswipe at the opposing end. The end must not only be prepared for this contingency, but he also must look out for blockers from the opposite direction.

Yes, football is a lovely game, with offenses growing more complicated each year, as coaches strive for deception, deception, deception. That is all right with me. The game now places a premium on both physical and mental speed, on the part of the players, with decreasing emphasis on aimless, brute strength. That is why you will find big fellows sitting on many a bench while smaller, more agile and faster-thinking men carry on. But when you have a big powerful fellow who thinks fast and moves fast, then you have something. If you know any of that type give me a ring. ⧻

Spanish Diary: Coast Road

Continued from page 47

came down to the beach and shepherded the children off somewhere. I went into the bar where the old men were and drank a glass of flat sour beer and then went and sat in the truck and read.

When the drivers got back it came out that the truck with the gasmasks would have to be left. We said goodby to the sailor, and the upholsterer and I ground slowly in the pouring rain up the steep hill to the Spanish border. At the border post we had another long wait while the officer in charge phoned Cerbère and tried to pin on the officer there the responsibility for letting us through. At last negotiations broke down and it looked as if we'd be there all night until the upholsterer sagely suggested that the official draw up a paper, and have everybody sign it. The paper stated that he was letting us through only in accordance with instructions and not upon his own responsibility. It seemed to relieve his mind. Everybody signed it and shook hands and we were off.

At the Spanish border post things were more cheerful. A group of healthylooking boys in militia uniforms of various shades of green and khaki raised their clenched fists to us in the popular front salute. We offered them cigarettes. Everybody shook hands and wished us a pleasant journey and we coasted down the hill into Port Bou, where the buildings looked neat and painted up after the soggy grey look of Cerbère, in spite of the fact that it was raining harder than ever. We had quite a search for the representative of the Valencia Ministry of War who was to give us an order for gasoline along the road, but when we found him he was energetic and cheerful. He was a small plump baldheaded man more or less of the business class. When we told him the other truck with the gasmasks had been stopped he smiled and said he'd get it through next day. I asked him how. "Combinations," he said. "At the border everything is combinations."

It was dusk when we left Port Bou and started along the endless hairpin curves of the coast road south. The upholsterer, who was, I imagine, a Communist Party member, told me as we rode along of the difficulties he'd had on other trips with the local anarchist committees who all wanted to hold meetings as to whether they ought to requisition the truck or not. The Valencia government meant nothing to them; each committee considered itself sovereign. Once he'd had to bring out his gun and drive off while he held the spokes-

Continued on page 204

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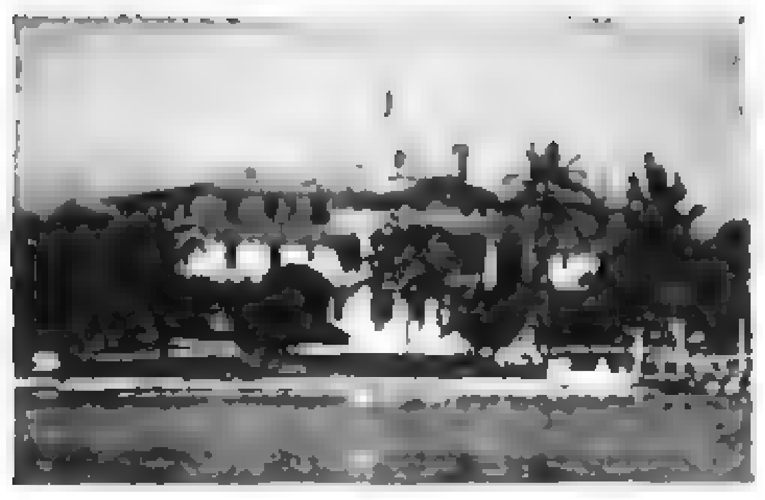

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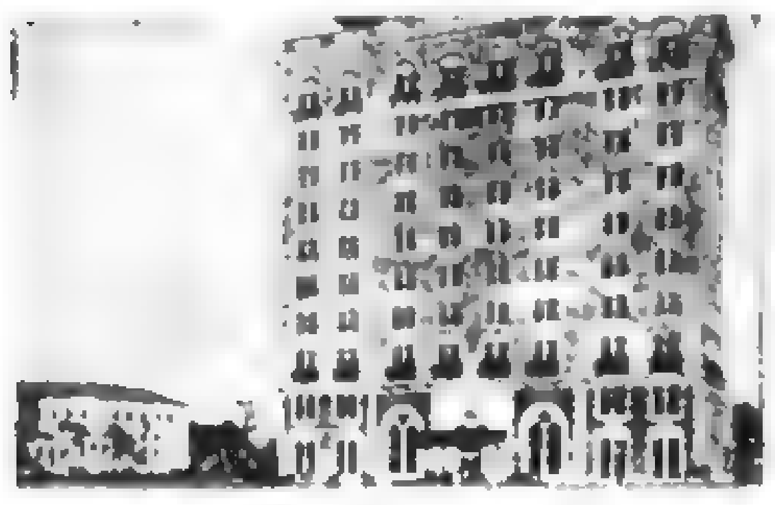

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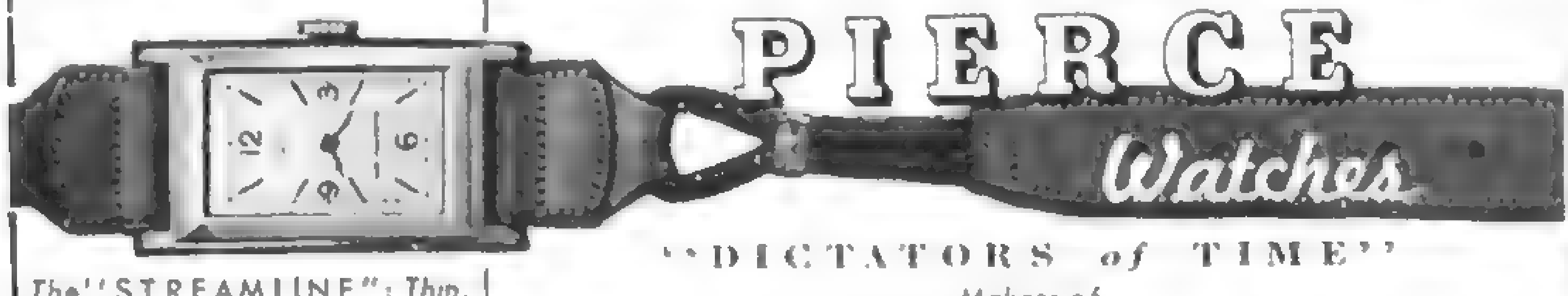

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Spanish Diary: Coast Road

Continued from pages 47-202

man covered. "Folly," he said shaking his head. "And the waste of good machinery." . . . Every time we passed the wreck of a car along the side of the road, and they were certainly numerous, he'd slow up and shake his head and mutter imbeciles. He told about how he'd taken up truck-driving when he'd had to give up upholstering and how he'd been one of the founders of a truck-drivers' union, and was blacklisted by all the big concerns, so now he was working for the Spaniards. He'd made nine trips to Madrid. On one trip a Fascist spy had stolen his papers and he'd been almost shot for a spy himself, would have been if one of the party responsibles hadn't known him, because while he was away some fifth column guy shot a militiaman from the window of his room at the hotel.

We drove into Gerona late at night in the dark. The upholsterer was talking about the care and training of cagebirds. That was his hobby it turned out. He and his wife had a blackbird, two nightingales and some specially trained Hartz Mountain canaries. From all over the quarter people brought him sick birds to doctor. He fixed them up with cayenne pepper and a drop of cognac and water fed through an eyedropper. You had to hold the bird in the palm of your hand and open its beak very carefully so as not to frighten it.

The night was so black we could see nothing of the town. For fear of air raids only an occasional blue light showed along the street. We left the truck in the army garage and walked along the river to a hotel. The hotel had been taken over by the C. N. T. but except for the sign announcing that fact in the hall it seemed entirely normal. Everything had evidently been recently repainted. We were so sleepy we could hardly keep our eyes open. We had hot baths, an excellent Spanish hotel dinner, plenty of good red Catalan wine and went up to our rooms in the elevator.

In the morning we spent a long time scrambling up and down the steep streets of the stately old town in the hot sun to find the right man to give us a new order for gasoline. A few churches had been ruined and the walls everywhere had been plastered with warposters signed by every imaginable committee and political party. The shop windows were covered with thin strips of paper tape to keep them from breaking from the concussion of airplane bombs. On some of them the paper tape was in plain crisscrosses but in most of them it had been worked into all kinds of designs. The spiderweb with a spider in the middle of it was popular as were fish, monograms of CNT and UGT, and linked squares and rays and interlacing triangles. We finally found our official in an infantry barracks in the old citadel clear up at the top of the pre-Roman hilltown. At least we found his office. We had to wait for him three-quarters of an hour while my Frenchman cursed at Spaniards, anarchists and disorder generally under his breath. It was noon when we scampered back down the long flight of stone stairs to fill up the tank with gasoline and to be off down a wide road through a broad valley full of rich farmlands and vines and umbrellapines towards the coast and Barcelona again.

We came out on the coast road and drove through a long line of blue and yellow and white beach suburbs that looked perfectly normal except that here and there trenches and machinegun nests had been built to repel landing-parties, and into Barcelona. By that time the offices were all closed for the middle of the day and there was no hope of getting any more of our famous orders for gasoline until two or three in the afternoon. We ate and went to drink our coffee on the Ramblas. A certain number of buildings had been destroyed, banks all had signs on them: Taken over by the Generalitat. Most of the big stores had signs Employee Control or Taken over by the C. N. T. and the trolley cars and buses had been handsomely repainted black and red with C. N. T. in small letters on them, but the city looked neat and busy and the flowermarket was as fine and fragrant as ever down the center of the Ramblas.

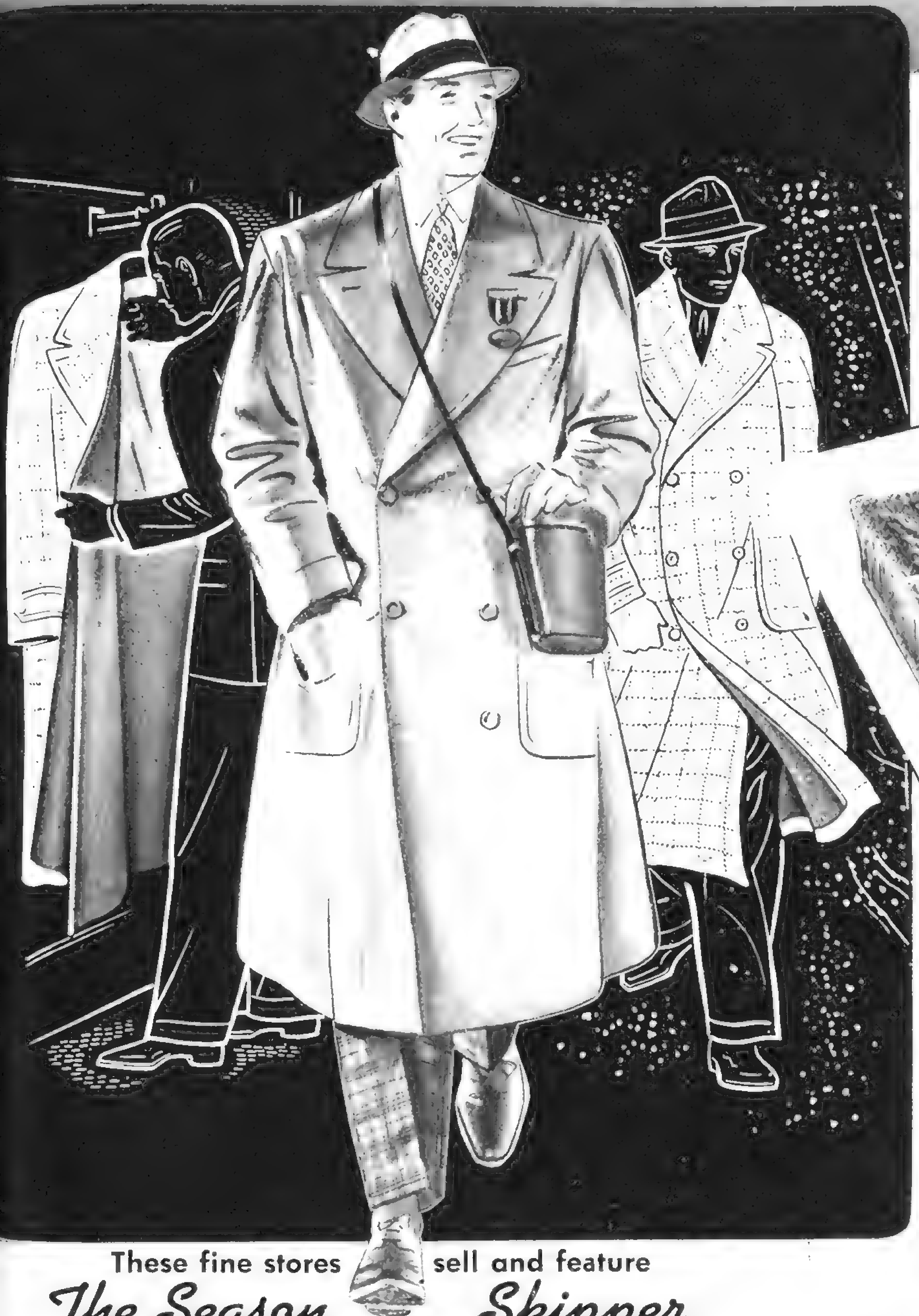
It was late before we argued our way past Barcelona officials, who wanted us to leave the truck and the field telephones there instead of taking it to the Ministry of War in Valencia to which it was consigned, and we lost a lot of time looking for the converted church school which was the central warehouse for machine parts where we were to leave our diemaking machinery, so that again it was dusk when, honking our way through a long crowded industrial street full of carts and children and mules and motorcycles, we got out onto the coast road south. My friend the driver wanted to make Sitges, where he knew a place where he could get a really French meal, before eating supper.

Sitges was pitchblack so we couldn't see what the town was like, but the little bar and restaurant in front of which we stopped was brightly lit. Two men and a heavyfaced woman behind the bar greeted the upholsterer as an old friend and set us up to a drink while our supper was being cooked. The bar was crowded and lively. The man, who spoke French and had lived in France, had been wounded on the Aragon front and was back at work again, after convalescence. The woman, a big sexy blackeyed mean looking woman, was definitely the boss. I had a feeling that business was good. They were optimistic about

Continued at top of page 206

★ Season Skipper

THE COAT SENSATION OF THE CENTURY



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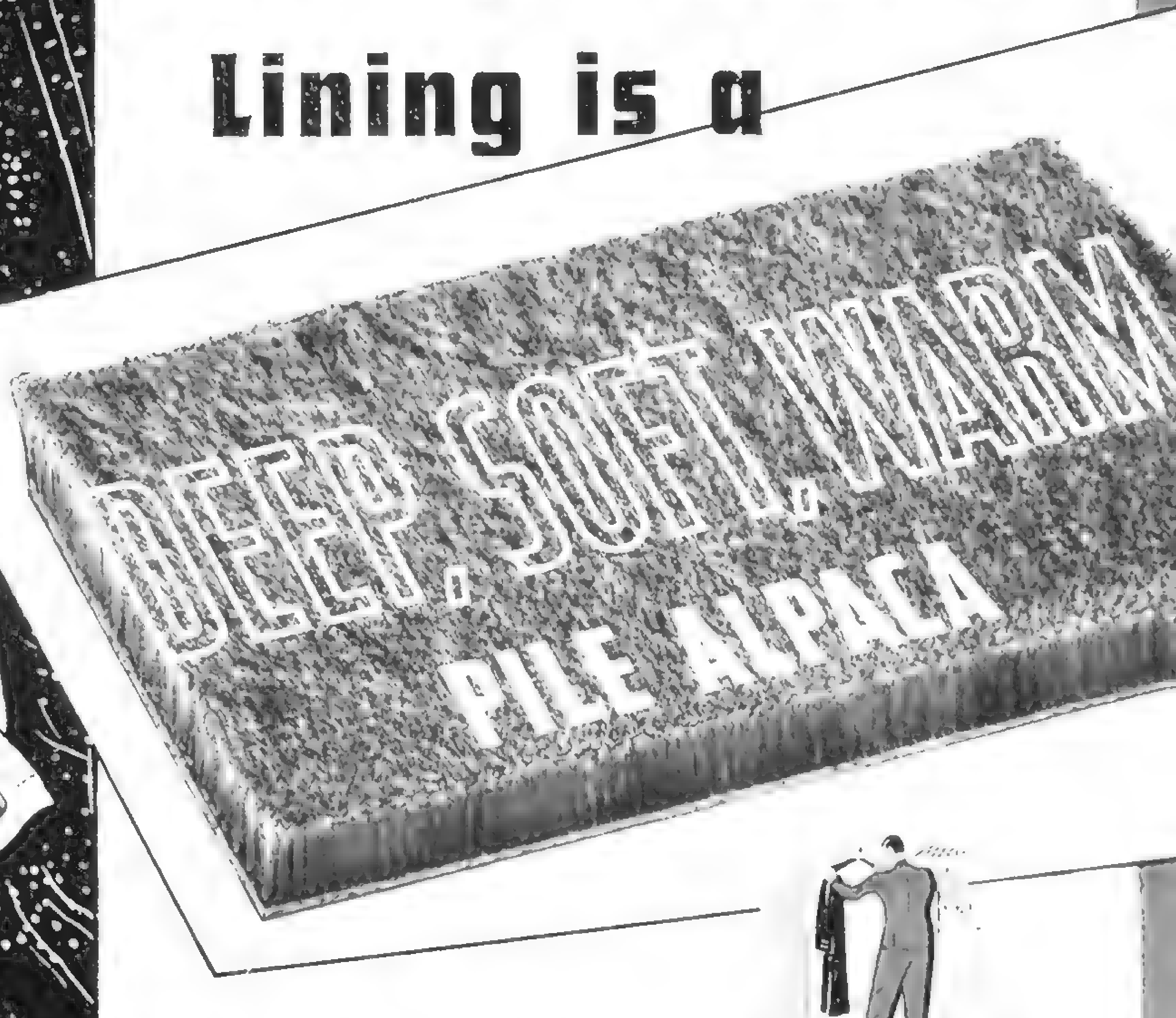

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Spanish Diary: Coast Road

Continued from pages 47-202-204

the war, felt that the Fascists would soon be licked. The man who had been at the front was definitely for the Valencia government and against Barcelona and all the local committees and tradeunions. When we'd had our drink we went into a beautiful little blue and white tiled diningroom with blue rafters to eat our supper. We ate broad bean soup and veal escalops and some fresh sardines and salad thrown in illegally (restaurants are supposed only to serve two dishes to a meal) because we were friends. The wine was good, the woman came out from behind the counter and made insolent smutty remarks to the men that nobody seemed to know just how to take; there was a feeling of warm coastal richness and plenty. We could smell the roses in bloom outside the window. There'd been a tableful of rosyfaced cheerfultalking young men making a lot of noise in the corner of the diningroom when we came in. When they got up to leave we noticed that one of them was on crutches. He had only one leg. After supper, after a lot of kidding back and forth with the woman, we got aboard our truck to push on towards Tarragona. As we were leaving the village to hit the coast road again we saw in the glare of our headlights on the whitewashed walls five young men cross the road in front of us. There was something curious about their walk. They were hopping on crutches. Each of them had lost a leg.

How Good Is Nippon's Soldier?

Continued from page 50

conscription but wanted to volunteer. He was born in the United States of Japanese parents and, on being brought to Japan, felt lost amid the people who, although his own, spoke the language and practiced customs utterly strange to him. He thought he would escape his dilemma by volunteering. Army life seemed ideal to him, and in this he was influenced by his service in the household of a foreign military attaché whom he greatly admired. However, by the time he was twenty he got used to Japan. He neither volunteered nor was conscripted but obtained a factory job at Yokohama.

In the 1930's desertion has indeed become a phenomenon far from rare. On August 26, 1934, the *Keidzo Nippon* wrote: "Because of the repeatedly occurring desertions from the troops, the Ruzan branch of gendarmerie decided to use army dogs while searching for the runaways. This method has been successfully used in Tokyo." Reservists, sent in full military equipment to colonize Manchuria, lost more of their numbers through desertion than in battles. A party of four hundred fifty men, shipped to settle a certain point in the lower reaches of the Sungari River valley, found fighting as their daily pursuit and did not particularly cherish it. They arrived at their destination in October, 1932, but soon afterward a native newspaper reported that half of their number deserted back to Japan, "unable to bear the severe climate and hard conditions of life."

At home, in Japan, desertions of both reservists and regulars continued, also simulation of illnesses on the part of recruits. Minor mutilations were self-inflicted in some cases. City youths journeyed to country districts in the hope that their examination away from the urban centers would bring out the contrast with the sturdier peasant boys, thus resulting in their own freedom from conscription. Priests continued to purvey antiservice charms. That soldiers were beginning to display initiative was brought to the nation's notice with a particular force during the unsuccessful military revolt of February, 1936. Not officers alone, but soldiers, too, attacked and murdered members of the government. Several of the insurgents' detachments were headed by mere sergeants, and with much surprise it was observed that these soldiers were no less arrogant toward their own officers than toward the loyalists. In 1935 it was recognized that the press of Japan was too frank in reporting the many desertions, simulations, and soldiers' arrests. Accordingly, censorship threw its muffling blanket on such reports.

Even among the upper strata of the middle classes the military are not as popular as they used to be. Nippon's marriage brokers report the difficulty with which they now find brides and dowry for army and navy officers, a startling contrast to the days of not so long ago when such sons-in-law were eagerly sought by wealthy merchants. The officers' poor pay is but one consideration in the matter, if at all, for their pay has always been poor, and honor, not money, was the object of those shopping for such grooms.

III

The issue of moral support is, however, not the only one. There is also the question of physical fitness. How fit is the soldier of Japan even if he stays in the ranks and is willing to fight?

In March, 1934 a statistical study was made public dealing with conscription returns in Japan for the preceding seven years. The report revealed that while, with the growth of the population, the number of those reporting for service increased, the proportion of physically sound youths among them steadily decreased. Army doctors found as fit 68 per cent of

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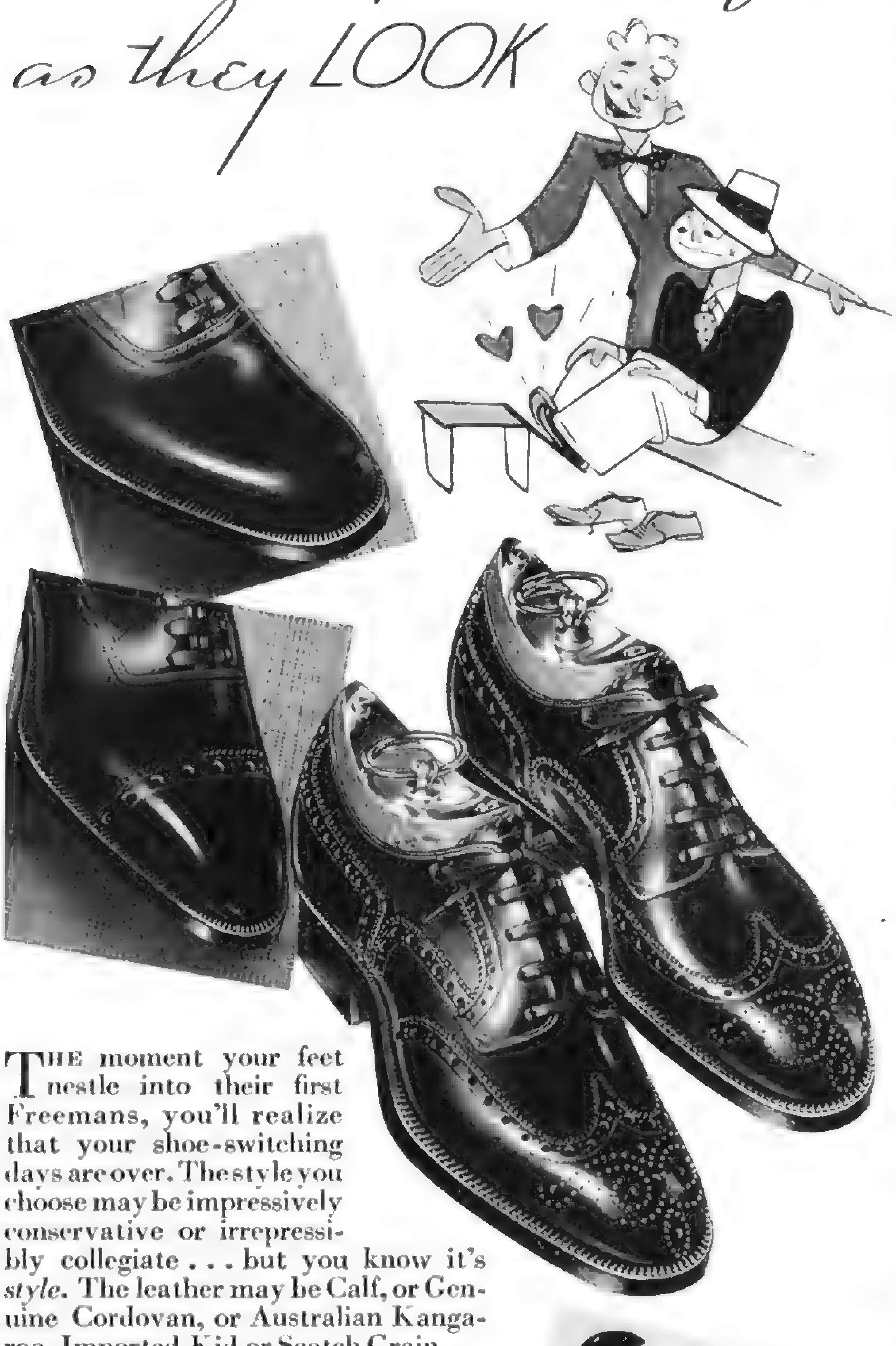

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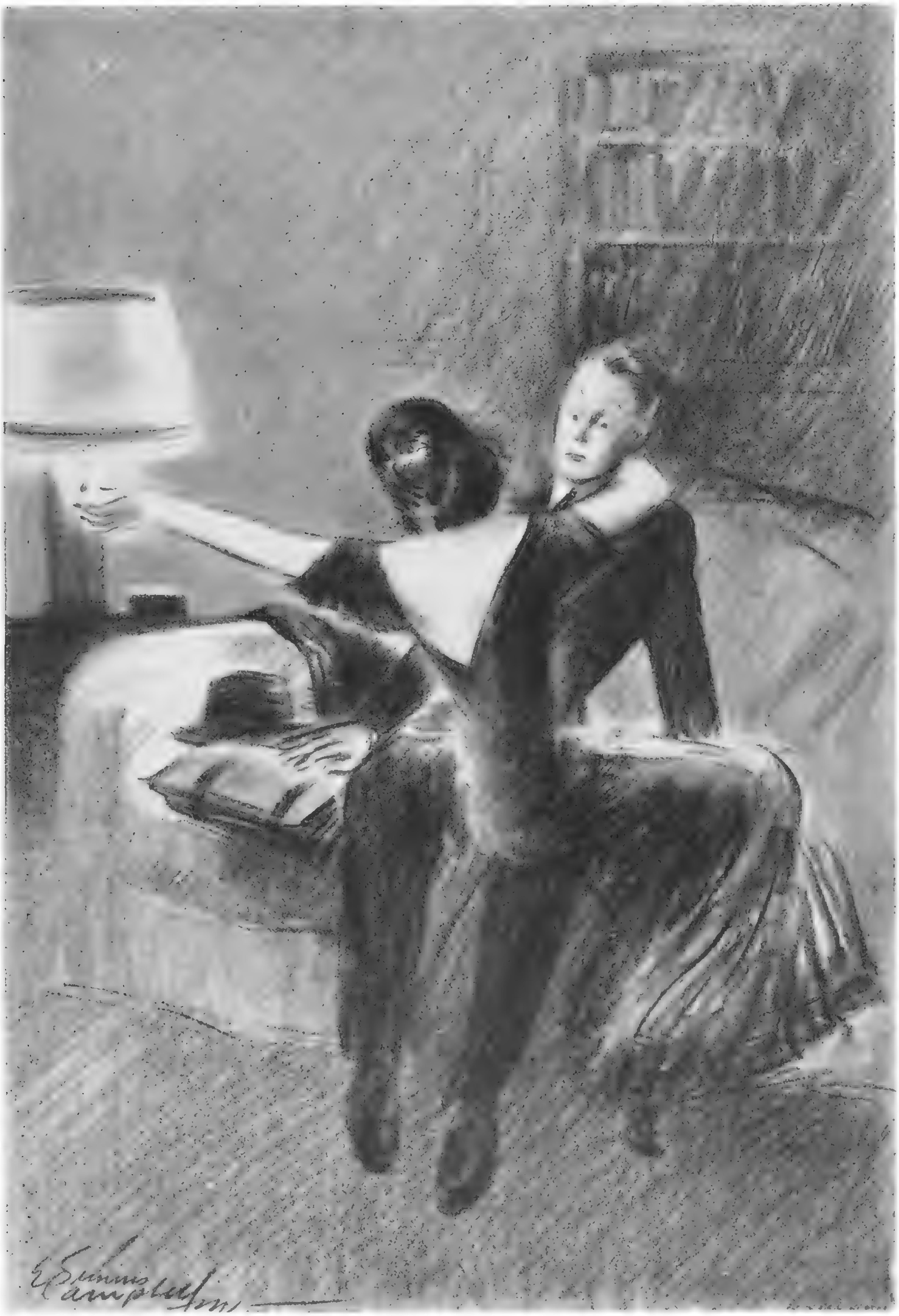
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How Good Is Nippon's Soldier?

Continued from pages 50-206

the 597,000 youths examined in 1927, and only 59.8 per cent of the 647,000 examined in 1932. The smaller population in 1927 gave the country 405,000 possible fighters, while the larger of 1932 offered only 386,000.

The surprising feature was that the unfit came not alone from Japan's industrial regions but also from the farming provinces and fishing coasts. The rural and fishing prefecture of Erime on the Inland Sea gave as many ill, undersized and undernourished men as the factory areas of Tokyo and Ōsaka. Of the youths reporting in 1932 at Karafuto, in Southern Saghalien, fully 47.9 per cent were rejected as unfit. This was puzzling. If mining practiced there may have contributed to the unhealthy state of man power, fishing and lumbering, also prevalent in the region, surely could not but build up men's physique. It was small consolation for the authorities to note that illiteracy had diminished in the same years that showed the decrease of physical fitness: the percentage of recruits who have not completed the primary course was 9 in 1927 but only 4.8 in 1932. Indeed, the fact that more of the youths could read and write might, from the standpoint of the command, easily disqualify many of those who were found sound in body, for literacy often breeds thought, and thought may become of the variety known in Japan as dangerous.

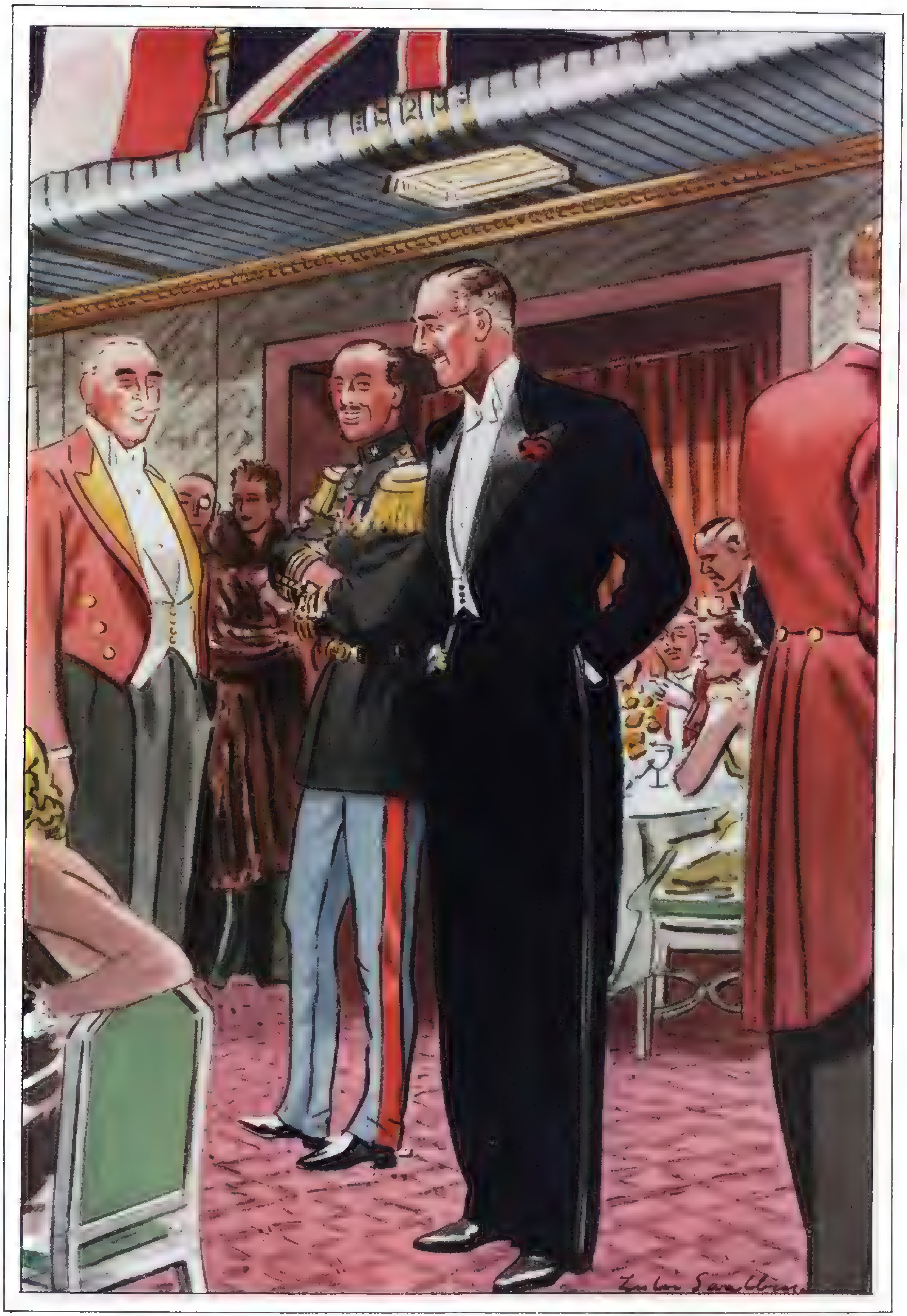
The command is concerned with these signs of physical letdown of the nation, particularly in view of the fact that the next war is likely to be fought in a harsher climate than any of the previous conflicts. Physical endurance will be at a special premium. In the fighting in Manchuria and Jehol since 1932 Japanese troops have encountered bitter winters to which they were not accustomed. Losses of life and limb through freezing have been considerable. For a nation whose homeland knows seasons of cold and snow, the Japanese are rather inefficient in inuring themselves to such weather. The native custom of continual bathing in heated water is a way of keeping the body not only clean but warm as well. The Japanese never learned to combat cold with solid dwellings and comfortable yet compact clothing (and this deficiency is, incidentally, one more proof of the Oceanic theory of their origin). Symbolically enough, the first Japanese captured by the Russians in Kamchatka at the dawn of the eighteenth century and taken into the Siberian hinterland had to be released and sent back to warmer climes for the reason that the journey was too hard on him, that he, to quote an ancient Russian document, "lamented with his feet." In our days, to prepare Nippon's soldiers for rigorous weather, the supreme command has begun to train special brigades in the snows of the native mountains of Japan. Late in 1934 Captain Nishimura of the general staff was sent to Finland for a two-year study of the successful methods adopted by the Finnish military in their winter campaigns.

Measures are also being taken to accustom Japan's soldiers to the food of cold lands. The familiar boast that a private of the mikado can march fifty miles a day on a diet of fish and rice has ceased to be a boast and is on its way to becoming a lament. For there is no rice in Northern and Western Asia. In 1935 a high official of the supply office of the Tokyo war ministry published a magazine article urging extension of the program of diet-change to the point where the civilian population, too, will have to get used to rye bread, for "in the theater of future war rice does not grow." Men of Japan, wrote the official, "will have to learn even greater frugality than they practice now: the same food will serve in raw state for horses, in treated form for people. A soldier of the mikado must learn to use food that is portative, not bulky, food that can almost be carried in his pocket."

The war will be prolonged, points out the supply official, and the theatre of hostilities will be extremely wide. The Japanese soldier will meet his true test. Owen Lattimore expresses the opinion of many foreign observers when he remarks: "The Russo-Japanese war of 1904-5 was indecisive. It was only the first round." Russia's army suffered a frontal defeat and performed a straight-line withdrawal. A more decisive test will come when either army outflanks the other. In the northern stretches of Manchuria, Mongolia and possibly Siberia the contest is to be waged.

The Japanese realize the probable extent and rigors of such a contest. They are aware of the true qualities of the human material with which they will have to wage it. The legend of the supreme excellence of all warriors of Japan; the story of the "loyalty, discipline, courage, fidelity, and frugality," the five virtues mentioned in the Imperial Rescript and supposedly possessed by every private and officer—all this is spread mostly for foreign consumption and, to a degree, as a means of domestic propaganda to stop weaker natives from sliding.

The writer's thesis is not that all the Japanese soldiers lack the prescribed virtues. The human bombs of Shanghai—the three Japanese soldiers who in 1932 tied explosives to their bodies and went forth to blow up the Chinese barbed wire as well as themselves show sufficiently that old qualities are as yet to be found, that the Japanese soldier is not a weakling. But that the legend of his unmatched and unflagging excellence has been considerably overdone, is also clear. ⌗



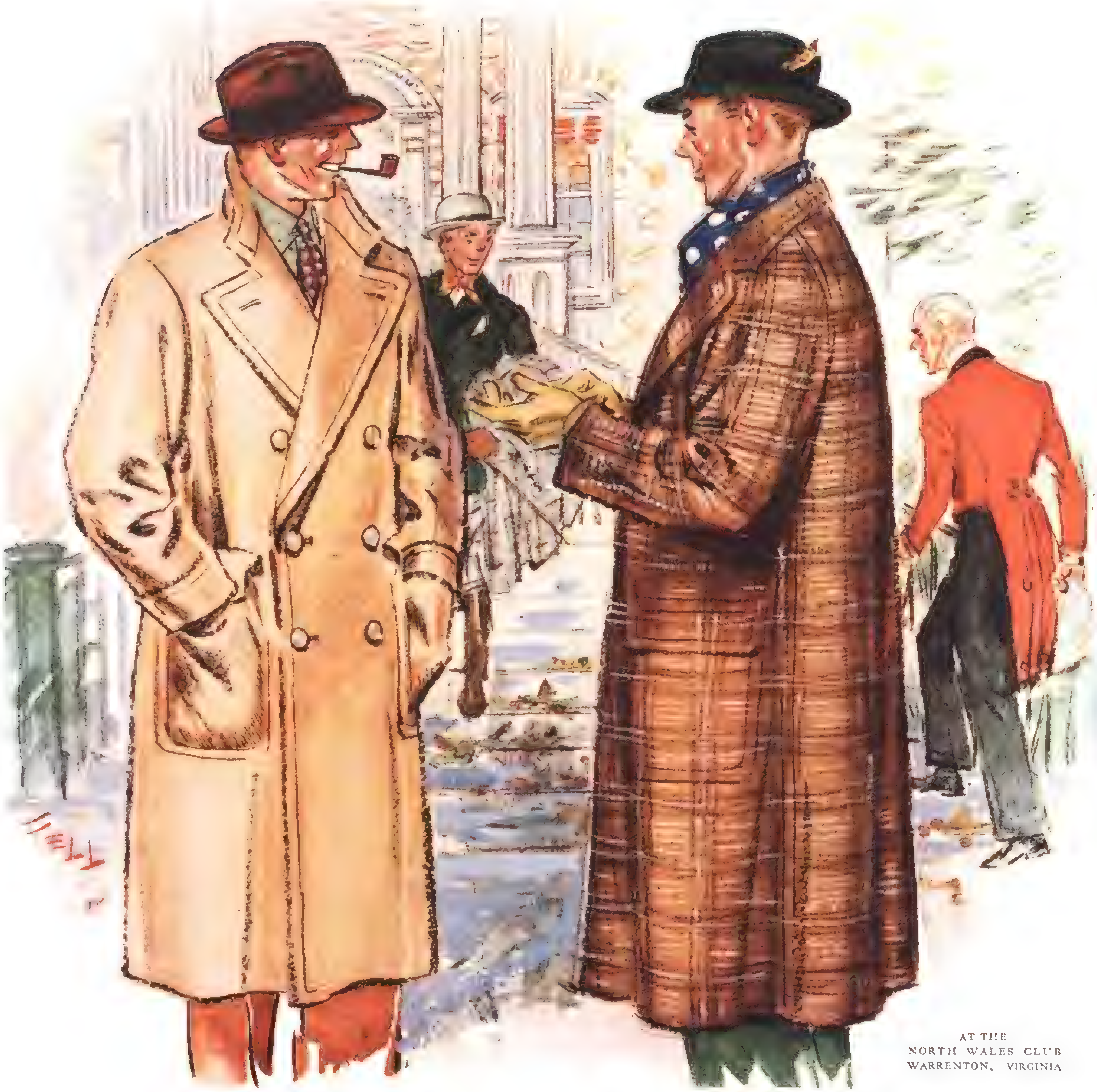
The horseshow ball is the climax of the national horseshow in New York held annually at Madison Square Garden, opening the Wednesday night after election. The ball is considered the opening of the New York formal social season.

PAINTED FOR ESQUIRE IN NEW YORK BY LESLIE SAALBURG

THIS IS THE CLIMAX OF ELECTION WEEK

ONLY at the horseshow ball would you find quite the same combination of costumes featuring this scene, as on this occasion sportsmen come together from all over the world and the event is marked by the presence of members of the military teams from all visiting nations, who appear in full dress uniform, hunting people who wear their pink tailcoats with the colorful silk faced lapels designating membership in the various hunts, and the rest of the crowd in tails. The new developments in formal wear are first evident at this event, which marks the opening of the formal season. The figure in the foreground shows a midnight blue tailcoat with dull fine barathea silk lapels and silk covered buttons. It has no breast pockets and the sleeves have false cuffs. This year's coat is a bit higher waisted and a bit longer in front. Note the black waistcoat buttons, white pearl studs and the gold watchfob.

(For answers to all dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., N. Y.)



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A partial list of shops where you may purchase Stroock-Freeman Camel Hair Coats illustrated on page opposite

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NEW HAVEN	Isenberg Brothers
STAMFORD	Frank Martin Sons

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

WASHINGTON	Woodward & Lothrop

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The Shipping of Zigomar

Continued from page 96

he had taken, the expression on his face as he inspected the ship. I was taxed to invent answers for them, for after all, a rat is a rat, and his face is hardly the object one would choose as a mirror to reflect opinions. For three days afterwards, the sixty men aboard the *Calypso* (even the commander!) talked of nothing but Zigomar.

His daring was more admired than his intelligence, and we made thousands of guesses as to the motive for his walks.

All of us dug into our memories, resurrected marvelous tales of animals, true stories when possible, but we never let adherence to the facts spoil a good tale, for sailors are not lacking in imagination.

Zigomar became more than a name—it became a title of rank, an accolade, and when we spoke of a gunner who landed every shell in the center of the target, a torpedoman who excelled in placing his tubes dead on the mark, we would say as the highest possible praise:

"That guy, he's a regular Zigomar!"

But I had lost my seclusion on the bridge, for every man aboard wanted to see our mascot take his turn on deck. Two or three, more patient than the others, saw him come from some hatch or other and stroll around the deck. A weak-brained tenderness seemed to fold us all to its bosom, and we ambled around wide-eyed, drooling stupidly about Zigomar's exploits.

The Nudist was the only one aboard who was not won over, and that was natural enough for he was the only one who suffered, since the kitchen and the storeroom were Zigomar's favorite visiting places.

But we were all his accomplices, for we warned him when the cook was about. He became tamer, seemed to realize our feelings and eventually would have been eating out of our hands if the cook hadn't been aboard. This one redoubled his vigilance, carried a skewer constantly, ready to let fly and transfix his enemy on sight, and he never left the galley or the storeroom without first searching every corner carefully, and closing the doors tightly behind him.

While cooking on deck, he would prepare the food almost by feel, his eyes constantly roving for a sight of his enemy, and he would leap to his feet with wild howls when he would see what he took to be the grey muzzle of his tormentor at some hatch or other.

You can imagine the fun we had, rolling up a few socks and thrusting the end onto the deck, moving it until it caught the cook's eyes. He would jump to his feet, skewer in hand, and leap to the fray, howling to the saints to aid him.

A veritable comedy! The officers in the conning tower would double up with laughter, and the crew howled from one end of the submarine to the other. But the cook redoubled his efforts, continued in his attempts to capture Zigomar and kept every bit of food locked up, hoping to starve him out. And he probably would have succeeded, only that we were careful to leave enough food in out of the way places to keep our friend in good health.

But Zigomar finally went too far, thinking that he could do anything he pleased. He should have been contented with the food we left around for him, augmented by odd scraps that he found from time to time. But no—he had to play the gourmet and sample the bitter, tarry insulation of the main cable.

Result: short-circuit, sudden darkness, the smell of smoke through the ship and a near panic.

We located the cause easily, and we would gladly have hurled him overboard had he shown himself.

The commander, beside himself with rage, ordered us to rid the ship of Zigomar and stated that anyone aiding him would be punished.

Strangely enough, there was no turmoil aboard the submarine when the order was given. We realized that Zigomar was dangerous and could easily wedge his body into the machinery and send us to the bottom, or start a fire in the engine-room, as he had almost done when he ate the insulation from the main cable.

Two factions sprang up in the submarine. Those who still clung to their liking for the rat (they were called the Zigomarians) and the rest of the crew, who had been filled with the spirit of the hunt and roamed around the ship, trying to corner him.

The Zigomarians, of whom I was a member, felt that this unusual rat had a few tricks left, and wouldn't be caught so easily. And he did not disappoint us. In less than twenty-four hours he had us all labeled, knew who was friend and who was foe.

You understand that orders are orders. The Zigomarians made a pretense of joining the hunt with the rest of the crew, but we still managed to leave bits of food for him, which the cook took pains to discover and gather before Zigomar found them. When any of the Zigomarians surprised him at this task, he would ask innocently if the Nudist was gathering material for tomorrow's hash. The cook never answered, but would glare silently, murder dripping from his eyes.

Traps and slices of phosphorus were once more put about the submarine, but to no avail, for Zigomar scorned these clumsy tricks.

Once they tried closing the hatches and cornering him in the

Continued on page 212

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Notice under the magnifier that genuine STORMWELT [illegible]

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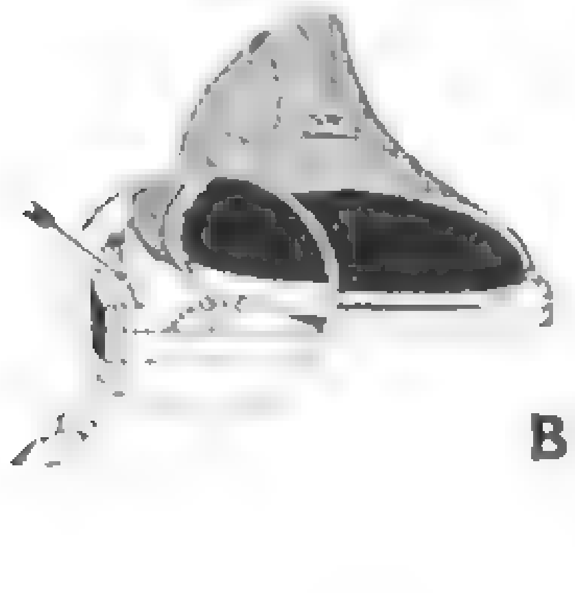


The Shipping of Zigomar

Continued from pages 96-211

interior, but they soon gave up, for no one wanted to run the risk of asphyxiation.

When the enemy was hot on Zigomar's trail, his partisans would join the hunt with enthusiastic whoops, clumsily tramp on the hunters' toes and apologize elaborately as they blocked the pursuit.

Naturally, Zigomar conducted himself as if nothing had happened and continued roaming where he willed, but he knew enough to pick his time. Unbelievable as it sounds, he identified friend from foe and knew what men composed the various watches.

Well–I myself have seen him cross the engine room when I was on watch there, or take his turn on deck with the utmost unconcern when I was on duty on the bridge.

But things finally came to a head during the July maneuvers. On the twenty-fifth, we were sailing on the surface off Porcross. It was about five in the evening, and we were all either at the engines, or in the control room. On the bridge, the Nudist was crouched in front of the small portable stove, preparing the evening meal.

Suddenly the two officers and the commander, who were in the conning tower, were surprised to see him rise easily from his place before the stove, turn and stroll nonchalantly towards them. When he was closer, they saw that his face was twisted with suppressed excitement.

Lips scarcely moving, he whispered:

"Don't move!" and in an even lower voice, "Don't talk! He's there, commander!"

"Who? What the hell are you mumbling about?" the puzzled officer wanted to know.

"Shhh!" The cook stretched his arm towards the stern, "Zigomar, Aft! Way at the end!"

True. The rat was at the very stern of the submarine, blissfully staring at our wake and the water foaming from the beat of the propellers.

"Leave the stove!" hissed the commander. "And get below Hurry!"

The Nudist understood immediately and dove down the forward hatch, as the klaxon howled.

"Signal for crash dive!"

The officers disappeared from the conning tower as if jerked by strings, all the hatches slammed down with one prolonged clang and water roared into the ballast tanks as the valves were opened wide.

In the interior, every man stood at his post, hands on controls, or standing at their station, and the Diesels were cut out and the electrics turned on. The cook alone had nothing to do.

He paced happily through the submarine, smiling and chanting to himself, over and over:

"Zigomar, he was on the bridge, Zigomar, now he's in the drink!"

For a moment, no one spoke, then a voice boomed:

"So's supper!"

"No matter," grinned the cook. "I'll cook more. It's worth it!"

Arbaud snarled softly: "Yes and maybe it's worth the hiding I'll give you when "

The cook smiled beatifically "Indeed, it is!"

None of the men looked happy. It was easy to see that they felt bad and were not proud of what was happening. Perhaps they had believed that Zigomar was immortal, and could never be killed.

I don't remember how long we were submerged, perhaps an hour, perhaps two. Anyway, we cruised all that time at a depth of ten fathoms. All this high-speed action, all this maneuvering under water, for what?

To kill a rat, one poor slob of a rat who had done nothing save live the life he had been born to, a rat's life perhaps, but the only life he could know; as you and I live ours, the only one given to us. And it was not even killing, it was torture, inhuman torture, for he would not die outright.

No. He would swim, swim, swim, his little black eyes protruding, searching the suddenly empty waste of water for *his* vessel, the ship he loved, his home, which had deserted him, leaving him to die alone.

His paws would paddle frantically, the strokes would get weaker and finally he would stop and sink and a bubble would break on the surface of the sea as his little rat's soul left his body.

We came to the surface like a group of mourners who had just buried a friend. The cook had locked himself in the galley, and as we passed, we kicked at the door and shouted:

"You slob! You dirty, cowardly swine!"

The bridge had never seemed so large before Zigomar was gone.

I put my head back through the hatch to catch the words shouted from the engine-room.

"Eh?"

"Something gone wrong with the Diesels. Back pressure. Take a look at the exhaust-cover."

I arrived in time to see a startling thing. The exhaust port was open, but only a thin trickle of smoke oozed from it. As I got to the stern something black shot out of the exhaust, like a shell fired from a cannon, spun end over end and splashed into the sea. Zigomar!

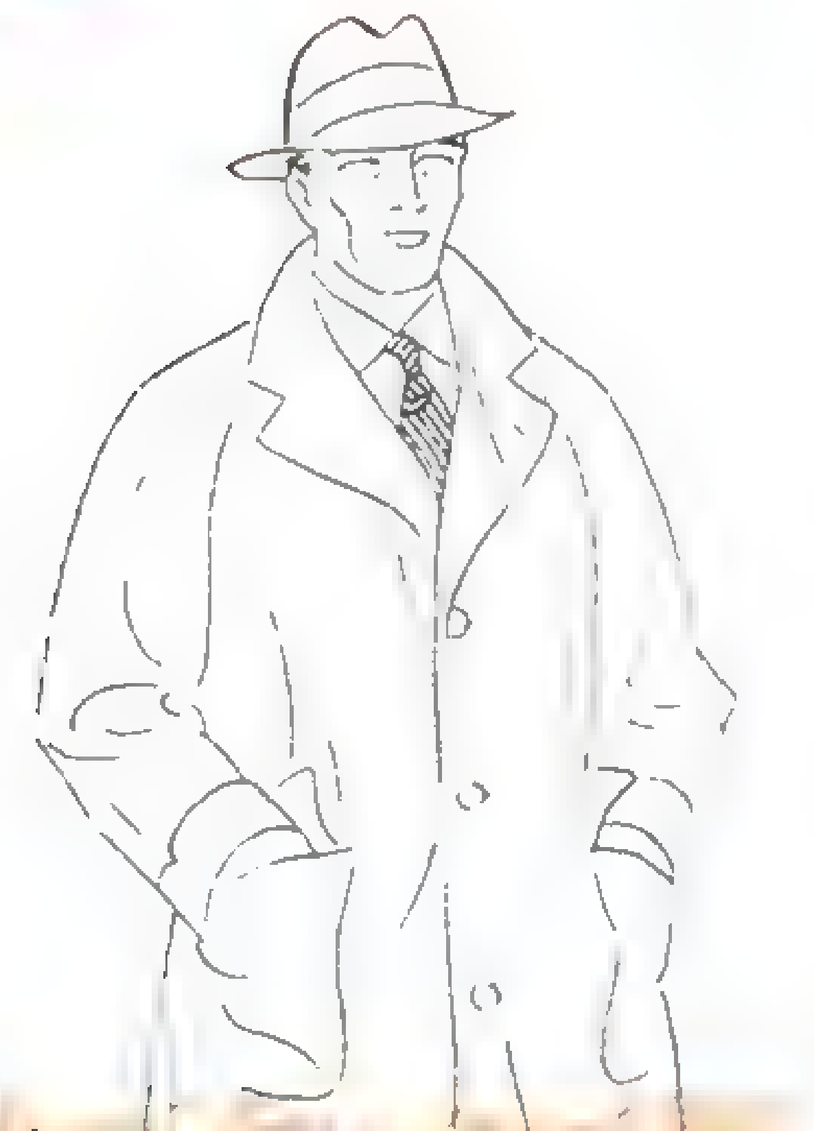
He swam weakly back to the submarine, climbed aboard and, passing between my feet, dragged himself to the open after hatch and disappeared below.

"Hey guys!" I shouted, my voice breaking, "Zigomar's back!"

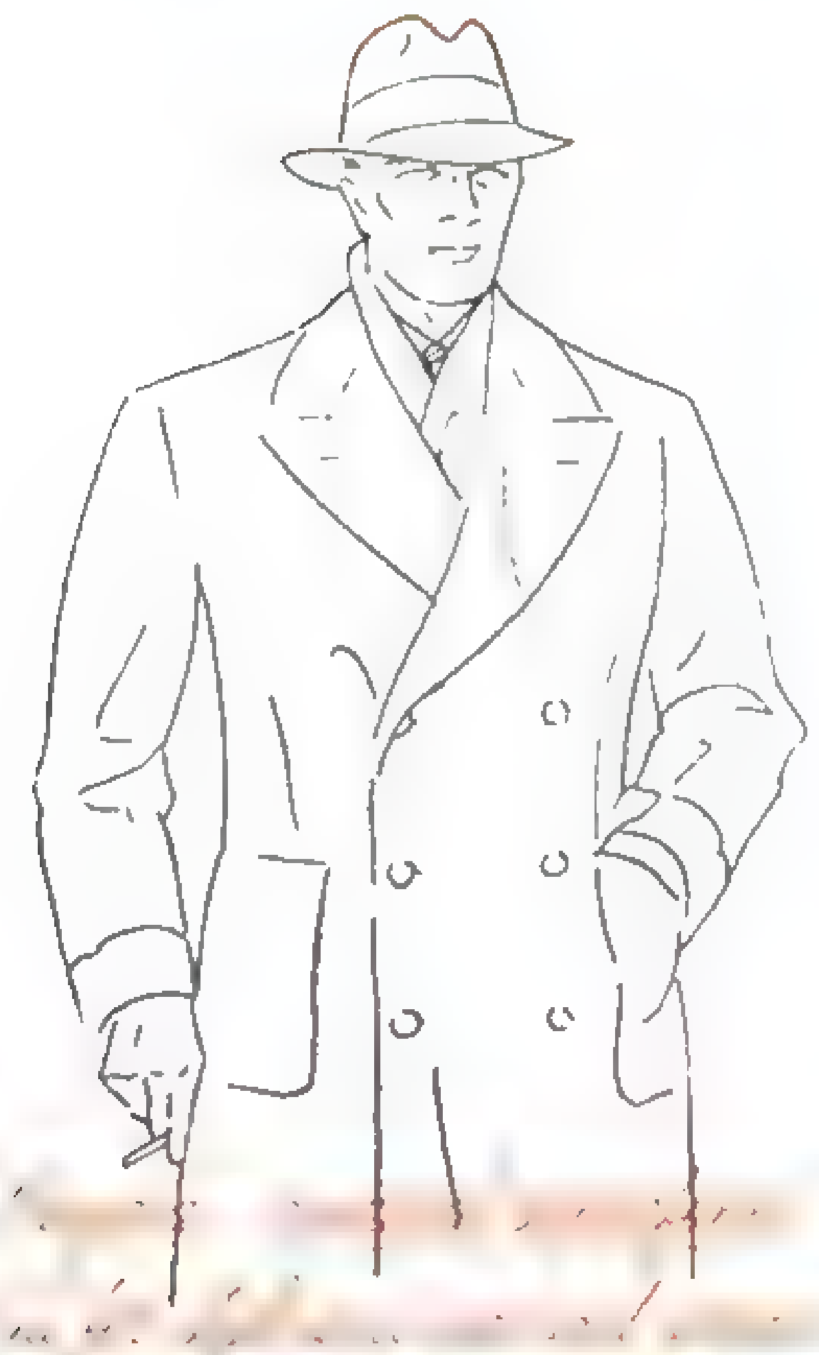
Heads bristled from the hatches, an officer popped out of

Continued at top of page 214

Fashion Park



[illegible] Ulster in [illegible] [illegible] A lustrous [illegible] fabric of Guanaco and Angora yarns [illegible] without weight [illegible] and comfort... $50



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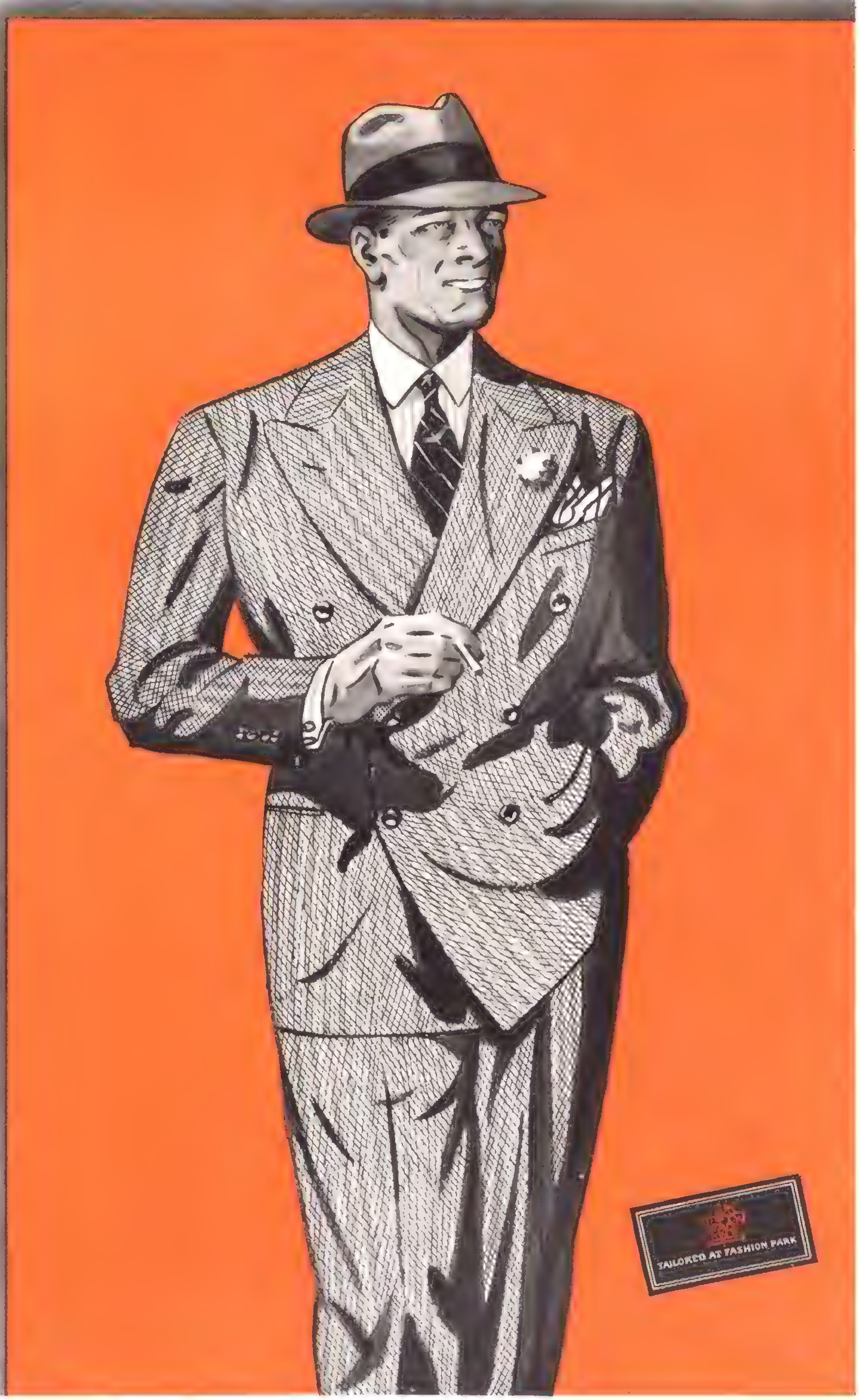

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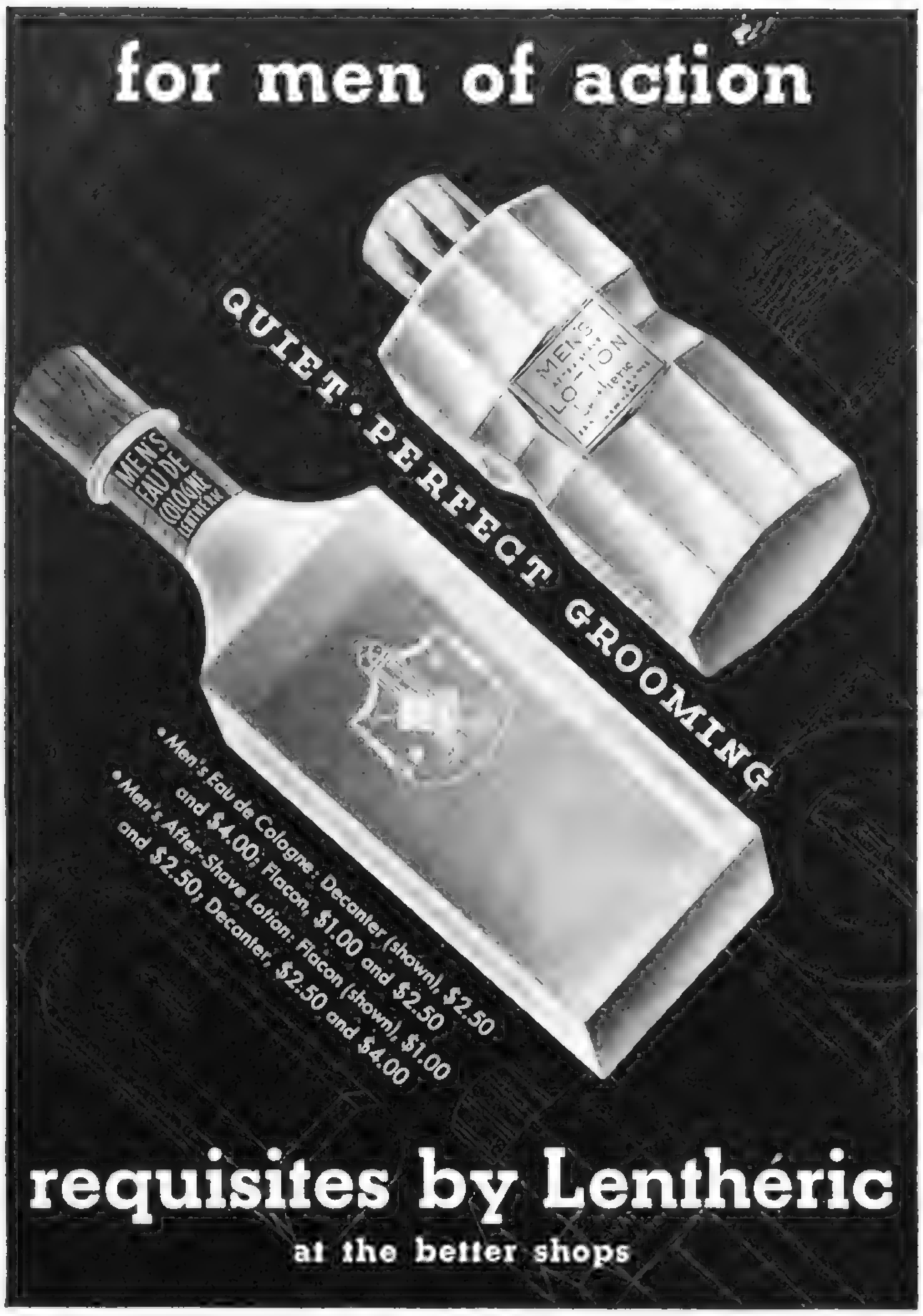
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a stout, masculine glove in imported pigtex, the soft, long-wearing leather that is unmarred by blemishes. Here is the most for your money — at $3.00 the pair. In tan, brown, gray, or black — slipon or clasp. HANSEN GLOVE CORPORATION, *Milwaukee*

BY HANSEN MILWAUKEE

The Shipping of Zigomar

Continued from pages 96-211-212

the conning tower like a jack-in-the-box.

"He had time to crawl into the exhaust before the sub went under or the port closed," I explained. "He was in there through the whole dive."

"Well," laughed one of the men, an anti-Zigomarian, "He must be a tough one not to have been roasted alive in there!"

The Zigomarians slapped each other on the back gleefully, howled with laughter as they pointed to the woeful face of the cook protruding from a hatch. He heard our laughter and disappeared suddenly, as if Zigomar had attacked him in his tenderer portions.

* * *

If I were a feature writer for one of the newspapers, I would end the story there. Zigomar would have passed through a great trial be accepted as one of the crew and lived happily ever after aboard the *Calypso*. However, I am not a newspaper writer, so I must tell the rest of the story.

We had all agreed to leave Zigomar alone, for he had proved that he loved the submarine as not one other of the crew was capable of doing. He had shown that he had guts, that he loved the ship more than his life. The cook had been warned that if he began grouching again, we would call on him and teach him better manners in a painful way. As for the commander we knew that all he wanted to do was forget all about that dive, and we were sure that he would not include it among his stories at the Naval base.

Well, some three days later, four of us were playing cards in the forward compartment when Liandra, the steward, appeared, hands cupped before him. We sat silent, stunned as we guessed what he was carrying.

It was Zigomar, fur scorched from his body, the body itself blistered terribly, his little black eyes half-closed, dull.

How stupid one can feel at a time like that! We stared at the tiny corpse, speechless, as Liandra told us how he had found him, already cold, in the linen chest between two stacks of napkins.

Finally Sautemouche sniffed, looked at us and said brokenly:

"Oh hell, Liandra. Throw him overboard and for God's sake, don't let that cook know that he's gone!" #

Young Man, Go East

Continued from page 109

already on the verge of surrendering to gravity's forces.

Mrs. Tupper, at the end of one year in Singapore, wrote home how sorely she missed the old places, but life in Singapore really wasn't too bad once you got used to it.

After six months she spoke the simple Malay language as well as did her husband. All but one of the six servants who had been there when she arrived were still with her.

Except for one day in that entire year, they had never had, nor asked for, a single day off. They came on duty at 6 a. m. and quit whenever the master and mistress were safely in bed.

The one boy they had had to fire for dishonesty left at eleven o'clock one morning. Exactly an hour and three minutes after he was gone, six applicants appeared for the job.

The successful applicant paid the discharged boy a commission on his first month's salary for telling him of the opening. Mrs. Tupper thought of the servant problems back home, and pinched herself.

After two or three *s'tengahs*, or whiskey sodas, she mixed as well as anyone in Singapore's easy-going society. Indeed, her beauty, it seemed, transplanted in the tropics, blossomed anew. Perhaps it was the amount of sleep she got, or the healthful, relaxed, outdoor life. But whatever the cause, she had more men about her, saying nice things, and being ever so tender and sweet, than ever before in her life.

Poor Mrs. Tupper. Had she only known it, her skin was turning yellow, and the little crow's feet about her eyes were scratching deeply into her coarsening skin.

She was living in an old woman's paradise—where every white woman under fifty with any shred of sex appeal left, is an envied possession, her favors prized by starved men.

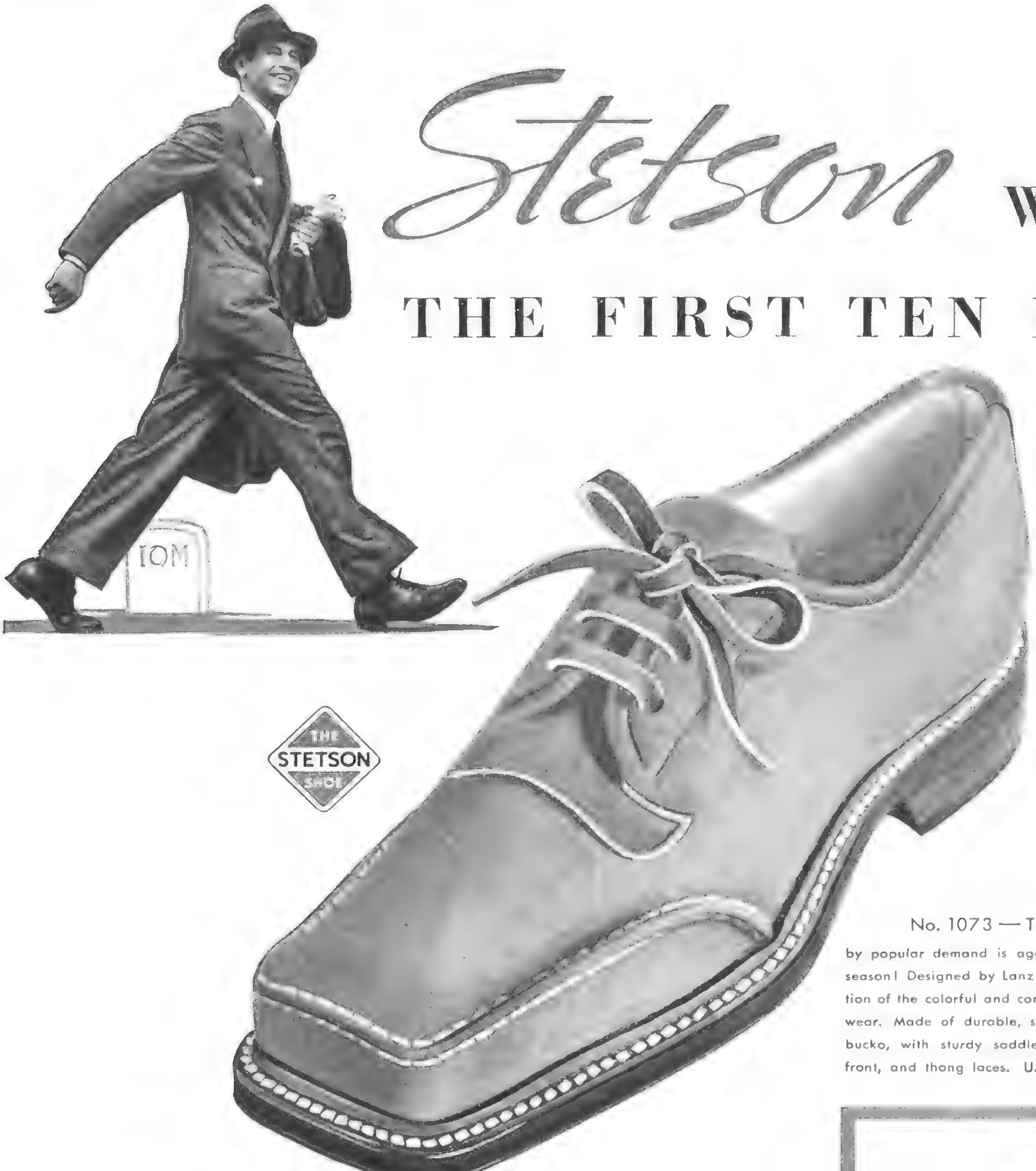
For women—or rather, the absence of white women—in Shanghai, Hongkong, Singapore, Calcutta and all the other advertised hot-spots of the East, is a problem that contributes, directly or indirectly, to its Lure. Men outnumber women by an overwhelming majority. Outside of marriage, not easy in the East, there aren't many things young men like Winthrop, Tyler and Stevens can do.

They can sublimate themselves in rugby. They can make violent love to Mrs. Tupper. They can take up with a Eurasian girl in the office, which is dangerous and difficult. In most business houses in the East, a white employee seen more than once in public places with a Eurasian girl gets the sack. They can become matey with a girl from the cabarets. Or they can visit the *maisons tolerées* which abound in most oriental cities.

The usual solution is the last, because it is the cheapest, and because it usually provides a fitting climax to a beat-up on a Saturday night. A man who gets into that habit has one of two things hap-

Continued on page 216

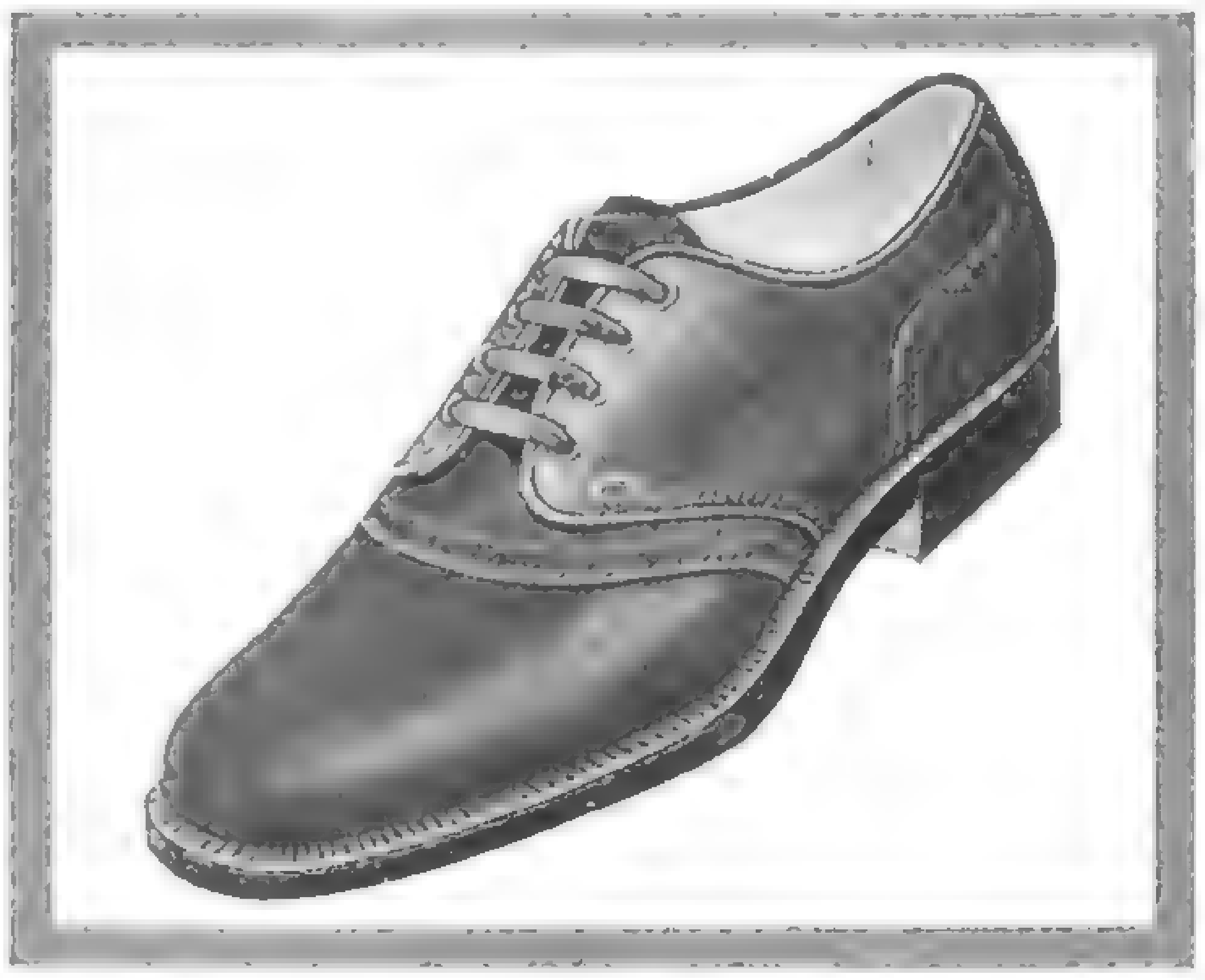
Stetson WALKS THE FIRST TEN MILES

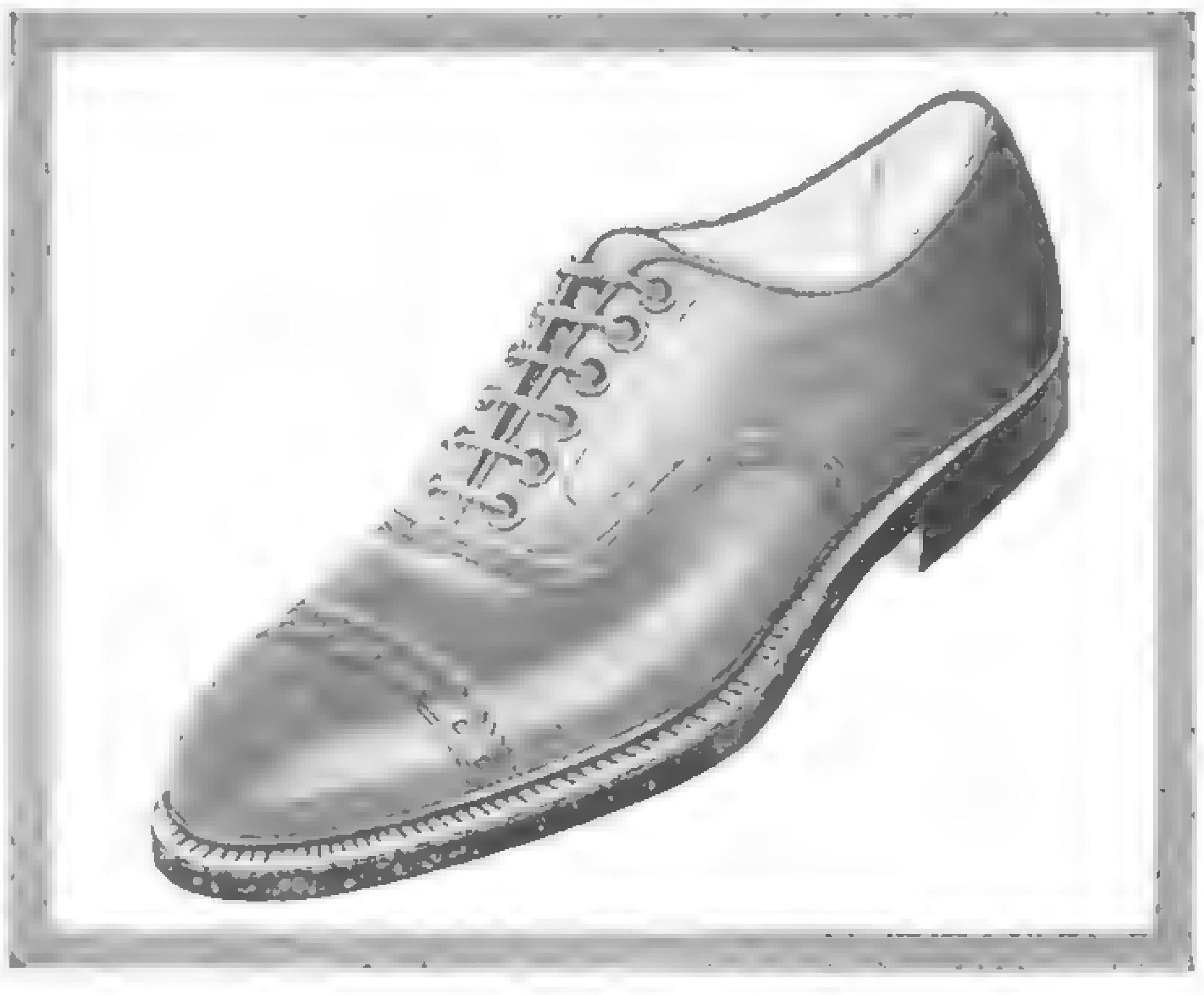


THE STETSON SHOE

No. 1073 — THE STETSON BARGE

by popular demand is again the style sensation of the season! Designed by Lanz of Salzburg, it is an adaptation of the colorful and comfortable native Tyrolean footwear. Made of durable, soft, and flexible sand-colored bucko, with sturdy saddle stitching, squared moccasin front, and thong laces. U. S. Design Patent No. 95969.





BE SMART, be comfortable right from the start, with Stetsons! You've never seen more beautiful examples of the shoemaker's art, but what really counts is the fact that Stetson craftsmanship is *more* than "skin deep." Meticulous lasting and painstaking workmanship give every Stetson shoe a perfection of fit and a quality of flexibility that put your feet immediately at ease. That's because "Stetson walks the first ten miles." Drop into any Stetson dealer and see the latest models.

Illustrated on the right are: (top) No. 1103 — THE SNAP. A favorite Stetson style of tan Norwegian veal and Chexwet leather sole; *(bottom)* No. 1084 — THE RUNABOUT. A real "he man" oxford in black Norwegian calf, sturdy Chexwet leather sole, and storm welt. The companion shoe in tan is No. 1085.

THE STETSON SHOE COMPANY, INC., SOUTH WEYMOUTH, MASS.

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GLACIER CLOTH* GOES WITH THE WIND

GLACIER CLOTH*
is a specially developed airplane fabric ideal for Fall golfing conditions. Scientifically treated to be **water-repellent** and **windproof.**
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McGREGOR HUMIDOR
has our patented humidor pocket! Lastex back gives freedom of action. Blue, sand, navy $10

McGREGOR KIMBERLY
is the new Bush Coat for riding, hunting and golfing. In Aspin blue and sand, $10

If not on sale in your city send size and money order to David D. Doniger & Co., 303 Fifth Avenue, New York

MARVIN HEDGE, champion fly caster, wears PENDLETON shirts

International Champion Hedge, breaking world's distance fly casting record at Sellwood Pool, Portland, Oregon

Many Champions and Sportsmen Wear
PENDLETON SHIRTS

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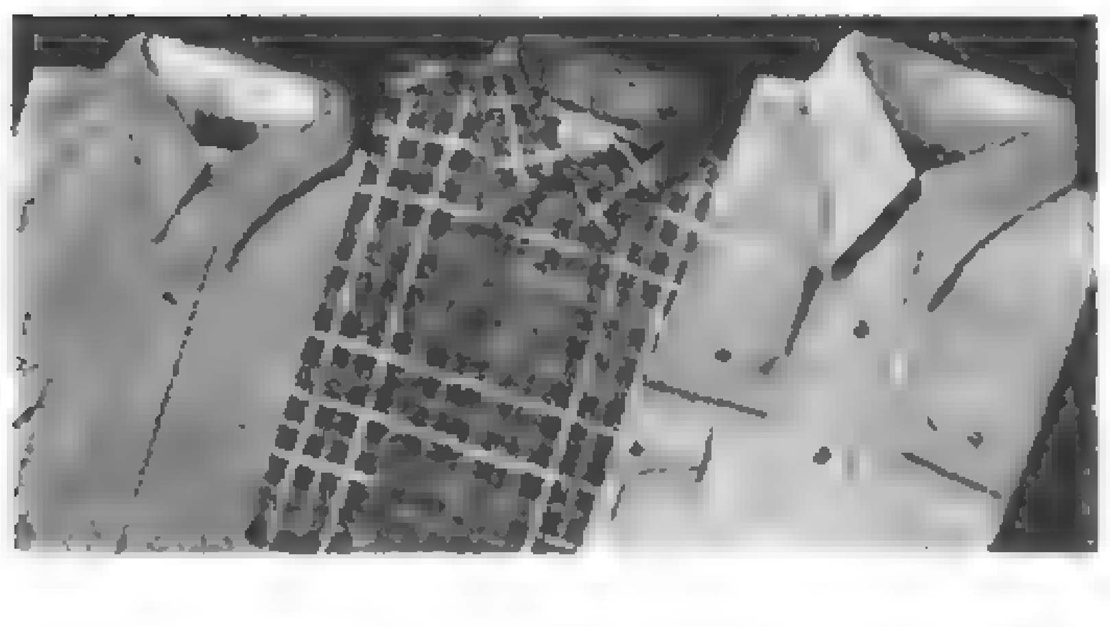
Eber Peck, *Log Rolling*
Perry Green, *Wood Chopping*
Joe King, *Canoeing*
Ed Breasseau, *Fly Casting*
Gus Peret, *Big Game Hunter*
Zane Grey, *Novelist*
and thousands of others.

MARVIN K. HEDGE broke the world's distance fly casting record, not an inch or a foot—but by more than a score of feet, reaching the 167-foot mark. Recently he captured first places in the majority of French casting events. At London he was named all-around casting champion of the British tournament. Championship performance requires championship equipment. And standard equipment with Marvin Hedge is the Pendleton Shirt, mainly because of its perfect body freedom. Pendletons are unequalled for comfort in warm weather or cool—they're effective body insulators. They're made from long-fibre virgin fleece wools . . . full cut, pre-shrunk, and with reinforced stitching and 2 big pockets. The sturdy Western wools combine comfort with unusually long wear. Exclusive patterns, superior styling. At finer stores, $5.50 to $10.00
PENDLETON WOOLEN MILLS, PORTLAND, OREGON



PENDLETON *Shirts*

Pendleton Woolen Mills
Portland, Oregon
Please send illustrated shirt catalog, swatches
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Address
City State

Young Man, Go East

Continued from pages 109-214

pen to him. He either gets into the habit of rupee (two-bit) women, forever after putting a white girl in the hard-to-make class, and excessively expensive. Or, as sometimes happens, he contracts a disease, that physically, spiritually, and psychologically, excommunicates him from his family, his home, and the ideal of a married life, condemning him to live East of Suez for the remainder of his life—including his leaves.

Leaves! The promise of seven months' leave every four years looms big in the mind of every man who accepts a contract in the East. He can return to his family, passage paid—a hero who has braved and conquered the rigors of a savage land, bursting with tales of fragrant adventure. A happy thought indeed. It is interesting to see what comes of it.

Tyler, for instance, landing in San Francisco, heads for Grand Rapids. For a few days, he gloats in the spotlight. People bombard him with questions about the girls, the food, the beaches, the tom-toms, the monsoons, the natives. But soon the novelty wears off. The girls flirt a little, but somehow, after a while, he doesn't seem to rate as high with them as he did at first. Their mothers are chary about a son-in-law who lives 10,000 miles from civilization. That kind of life is not for Mary!

Time drags heavily. He starts to live on memories of those Saturday nights in Karyah Road and Acre Lane, at the Casanova and the Moulin Rouge, and the Nautch dancers in the native quarter.

Tyler has to draw his own bath in the morning, lay out his own clothes, put on his own pants and zip them up, tie his own tie, put cigarettes in his case and money in his wallet, shine his shoes and put a handkerchief in his own breast pocket. Dammit all, he's not used to that sort of thing. And he'd heard the maid call him "that conceited boob!" Why, in Calcutta, the boys purred "Sahib," and jolly well meant it, too.

And where are the clubs? The nearest one is Grand Rapids, and costs more than anyone on his salary can afford. No place to go to. No one to speak to. No one to drink with. A devil of a mess. The sooner he can get back to Calcutta, the better he'll like it.

Four years later, Tyler writes home to say times are bad, and he can't quite make it. Besides, he's been offered a fine chance to go up to Tibet. Sorry, but he'll surely get home next leave.

The sad truth is that Tyler may never see America again. He's been bitten by the "Lure of the East."

There's another reason why Tyler, Winthrop or Stevens cancel their leaves for home, and stick close to their jobs in the East.

Winthrop, for instance, on leave, dropped into the Company's offices on lower Broadway one morning. The noise soon gave him a headache. An hour for lunch, no time for tea, not finished till five. Everybody working like mad, taking orders from stiff-necked office managers. Then the Subway, and a crowded commuters' train out to Scarsdale, exhausted enough to go to bed. A coolie's life for fair.

Nothing like that in Rangoon. There, they called him Sahib, and he had a half dozen *babus* to do the dirty work.

Babus are the native white collar men of the East. They are the pompous, fat, bespectacled, sweating darkies who take such a long time to answer questions, cash a check, write out a receipt, or do any one of a hundred things that, in the West, would be done in a tenth the time they take to do it. They have been taught a certain way of doing their jobs, and nothing in the world can change them. Direct them to make haste, or shorten the process by a single step, and the work comes back hopelessly bungled. The *babu* mentality is the mentality of the East

Westerners who go out East to work, storm against it. They often fire innocent *babus* for their slowness and single-mindedness and lack of the faintest spark of initiative and common sense. For a month, six months, maybe a year, they fight against that boneheaded helplessness.

Then they give it up as a hopeless job. The *babu* sets the office pace. By the time they take their first leave, Winthrop and Stevens are *babus* too. *Babus* can live only in the East. In the West they would starve.

But not even this—nor even the clubs, the servants, the lazy life, the rupee women, the whiskey, the rupture of home ties nor all the rest really defines the Lure of the East.

Rather it is something lurking in the background of Stevens' mind as he stalks onto the veranda of the Cricket Club at six in the evening. Nodding cheerily at acquaintances, he drops into a wicker chair, from which he can observe a foursome playing tennis, their balls retrieved by coal black Tamil coolies. Stevens smacks his lips meditatively, and decides on a *s'tengah*.

"Boy!" he snaps.

Just once he says it. Loudly, peremptorily, assuredly—in a way that would earn him a kick in the pants from the first waiter he'd try it on back home.

Immediately, a white-jacketed, barefooted coolie bows before him.

"Yes, master?" he coos.

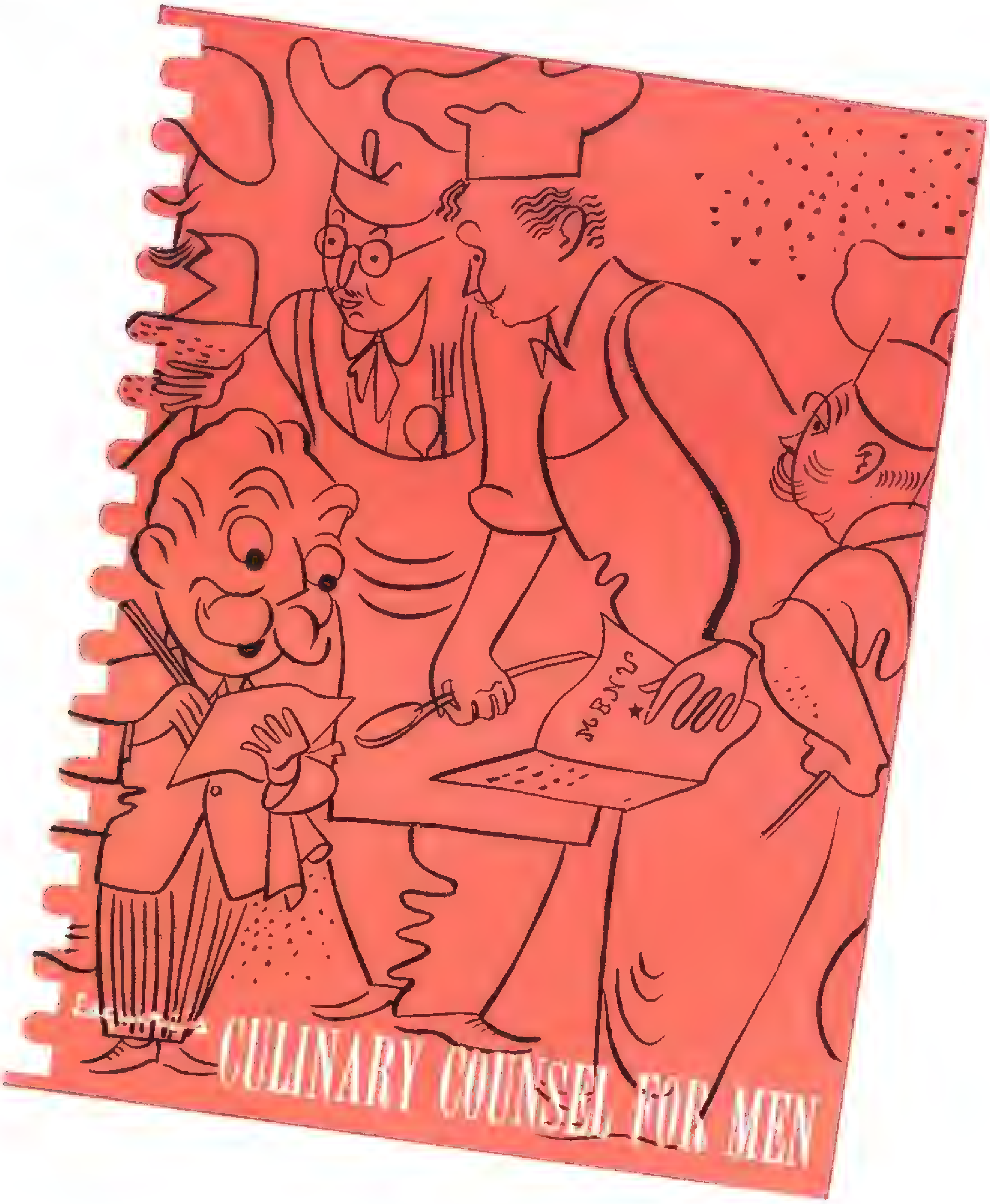
"*Bawa s'tengah lekas!*" commands Stevens.

"Yes, master," whispers the coolie.

And Stevens, as he relaxes in the cool of the evening, feels every inch the Master, and that life in the East is good.

Very good, indeed. ⌗

if you could only cook



If you are the chief chef at the Ritz-Plazoria, you won't want his book. As a matter of fact, you probably gave us some of the ecipes, muttering under your breath or growling over your mous- ache: "Now why in the name of something or other do I give way all my secrets?" But, anyway, you did—which is a good point, e think.

So, if you are not a chief chef or even a maitre d'hotel, and you robably are not either—well, here's where you start to go places gas- ronomically—in the most modern of manners.

ESQUIRE's "Culinary Counsel for Men" is dedicated to the princi- le that the world's greatest cooks wear pants—that you, too, our udience, can positively wow your friends and critics, by sitting own to the chafing dish and making delicious crepes suzettes—if ou know how, that is.

Don't ask us how many lessons it will take, but you can curl up with ESQUIRE's 56 page, plastic bound, stiff cover book and learn not only about crepes suzettes, but about scrambled eggs and drip coffee and even hamburgers—among many other pastimes. Then there's a section devoted to carving, all complete with the sort of graphic illustrations that will make you skillful as a Johns Hopkins' surgeon in and about the second joint.

Country breakfasts and city snacks and the wines that go with every course—this is a guide book to the whole masculine approach to the problem of food and its preparation.

If you'd like the fun of performing as amateur chef in your own home—if you'd prefer the opportunity of passing along some well-chosen hints to your wife—then this is the book you've known all along that you've been waiting for. From now on, it's up to you.

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Esquire

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DURING THREE
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Carbonated with its own NATURAL Gas

Essence
of
Refinement
PARFUM
Crêpe
de
Chine
F. MILLOT
PARIS

Convention Girl

Continued from page 73

"Entertainment of fifteen distributors—$400."

Somehow or other these ambiguous expense items are initialed and okayed down the line without many embarrassing questions being asked by zealous auditors.

The youngsters among the customers may resent this mining-camp sort of mass fun, especially if they happen to have contacts. If so, they will prefer to wander off to pursue more refined, less obviously planned escapades. They may even prefer the straight pick-ups of hotel lobbies. It's the older men who go for the Big Time Frolic in a big way. It's made so easy for them; they do not have to look around and trust themselves and their pocketbooks to the perils of strange cab drivers.

The second method of getting the boys to relax after a strenuous business session is a little more subtle and modern. This calls for the employment of the semi-professional Convention Girl. The same bright young man has consulted a little black book, has done an hour's telephoning, or has sent the word abroad in certain quarters of the hotel and its public rooms. Later, at just the right time of the evening, after the banquet is over, and those who upon earlier inquiry said they would be interested, are visited in their rooms by well-dressed young women whose regular employment may vary from department store clerks to private secretaries—from manicurists to chorines, and who are not adverse to high fun, especially when there will be coin-of-the-realm to boot. This type of entertainment may be quite formal at the start, with proper introductions, and evidences of other social amenities. Some of these Convention Girls are wives who are working at it, and as later disclosed in the confidence of bedroom conversation, confess they are still very much in love with their poorly-paid husbands. Some have attended college. While many are dreadfully average in mental equipment, they are good looking, well groomed, and sometimes know how to bandy words with smart or stupid males. They do not, however, take their hats off too quickly on entering.

There may be several Convention Girls introduced at the same time in the room of one of the conventioneers. They have had dinner, are sober, and sip lightly of Scotch and soda, rye and ginger ale, which the interested males proceed to press on them. The conversation is mild at first, for the men are now almost sober following the evening banquet. The majority of these worthy fellows have one objective in mind, however, for they have been told by the fast-moving waxed mustache that these are "nice" girls who "have" in the past for close friends and "will" again if approached properly. There is, therefore, something different about this class of Convention Girls. For lo! here is the thrill of the hunt for the youngsters, and the pursuing of prey to perk up the jaded sexual reactions of elderly men with waning energies. The usual thing, after a round or two of drinks, is to hike out to a night club or other hot-spot, where later, the High Priest of Sales will be met quite by accident, and as if not at all previously arranged. For know you, that your general sales manager, or other high moguls, officially have had nothing to do with all this. In fact, the management has been known to grow quite indignant when the subject comes up. Subordinates who contact customers are told in no uncertain terms that business secured by such vile methods is not wanted—that the company's product is a quality product far above such monkeyshines.

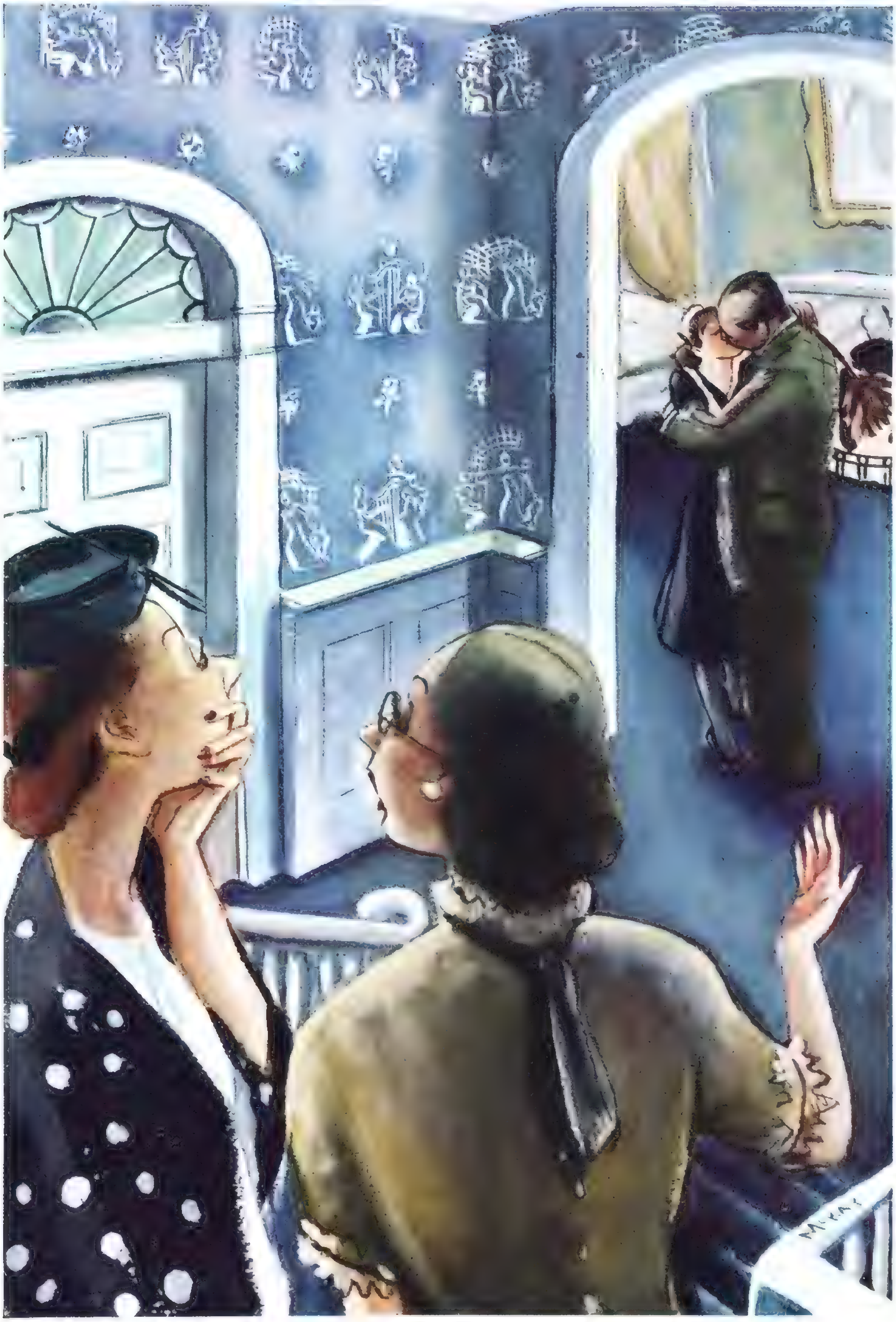
However, a practical sales manager knows better than this, and if he happens to stumble into a room full of customers and customer's men and finds all in the arms of beauteous females, he is immediately invited to join in, and the customers, more than likely, will press upon him the best-looking wench of the lot, and thus make him a willing party to the evening's fun. Tomorrow they will all know each other the better for it. A little jittery, to be sure, but quotas won't seem so high then.

As the evening and early morning progress, almost anything may transpire depending upon the amount of alcohol imbibed by the boys and girls. Certainly there will be a lull in the gaiety of the group along about 3 a.m. One of three things then may happen. Some roguish person will suggest something real devilish. He knows a very interesting place with "hi-yeller" talent, or it may be a spot frequented by thrill-hunters where the majority of guests and the hostesses are women. The guests will be aggressive-looking women who dress quite mannishly and the hostesses will be quite opposite and passive. It's fun to watch them and the first stage of their love-making as they dance together by the hour with never a male to "break" them, unless he is willing to venture a verbal lace-down.

Shortly after this, the now tired Convention Girl and her sponsor will taxi back to the hotel, for by this time many direct personal thoughts and tender actions have been exchanged and a mutual agreement arrived at.

This type of Convention Girl seldom brings up the matter of compensation. If the jaded business fellow is not worldly-wise enough to know what is expected of him he is likely to be told in no uncertain terms at parting time. However, it has probably been hinted during one stage of the evening's fun that the sweet thing doesn't know where she is going

Continued on page 220



"It's my husband and Marie again — I'd fire her if she wasn't such a good maid!"

Now-SHAVE WITH A HAIRBRUSH!

Yes, incredible but true! Behold, enclosed in a genuine leather case, a smart, modern hairbrush—a handsome piece of craftsmanship, made with imported hair bristles. Lift the top and—presto—there, snugly packed, are a Gillette Razor, five blades, a badger shaving brush, a tube for shaving cream, a comb and a mirror!

WEEKENDER . . . . . $10 Sterling Silver . . . $30

And, for men who prefer it, we have a complete toilet kit—The Traveler—including the Weekender, a clothes brush, toothbrush, mouthwash container, holder for toothpaste, a pair of scissors and a nail-file—all compactly enclosed in a leather kit.

TRAVELER $15

Ask for Weekender and Traveler at department stores, men's stores and specialty shops

METALFIELD INC., 43-01 22nd St., Long Island City, N. Y.

A typical Bond Street Style in soft calfskin. Conservative, flexible and comfortable. Devon last.

A STYLE TWOSOME FOR FALL

by WINTHROP

Smartness . . . comfort . . . economy . . . permanent flexibility . . . check them all, even to that phantom-like but important quality of *adaptability* and the answer is Winthrop, every time. While the two we present here differ widely in appeal, they have the same basic fitting qualities.

$6.85 to $8.50

Winthrop Colonials priced lower

WINTHROP SHOE CO. • ST. LOUIS

Division of International Shoe Co.

This Scotland grain wing-tip is a rough and ready shoe with extension sole. Permaflex construction, Garfield last.

Convention Girl

Continued from pages 73-218

to get her rent now two months overdue, or that she is sadly in need of a spring coat, or that friend husband is still out of work and the financial burden now rests on her lovely shoulders. And oh, how hard it is to get along on $25.00 a week and keep up the home, and so on and on. Twenty dollars is therefore not too much for the evening's pseudo love. Some cheap skates make it five or ten and get away with it. Some flush fellows, such as the head men, may go so far as to slip a twenty and a five into the lady's purse.

Sometimes, gracious and charming little deceptions are introduced into the picture, especially where the affair is a select one and where the customer is important. The girl is told in advance not to accept any money whatsoever—that she will be paid all expenses and fee, either in advance, partly so, or at a later pay-off, depending on reported behavior. She is to put on a fairly decent attempt at allowing herself to be seduced after the proper degree of chaste resistance. She is to use her own judgment but she must inject into such nuances a few words that mean "I like you lots—you're different—I always did like older men—I don't mind with you, but don't think this is a regular thing with me," etc.

Whenever a boor of a conventioneer forgets himself and becomes quite tight with attendant distressing fistic tendencies, or rough embracing treatment on the body of the Convention Girl, then, when the proper staggering or falling-asleep stage has been reached, the young man assistant will see that the C. G. is paid her taxi fare plus, and the conventioneer is dispatched to the hotel to sleep it off.

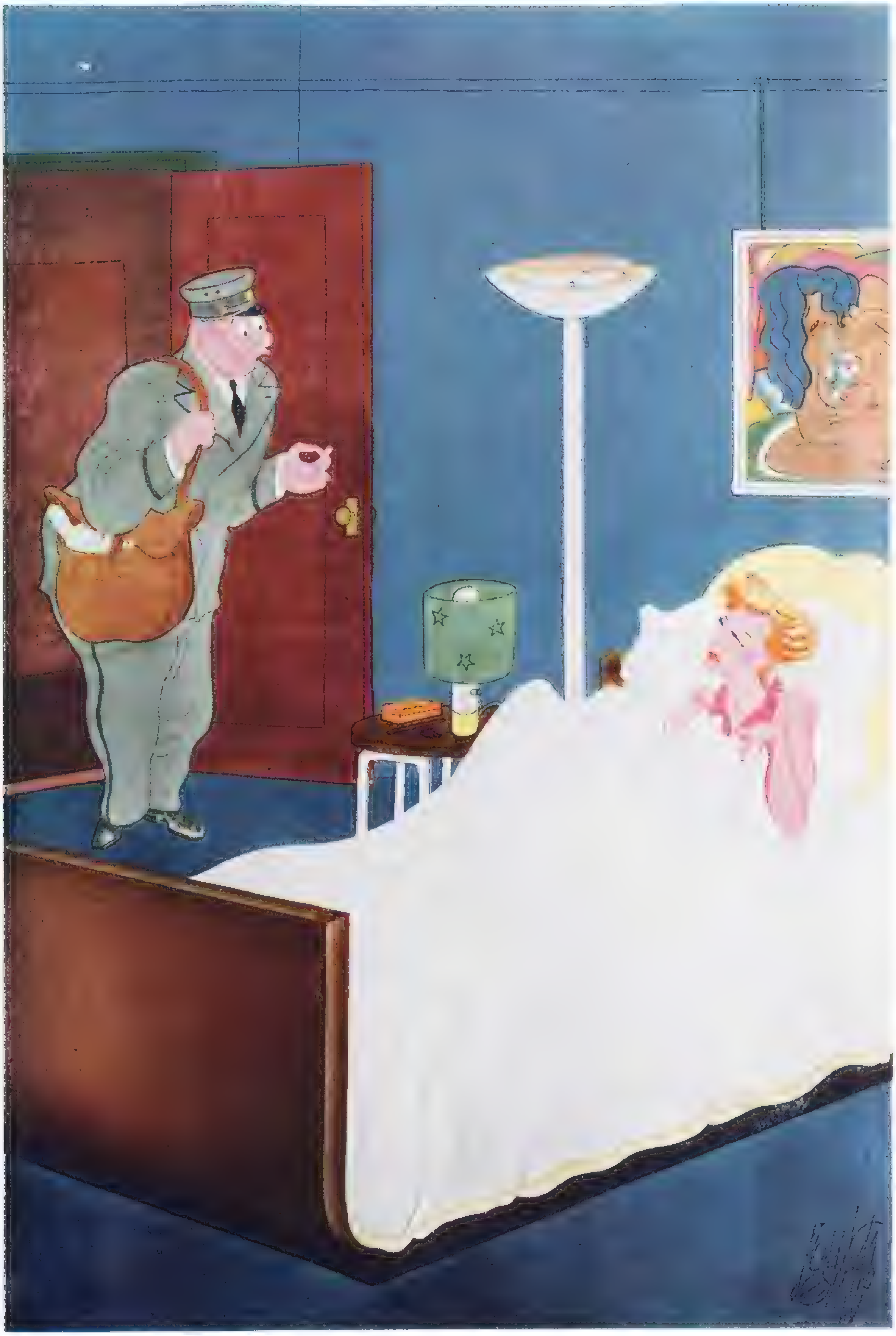
Not all conventioneers publicly admit the need or condone this sort of thing, and therefore, they may be said to fall into two categories. The devil-may-care fellows who make no bones about it, and will regale the boys next day with all details of what transpired after leaving the crowd. They are quite proud of their physical attractions and accomplishments and the effects of such upon the emotions of the lovely creatures. The more cautious say nothing the next day. Pressed for information at the bar noon-time, when they meet for the inevitable whiskey sour pick-me-up, they want to pass it off lightly by saying, "What did I do? Oh, I simply put her into a taxi, paid her fare, and sent her home alone." No one, of course, believes these white-liars and their naïve misstatement of facts unless they are eighty and actually falling apart.

The third type of Convention Girl is really a non-professional person. She does not expect any real money. Will be happy indeed if she has a good evening's fun and taxi fare home. Probably her elderly conventioneer escort will ride out to her home, kiss her fervently while they hesitate on the doorstep, and promise faithfully to call her the next day and make an appointment for the cocktail hour, or else promise to write her, promise to see her again the next time he is in town—promise anything, for, at 4 a.m., he is now quite free of all desire for romance and wants nothing more than to "hit the hay" and do it as quickly as possible.

Mind you, this kind of C. G. is no stray grimalkin. She is a very high type person. In age she may differ from the others and be fair, streamlined and eighteen, or be dyed, plumpish and forty-ish. She is regularly employed. In large cities such as New York and Chicago such charmers are apt to be the secretaries of various chieftains. The younger ones seek only an evening's fun in high-class surroundings away from the cheap table d'hôte and twenty-five cent movie limits of the boy friends' slim purses. In a mild sort of way they do not like the company of the older men, but then the cinema has shown that it is done every day, so what? The older gals seek solace from the boredom of office life, and what is more important to them, want again to reach out for now infrequent Romance, the while they clutch pathetically their rapidly drooping flower of youth.

The majority of these casual companions of the evening know beforehand what it is all about and what is expected of them. They have had their office romances. They, too, are frequently married to clerks and others of the white-collar legion who earn small salaries. Someone close to the high command has already approached them during the day with the queries "What are you doing tonight, Mae? How would you like to dine with a swell guy, one of our distributors? He's from Dallas—will show you a good time. I told him about you—he's dying to meet you. Be regular with him—it means a lot to me personally—you know what I mean!" And so on. Mae will take her chances. The opportunity for an evening's diversion and the anticipation of meeting an unknown male is not to be frowned at. Actually, she may not like the implication and demands of first-time meetings, but if Mr. Dallas is not too obvious about it, well then—or maybe she will make him wait until the following evening. Like as not, however, Bacchus will decide at the time.

There are many cases on record where such devotion to the Cause has resulted in friendships stretching over many years of conventioneering, when Mr. Dallas always writes in advance and books the lady's evenings solid for the duration of the Meet. And, believe it, there are several cases of note where such sacrifices on the altar of Big Business have culminated in the holy bonds of matrimony. And why not? ⧺



"No letters this morning, Miss Larson."

Last word in entertaining

The first word to learn is "Sherry," for here is the aperitif of the world that knows good living. The last word is Domecq (Do-Meck), for that is the name of the oldest Sherry vintner in all of Spain. You will find this proud old name on every type of true Sherry you could want—from the extra dry to the sweet browns.

We have prepared a colorfully illustrated monograph telling of Sherry's glamorous past. For your copy write to:

COMEX TRADING COMPANY, INC., Rockefeller Plaza, New York City

Pedro Domecq Sherry

Bottled in Jerez, Spain Alcohol 18 to 20% by vol.

Meet **BAL-TUCK**

of OTIS BALBRIGGAN

with snug ankle and snug wrist features

tailored by **WELDON** *exclusively*

Cozy and warm in the cold, yet light in weight. This soft, resilient, absorbing material is the perfect answer to fashion's demand for an all-season sleep suit. That's **OTIS BALBRIGGAN** which **WELDON** has styled into a line of pajamas which will fit any personality or need.

In a host of color schemes, with correct crew or notch collar, slip-over or English collar with the Lastex **WONDERBELT** to keep the trousers up comfortably. They are cut perfectly for the top to be worn tucked in with smart athletic effect.

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The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 8-10

PIPES FOR PREACHERS

I Hate a Man Who Smokes a Pipe is an heroic apologetic for the last vestige of autonomous masculinity in this America. Congratulations, Mr. McCarthy! I feel that we are trenchmates of long and arduous standing.

Your article should be reprinted and distributed free of charge throughout every one of our theological seminaries. Are you aware of the dastardly inroads being made among the clergy by the drugged apostles of the cigarette heresy? This "new orthodoxy" has gained such solid acceptance that the clergyman today envisions the deprivation of his livelihood if he dares to light his pipe at the bishop's tea. Is there any sight more ridiculous than an able bodied rector of a respected and self-supporting parish wrestling feverishly to down the monogramed cigarettes of the senior warden's ambitious wife? Surely it is time to drain the war chest and vigorously crusade against this horrible humiliation that awaits our stalwart young seminarians.

In spite of the broadening vulnerability besetting the clergyman in our time, he is still the symbol of steadying repose and calm strength amidst devastating uncertainty and widespread insufficiency in matters of the spirit. Confidence in his strength is unquestioningly inspired by his moderate affection for his favorite pipe. The slow, measured exuberance of smoke and contentment is the assurance of peace and ample resource. The aura of otherworldliness is dissipated. We can know and trust a man like this. We are eager to hear his secret, to give patient audience to his message—and his pipe has immeasurably established this rapport between us.

The apologist for the other diminutive instrument of smoke—the bastard of tried and true smokes!—can offer nothing to compare with this. Until women are at long last admitted to holy orders, we must never concede the triumph of the cigarette among the clergy.

Berkeley, Cal. BENJAMIN MILLER

ARTICULATE CHILD

Hark! This is the Children's Hour!

Run under the desk with your drawings by Petty; drop the cocktail shaker; chunk your riskayture outa the winda; take the stenographer off your lap, and listen to the voice of a poor 15-year-old, whose life you have undoubtedly corrupted . . .

But who am *I* to yell? Who am I to pan last month's lousy articles; who am I to tell George Jean Nathan to gotahell (Gawd, that I had the influence); who am I to suggest that Hoff take a long vacation, for I am a mere chee-ild, who sits in dark corners and reads your magazines behind the old man's back, and papers his walls with your cartoons, and weeps in despair when the pater condemns me a failure, and sends me thither (I wonder if her husband will ever find out?)

But all kidding aside, even though I am a jouvenile, I think your monthly oh-sO-evil (to quote Pop) brawl is swell, and may you live till Nathan writes a favorable comment.

Yours truly, with best wishes from the Kiddies Club.

Germantown, Pa. F. MASON, JR.

THE PURE WE HAVE ALWAYS WITH US

I have a friend. Oh, he's not just one of the ordinary run of friends a person has; he's—well, he's different. Let me see—how can I describe him.

Well I'll put it this way: Suppose you suggest to him that he take that gorgeous little brunette he's dancing with out on the balcony and—er—look at the moon. He'll take her, all right, but in a minute he'll be back inside, dancing. To your questioning glance he'll answer vehemently "There wasn't any moon," and what's the idea of sending him off on a wild-goose chase.

Or if he is riding in a rumble seat with a beautiful blonde and she tells him she's chilly, he'll give her his coat. Or—well by this time you know what I mean.

On the day the September issue of ESQUIRE came out I came across my friend immersed in a copy. Curious as to what held his attention, I looked over his shoulder and saw he was studying the Petty drawing on page 43. For fully ten minutes I watched him amazedly as he turned the page this way and that, wondering to myself what wondrous change had taken place in him.

Finally, he looked up and, seeing me, said in a reflective tone, "You know, that title of the book in this picture is on the back cover." He is now picking bits of ESQUIRE out from between his teeth.

Chicago, Ill. ERIC STIGLER

HANDS ACROSS THE SEA & ARMS AROUND THE NECK

I feel just like Rip Van Winkle I've just waked up! Having for the first time read a copy of ESQUIRE—the August number. It's just a wow! We have nothing like it here. "Men Only" is a small and cheap imitation.

Was very intrigued by the article *The Facts of Life*. But tell me—just what is a "petting party." I'm not pulling your leg but asking a bona-fide question and shall be very interested in your reply.

After thoroughly digesting Aug. number I'm going to dig up as many back numbers as I can and get future ones regularly.

All the best,

Yours very truly,

London, Eng. W. C. 1. P. R. RAMSEY

ESQ'S SHAME

It must be a source of sincere gratification to you to be the originator of a magazine like ESQUIRE.

This book, catering to the sex-mad tastes of wealthy play boys, will without doubt add *greatly* to the number of illegitimate children born in the next few years.

I have no doubt that your *own* daughters, if you have any, will be glad to read your columns *The Facts of Life* and will benefit accordingly.

After all what is feminine virtue, when *you* can PROFIT by its destruction.

Again I congratulate you.

Toledo, Ohio M.

CABELL ON JIGGLING

Mr. George A. McNamara in *Essay on Jiggling* mourned over the fact that previous writers left untouched his pet subject; or should we say subjects? Here is one for Mr. McNamara from James Branch Cabell's *Something About Eve:* "And Gerald said also: "Or, rather, in their so gentle undulations as she walks unhurriedly away from us, in their so amiable convulsions—in their heavings, their twitchings, their ripplings and their twinklings—or rather, do the bewitching and multitudinous movements of those silvery spheres resemble, to my half dazzled eyes, the unarithmeticable smiling of the sunlit sea, to which, as you will remember, Horvendile, old Aeschylos has so finely referred. I feel that I could compose a not discreditable sonnet to that most beautiful of backsides. There is nothing more poetical than is the backside of a naked woman who is walking away from you. Its movements awaken the yearnings of all elegiac verse." (Plimpton Press, Norwood, Mass. 1927, Page 45.)

Pitman, N. J. L. D.

Continued on page 224

Viola Jusza
Ann Martin
Herbert Johnson
Ann Sobol
Ronnie Nolan
Gerard Andrews
Beatrice Sinwich

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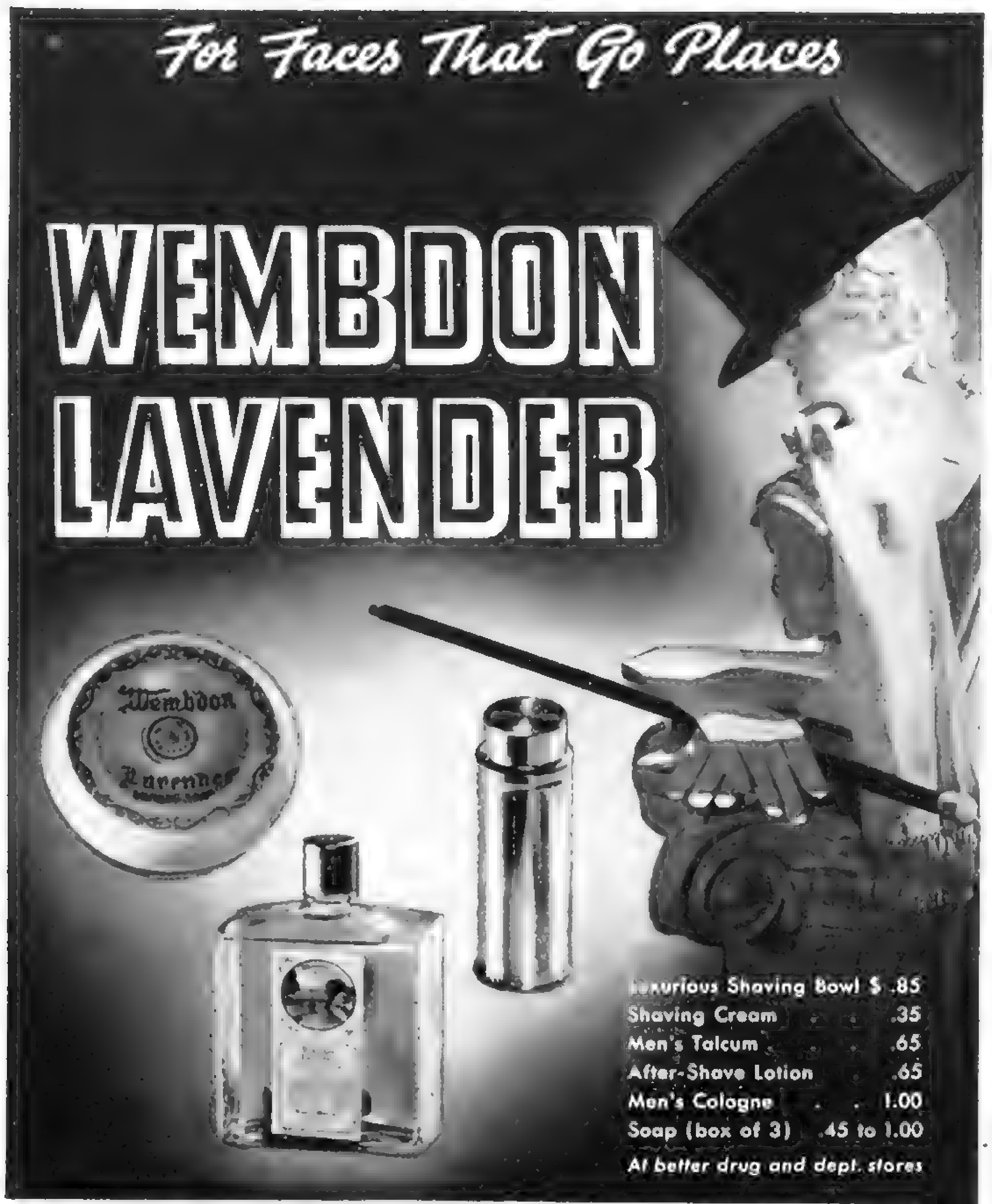

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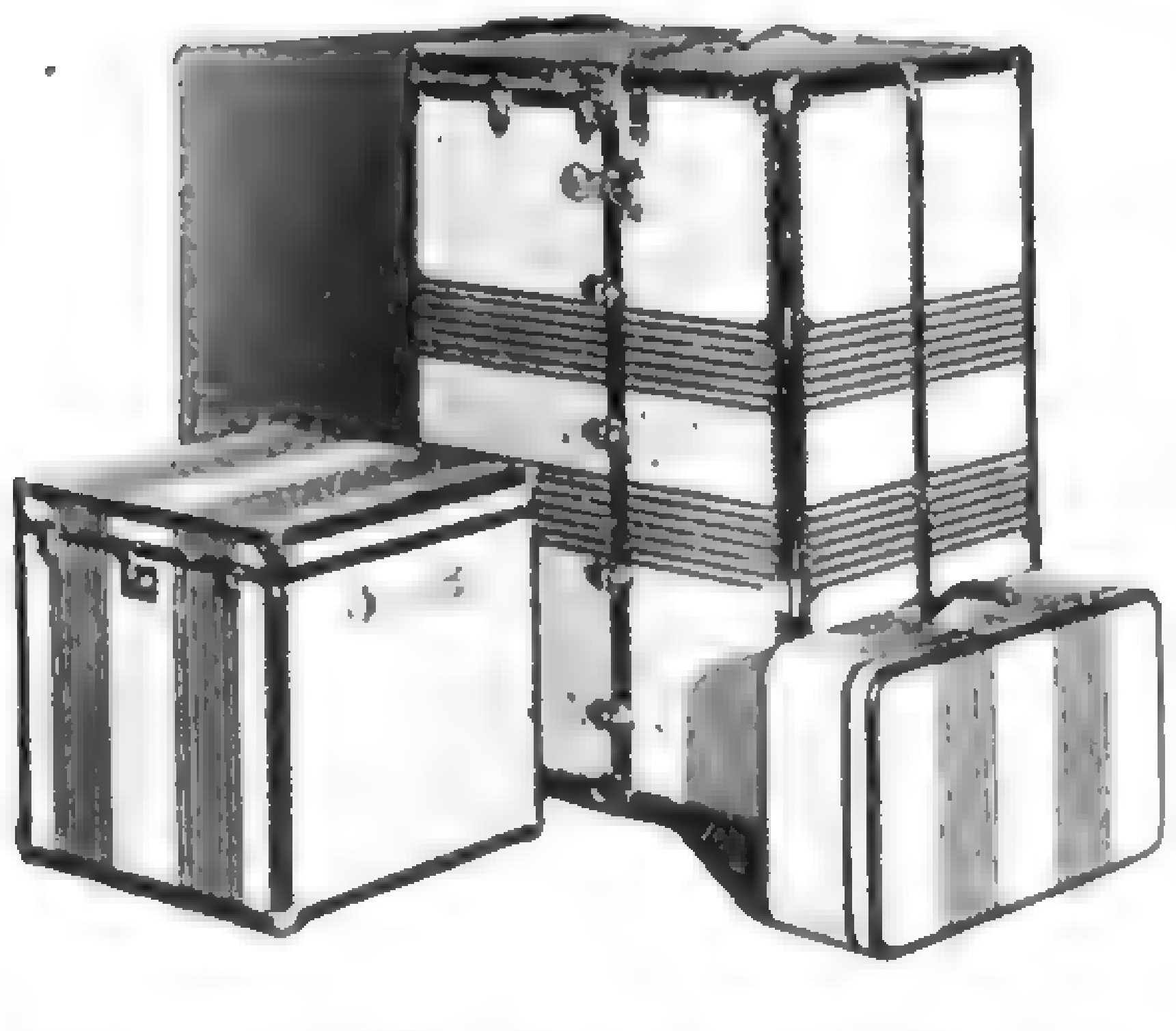

Perhaps it's not always fair, but the truth remains that you're judged by the luggage you carry—and "First Class" is a natural assumption if you're carrying Oshkosh.

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The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 8-10-222

WHY IS A SUNSET?

Will you do me a favor?

In the September issue of Esquire you carry the story of John Steinbeck called *The Ears of Johnny Bear.* Just why is this a good story?

I have just finished it—it leaves me absolutely flat, with no emotional reaction whatever. Obviously, Miss Amy had relations with a Chinaman—was probably taking dope and maybe from the fired cook. But wherein is this sudden ending conclusive of anything?

If the effect of the short story is measured by the emotional reaction, is this a short story? The central theme—the need of the community for some uplifting force—is constantly submerged in something else. I see no unity and singleness of purpose. Why did you consider it worth-while?

I would be pleased to hear your reasons. I am definitely interested in writing and trying to analyze what you consider printable. This story stumps me.

May I expect your reply soon?

Sincerely yours,

Allen K. Kamke

Wellesley, Mass.

ESQ. IN THE ALPHABET SOUP

A is for anonymous, an author's blank name
Invariably used in sex story fame,
B is for bull, which all stories contain
C is for cussing, that same old refrain
D is for damn, the most popular word
E is for Esquire, the magazine absurd
F is for fiction, and likely as not,
G is for this Goddam, awful, lousy, rot
H is for Holley, whose roosters get tired
I is for yours truly, and for this I'll get fired
J is for "Jiggling," and also for Jaro
K is for klever, is this George McNamara
L is for Louis Paul who creates Esky satire
M is for McKay, whose cartoons are dire
N is for no good, which brings to our minds
O is for ornery, that essay on "Behinds"
P is for Petty whose women entice
Q is for his Queens and they're pretty nice
R is for readable, and let us suppose
S is for *Sound & Fury* where anything goes
T is for torrid, another word for hot
U is for university where Esky rates a lot
V is for vulgar, which you sometimes approach
W is for women, who always try to encroach,
X is for anything, but usually means kisses
Y is for your editorial, it never misses
Z is for Zilch, another editor, so what
Add 'em together and what have you got
A condensed view of Esquire, but that's enough said
For who the hell cares, as long as it's read.

Jackie Jill, Jr.

Lancaster, Pa.

GOB'S HORNBOOK

In the past it has been my policy to peruse the various offerings therein with silent criticism. But "Just a Gob" seems to have left himself wide open, with his "dissertation" on the fidelity of Navy wives in the September issue, and I think I should put the following few facts before the readers.

Anyone, and especially a sailor, would be a damn fool to accuse "Just a Gob's" wife of being untrue to him, even if proof was at hand. However, just to keep the record straight, I know that writing letters for two hours, more or less, each night is not enough of an incentive to keep a woman true to her hubby. My first glimpse of a case parallel to this happened in 1932 in San Diego. The destroyers were at the Hawaiian Islands conducting Fleet Maneuvers, my ship was resting comfortably alongside the dock at North Island—I met a pleasant young lady, formerly a Canadienne, who had a trusting hubby on one of the aforesaid "tincans." We (the gal and I) seemed to have something in common, so I "protected" her for the five weeks her hubby was away. She, too, wrote her hubby almost every night—nice, long, loving letters, while she was resting on my shoulder. He appreciated it very much, too, because while on that cruise, he reenlisted and sent her $150 of his "shipping over" money, to pay the rent, grocery bill, etc. And did we give that "etc." Hell! I retired gracefully from the field when the ships returned to port, being a peaceful man and not wanting to shatter the ideals of a shipmate . . .??? Since that day, I have seen the same degree of fidelity in Panama and the Far East, and various other places where Navy families congregate. The wife of "Just a Gob" may be an exception, and I'll be the first one to give her the benefit of the doubt, because I don't think I've had the pleasure of meeting her. But let "Just a Gob" look to his P's and Q's. Some of the sweetest letters are often written using the knee of a conveniently located gob for a writing desk, and with his ever-ready kisses for inspiration! And, gentlemen, I'm no Casanova, either—or an Adonis—just an average six foot Texan, with brown eyes, dark complexion, curly dark hair, and a yen for "protection." Here's to the Navy wives—may they never change! A bouquet to some of them—they are real wives, and their husbands and the rest of the world know it. Daily orchids to the rest of them—they are not true, and *I* know it.

In conclusion, let "Just a Gob" rest in peace, and keep his ideals. If occasion ever permits, let him stalk his prey as other gobs have done, and are still doing—he will be surprised whose "brand" he finds on the "calves" he caresses! After all, isn't forbidden fruit the best of all?

For obvious reasons, I must remain anonymous. So, Esky, if this "slap on the wrist" for "Just a Gob" gets into print (I hope), please tell the world it was written by,

"A Navy Family? Man"

U. S. Naval Air Station
San Diego, Calif.

WHAT BIG EYES YOU HAVE

I'm new at this biz. of writin' to Editors, but add me to your list of ill repute. Maybe I can't resist putting in my two-bits worth. When I popped into the corner Drug and plopped down my fifty-one cents (yes, we have sales tax too), I did not expect a dollar's worth. It was. My humble compliments to J. Steinbeck who has scored again. He certainly knows his morons. Also Louie Paul wins a cigar.

But to register my kick (see page 43, Sept. '37), where did Petty ever see Dale C's book *How to Win Friends, etc.*, with the title printed on the back cover? Since I'm a college boy who hasn't been around, maybe I missed the edition with the title printed on the back—or has Petty read the book. As to why I even noticed the book surrounded by such a woman . . . well, I wonder too. Anyway, here's to Esquire.

Cordially,

Council Bluffs, Iowa — Oliver Otto

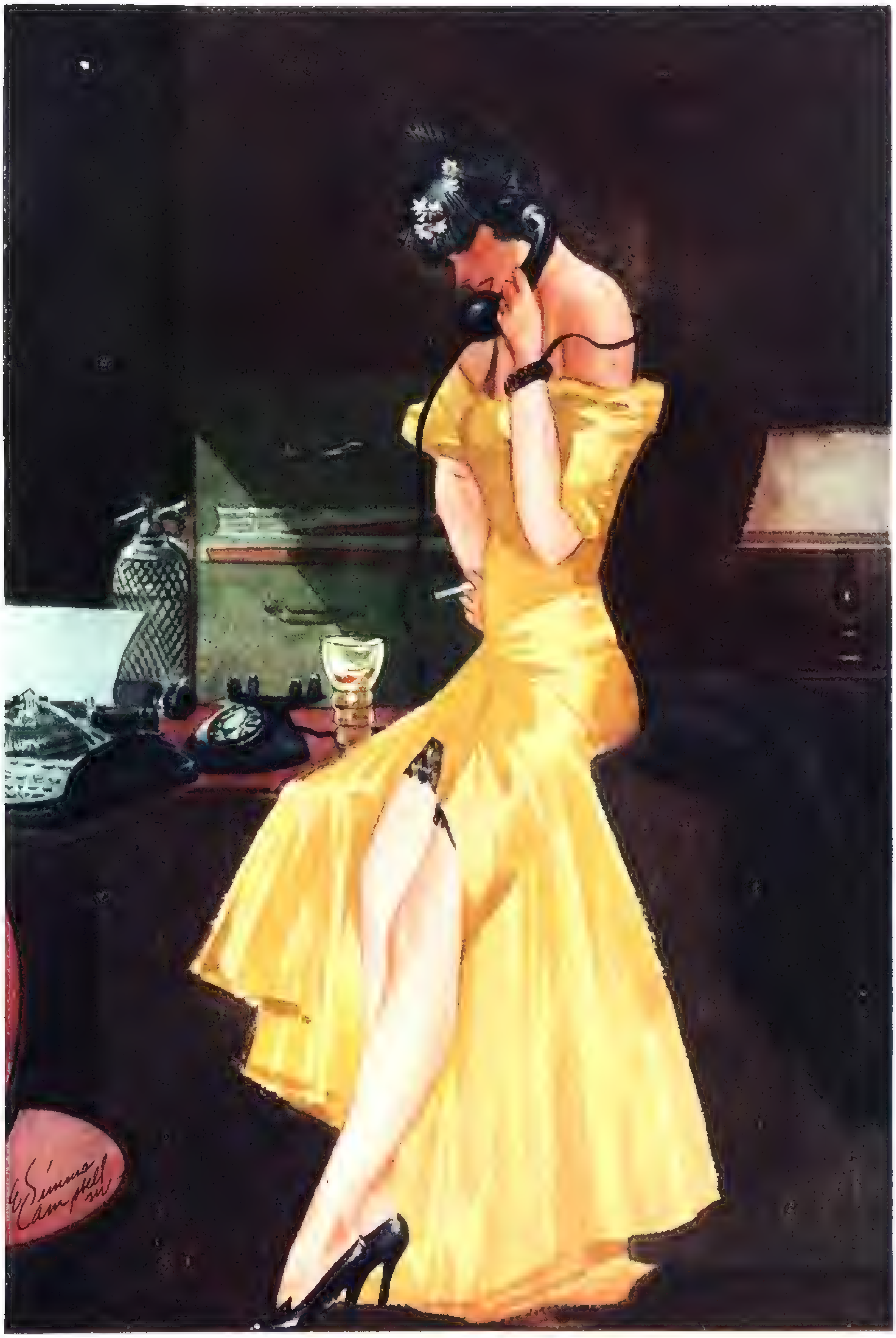
PASSING THE BUCKLER

Here lies, beneath this freshly piled manure,
A man who joined his kind down in the sewer.
No leech was ever better as a suckler,
Than harlequining Ernest Redmond Buckler.

Ego Squeezer

San Diego, Calif.

Continued on page 226


E. Simms Campbell

"Mr. McTavish says he'll send me right home in his car — and I can have tomorrow off, Mamma!"

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The Sound and the Fury

Continued from pages 8-10-222-224

LOVE AMONG THE SCHOLARS

Having regimented myself twice already in the vast body of those who "write to Esquire," I ought peacefully to count my warts and go to sleep. However, the *S. and F.* of September contained a piece of Anglo-American language tinder. An internationalist by the look of his addresses—calls down Mr. Rascoe anent his delving into the *Concise Oxford Dictionary of Current English* and winds up with a swing at the way we twang the English language. If he chooses the English point of view it is all right with me; I don't agree with him, but he can have his opinion. However (pause), he writes this: "If nobody got up and said anything, the mis-educated American will have every excuse for mispronunciation and misspelling." "Got up . . . will have?" That, I submit, is terrible English and equally lousey American. The letter goes on from there to a Latin quotation calculated to blast the western barbarians. It also goes on to demonstrate that Mr. Nicholson has forgotten that language is a system of sounds not a list of marks.

If the anglophile Mr. N. wishes to revere and spout about the "English traditions," and "what is best in the English language," let him mend his grammar.

Yours,
Francis Hutchinson, Jr.
Redwood City, Calif.

LOVE AMONG THE GRAMMARIANS

To the egg laid by that eminent lexicographer, Guy H. Nicholson, in the September S. & F. permit me to take an exception. While your Mr. Rascoe is hardly in need of any assistance from the undersigned, still . . . (The dots so I am informed, are quite the thing in *S & F* letters.)

More specifically, when a guy holds his nose in the air and rambles along learnedly about—ah—how superior—ah—the Concise Oxford Dictionary and even—ah—Chambers are to Webster's, don't you know, then I think it's about time that someone ups and asks him how in tarnation he ever came to consider himself competent to utter such a judgment, when the moment after he refers to "American opuses." Now Mr. Rascoe would have said "American opera."

And frinstance, when one goes snooty on Greek diphthongs, one should never drop even one teeny weeny, little 'h', even if one prefers the English to the American language. Now Mr. R. would never, and I don't mean hardly ever, write the word "dipthong."

And again, σκεδμ, given as the Greek great-grandmother of 'schedule', looked kind of screwy to me because it can't be pronounced, so I looked it up. Fancy my amazement to learn that it should have been σχεδη. Only two letters wrong in one word.

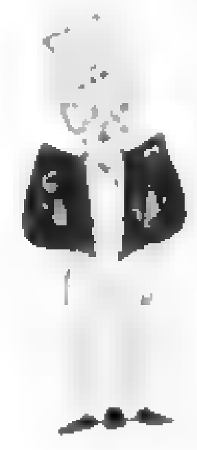
Yet again. How anyone can take offense to such a poetic, such a robustious, yes, such a gallant word as antipasto—well, such a fellow must come to a bad end. Antipasto. I defy anyone to pronounce it and not sound as if he were smacking his lips. It is not a side dish, a relish or an *hors d'oeuvre;* it is *sui generis.* It comes before the pasto (macaroni to you), and is created as follows: First you take sliced roasted peppers and cover a good sized platter. Then you get several tins of tuna, chop contents, and cover all but the edges of the peppers. Sprinkle capers on top. Then you drape about a quarter of a gross of filet of anchovies over the tuna. Drop several dozen olives about, plain and stuffed. Ah! But it is not finished. Over all is spread a generous sprinkling of the oil of olives. All at the table should be provided with a bottle of red wine (Barbera will do excellently); don't forget, one bottle for each person. Antipasto! O brave new word that carries such associations with it.

And finally, to say that the English language is the only tradition directly inherited from England is a rash conclusion indeed. What about our legal system? Is that of no importance or did it, like Topsy, just grow? Incidentally, there are very few who will deny that we have improved quite a bit on that.

And as for Mr. R. taking his licking, excuse me while my chuckle tapers off to a horse laugh.

Tu quoque,
Brooklyn, N. Y. William F. Mosca

BUT ENGLAND SEEMS TO CARE



I have lived for months and years at a time in different parts of the United States. I've been to smart resorts, smart hotels, smart university gatherings—but I've very seldom seen men such as you illustrate in your fashion drawings. Why don't your fashion artists—who do their work with admirable technique take a tumble to themselves and the men around them, and start drawing *Americans?* If "Esquire's" idea in featuring these fashion drawings is to help its readers to dress better, or to enable them to learn what's going on so far as men's clothes are concerned, why not take a *look* at a few hundred of your readers—and illustrate accordingly? It's all very well, but if not one in a thousand Americans looks like an Indian Army Officer, what's the good of showing pictures of men whom your readers don't and never can look like. I don't quote this "against" with any serious depths of feeling. But it just strikes me as being a bit silly, that's all.

My other "against" is your dramatic critic. I am rather loath to mention it at all because I should think he counts people who don't care for him as being part of the atmosphere which surrounds a great man, or something. But he strikes me as being rather pompous and determined to let no one forget (if they had any reason to remember) that he's something of a bon viveur and knows what's going on. All that nonsense about Chateau Lafite '64! Are we to understand he drinks a good deal of it—or are we to realize he knows what's good to drink—or do we care, anyway? That article of his the other day about British actors; of course, he's right about the number of pansies—everybody knows that. But his attitude of "Tell England what I think" gets me: England doesn't care.

I remember Arnold Bennett saying one day "This fellow Nathan would get away with his self-presented reputation for being the complete man-of-the-world, if it weren't for the constipated expression on his face which he manifests as he strains to live up to it."

Still, I shall go on reading "Esquire" in spite of the Sandhurst drawings and the little Nathan chap.

Yours faithfully,
R. S. Freeman
London, S. W. 1, England

ODE TO THE DISLIKE OF BUYING TWO COPIES

Appealing to you Esquire,
I send a word, just to inquire.
If you couldn't so arrange,
That all your pictures, could be framed.
I cut them out, and take a look,
Before I paste them in my book.
Decide which side must go the paste,
A clever picture gone to waste.
So clever that we shouldn't hide,
The wit contained on either side.
If you'd only sometimes make 'em dumb,
But always they're so full of fun.
To sacrifice one, seems a shame,
That's why I'd love it rearranged.

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424 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK

Old Sour-Puss

Continued from page 116

and cigarettes. The girls told me they intended to do as they damned pleased. They left about nine o'clock after having done about $60 worth of damage.

Now I am very fond of pet animals and I have in my collection a ten-foot alligator named Daisy. Daisy had arrived sometime before from South Carolina. A man there owed me some money and I had written him saying to send me anything he wanted valued at the amount of the debt. I was a little taken back when Daisy arrived, especially as she broke out of everything I put her in, and had a nasty temper. But of late she had gotten quite tame and would even eat out of my hand.

Daisy was living in the greenhouse at this time, but she had outgrown everything I could find and the poor girl needed water. She went out one night and got in a neighbor's lily pond. The neighbor's wife had had a good deal of trouble with her husband's drinking but after he saw Daisy walking across his lawn to dive into the lily pool and come up a moment later wreathed in flowers, he lived on crackers and milk for a month afterwards.

The next day after my meeting with the Younger Generation, I put Daisy in the swimming pool. In case you have never seen an alligator swimming, they are wonderfully graceful in the water. I watched Daisy all morning and after lunch took her down a big codfish. Although I have no Sense of Humor, as the Young Set has frequently pointed out, I was looking forward with considerable interest to seeing the Jazz Age dive in on top of Daisy. But I did not want her to actually kill any one, and so I was feeding her up well.

Daisy had had a sun bath and was beginning to feel her oats, so to speak. She shot up from the depths like a submarine as soon as she saw the white belly of the fish on the surface.

There was a loud crunch as her jaws closed and the clean, ivory teeth cut through like daggers. The head and tail of the fish sank glimmering down through the water from either side of her long muzzle.

Coming to the surface, in traditional alligator fashion, she grinned at me and after shifting her mouthful around, swallowed it and sank. I was fairly sure she was full, but as her tail is as bad as her jaws, I was still a little worried. Daisy can strike a terrific blow with her tail and the stroke is delivered like a flash. She was all right if you approached her from the front, but if you came from behind she generally tried to brain you.

So I put on a bathing suit and went in just to see what would happen. I did not go very far from the sides, for I knew alligators had a habit of holding their prey under water until it stopped making bubbles and then stowing what was left in a corner until it softened up. I was sure Daisy would not try to eat me, as she was a lady and quite tame, but she might hold me under water for an hour or so while making up her mind and that would be unpleasant.

Daisy followed me about for some time, snuffing at my legs doubtfully, but as soon as I splashed she went away and lay on the bottom. An hour or so later, she came out and sat on the bank, so I returned to the house well satisfied.

There was a thunderstorm that afternoon and of course, no visitors. I think the thunder must have scared Daisy, for the next morning when I went down to the pool she was gone.

As we live in the suburbs, I was frankly scared. Not of Daisy; I knew she was as harmless as a kitten, but of a law suit. There is a very nervous old lady who lives next door, and I searched her flower garden first. The old lady came out and asked me what I was looking for, and I explained I had lost a little brown puppy. Unfortunately, she very kindly said she would help me hunt, and went about running her hands through bushes and calling "Here, little boy, here, darling." In terror that Daisy might suddenly stick her head out of a bush, I left hurriedly.

Four hours later, I found Daisy's trail through a bed of tulips and by noon had cornered her in a tennis court. The owners of the court had recently moved into the neighborhood and had come down that morning for a brisk game of tennis. At first they thought the alligator was a lawn ornament, and took a stick to lever her off the court. Daisy gave a bellow and chased them half way across the lawn. But the whole family were very good sports and the son even drove Daisy and me home, Daisy riding in the rumble with her tail hanging out. We attracted considerable attention.

The next day, my efforts were rewarded. Shortly after lunch, three cars swung in the drive bearing a shouting crowd playing guitars and singing at the top of their voices. I smiled grimly and went on drinking soup.

A few minutes later there was a loud crash as one of the cars tore through a hedge, followed by shrieks of laughter. There were outbursts of mirth for some time and then splashes from the direction of the pool.

Suddenly there was such a fearful scream from the pool that I rushed out in terror, fearing that Daisy had gone too far. But my fears were unfounded. "Bugs" Brigman ("He's the awfulest boy, my dear, he just don't care *what* he does!") was being pulled out of the pool, his pimply face dough-

Continued on page 228

GENTLEMEN'S EAU DE COLOGNE
CHARBERT

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Old Sour-Puss

Continued from pages 116-227

white and twisted with terror. A group of terrified girls were getting out at the far end while the rest of the sophisticates looked on helplessly.

As I expected, an indignant committee came up to see me.

"Say, listen," the spokesman began, "do you know there's an alligator in your pool?"

"Yes, I put her in there," I said.

They stared at me silently, speechless with rage.

"Well, how do you expect us to go swimming with an alligator?"

"Oh, she doesn't take up much room."

"Well, you can just get him out of there quick for I'm not going in swimming with a thing like that," said a girl.

"Then stay out. Just let me remind you that your generation's motto is 'try anything once' and you are always saying you want new sensations. Dive into that pool and get the thrill of your lives."

"Oh yeah? Well, your sister is a friend of mine and she said I could go in with my gang and if you don't get that beast out of there, I'll tell my mother and she and dad will make it so hot for you, you'll wish you hadn't tried to be so smart."

"Do," I begged her. "Do. I know the Johnsons had the police over the night you and your gang wrecked their living room and you made fools out of the officers and your fathers paid your fines. I know you drove your car over the Wilson's flower beds and as they had a debutante daughter they were afraid to antagonize you and your friends. I know your gang went on a drunk and broke the limbs off Farmer Howard's fruit trees and your parents were so influential he was afraid to sue for damages. But I'd like to see you try and prevent me from doing what I want to with my own pool."

They left shortly afterwards, cursing and sullen. The news spread rapidly. The next day only one car arrived containing some young men determined, I afterwards found out, to "call my bluff." It is difficult, however, to call the bluff of a ten foot alligator who isn't bluffing. Daisy was taking a sun bath on the edge of the pool when they arrived and after hissing savagely, she slipped into the water and swam over towards the visitors who hastily withdrew. Daisy remained floating with her eyes just above the water, waiting for somebody to dive in. The invitation was not accepted. A few minutes later I saw the group silently get in their car and drive away.

The reactions of our self-invited callers were interesting. They had grown so used to using the pool as though it were their own that any attempt to assert ownership seemed not only outrageous, but vaguely illegal. The girls especially were so used to being praised by doting parents they apparently quite honestly considered they had been doing me a favor by coming and that I was now behaving in an ungrateful fashion. One young lady telephoned me that she was giving a house party and intended to bring over her guests that afternoon. "And see that you have taken that alligator out of the pool before we get there," she added coldly as though giving an order to a servant. She hung up before I could say anything, but I called the house back and told her mother I would not be responsible if anyone was killed or injured by Daisy. The party never arrived.

Although very contemptuous of their parents in conversation, the "younger set" depended on the old fogies not only for financial support, but for moral support as well. So I was not surprised to receive many visits from parents. They usually set about the business more tactfully than their children. The mothers generally began by remarking that, although it was really a shame to betray their daughters' confidences, I was Madeline's or Ruth's or Betty's Ideal. They apparently thought their spoiled brats were so irresistibly fascinating that even such a transparent lie as that would send me reeling with bliss. But they didn't know Old Sour-Puss and they didn't know Daisy either.

The ethics of social duties are something I could never understand. One mother telephoned me to say she wanted to ask a great favor. She was giving a tea for her daughter that afternoon and by some mistake they were one short. Would I please save the day by filling in? I politely said I would be glad to oblige, and went to the tea. There I discovered the guests had been asked to a "swimming party," it being intended, of course, that I supply the pool. When I explained that, even if I wanted to, it would be impossible to move Daisy at an hour's notice, the hostess was incensed.

"This is certainly a nice return for my hospitality," she told me stiffly. That was the last I heard from would-be guests.

Doubtless the reader will be delighted to hear that later in the season while I was swimming with Daisy she bit me by accident. However, simply as an investment, the alligator earned her keep. Counting ruined bedspreads, broken dishes, cigarette burns, garage doors, smashed life preservers, rubber horses, spoilt pillows, refilling the pool, etc., our guests cost us about $160 in two months. My hospital and doctor's bills were under $50. So I still think that Daisy was a good idea, and if, like all ladies, she is impulsive, there is many a gentleman who wishes he could get away from his lady friend with nothing worse than a bite and a bill for $50. ⧺

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OTIS BRYAN, *Captain*

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ISABELLE L. JUDKINS, *Hostess*

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J. G. HART, *Crew Chief*

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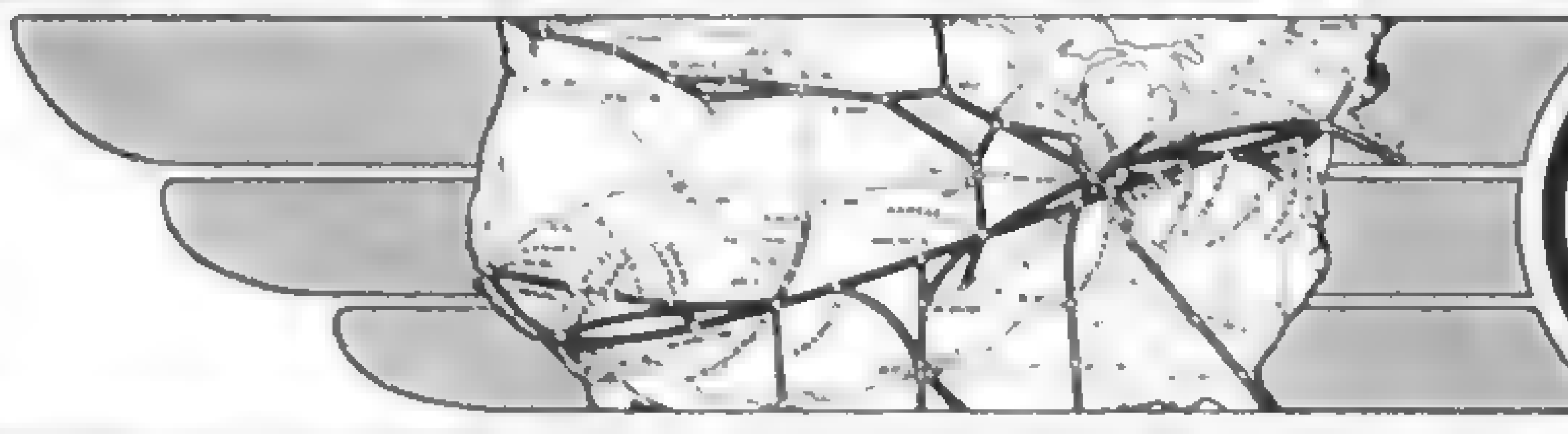

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FIRST IN SPEED · FIRST IN COMFORT · FIRST IN SERVICE

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Sticklers for style don't close their eyes to smartness even when they sleep! Join the fashionable "night club" of men who go to bed the modern way . . . attired in handsome, smooth-fitting, slumber-sure pajamas by Universal. Tuck yourself in for a smart night's sleep . . . in your choice of *Celanese*,* silks, rayons, fine sateens or broadcloths. Smart masculine patterns. At one of your city's better shops.

P.S. The fair sex likes Miss Universal pajamas man tailored of *Celanese** and other swank fabrics.

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STEINER-LIBERTY CORPORATION
NEW YORK BALTIMORE CHICAGO

UNIVERSAL
Pajamas

"WE PUT THE WORLD TO SLEEP"

Selected Case History

Continued from page 115

It has stimulated me, carried me through periods of fatigue and discouragement, and made piquant many a situation which might otherwise have been ordinary. But it has never been responsible for my "coming across." That decision was always made in advance of the first drink.

Q. How could you keep up your office work when you were dissipating at night?

A. With youth, strength, and heroism. I won't deny that I know what it is to put in an awful day at the office with a hangover. I don't suppose I could do it now. But everyone did. We could "take it."

Q. Have you enough attractions as a woman so that you might have held your men without becoming intimate with them?

A. No. Nowadays, few men go out with a girl for a third date unless there is some hope that the male and female association will eventually become complete. They are not preoccupied with that phase alone, but it cannot be ignored. In accepting modern life as it is, I can assure you that I am in no way unique; my life has been a typical illustration of the average high-spirited girl who neither marries early nor submits to prudish old maidenhood.

I have been admired, liked, and praised for many other qualities than the skill in love which I well know I possess. Without being beautiful, I am attractive. I know how to dress, I have acquired poise. I am a good companion for nearly any occasion. Let the older generation claim this should be enough for any decent-minded man. It isn't. Let them say he will despise and hold in contempt the girl who submits to his will. That is so ridiculous that I will not even bother to cite in refutation the countless happy, understanding, high-type friendships I have observed between young men and women where sex was allowed its sweet way, free from ancient prejudice and narrowness.

I have had both types of friendship with men—platonic and otherwise—and I truthfully say that the men to whom I gave most treated me with greater kindness, respect, and consideration than any others. I would not take anything for the love affairs which I allowed myself in my twenties.

Q. Were you ever truly in love?

A. Only once, too much in love. With the only completely worthless man I ever met. Love must, indeed, be blind, and mad as well. I married this man when it would have been far better to be contented with an affair. I supported him for two years, then came to my senses and divorced him. The first affairs I permitted myself as a divorcee were frankly consolation measures. Eventually, my heart was whole again.

Q. Would you have been satisfied to remain single for the rest of your life, having affairs at intervals?

A. Yes, if the affairs would keep up. But they wouldn't. After thirty, a woman's masculine admirers gradually dwindle and disappear. Not because she has lost her charm—but there are fewer desirable men left. She is forced to accept a solitary existence, the more irksome because she is unaccustomed to it, and her middle age is lonely and tragic.

Q. Did you marry for love the second time?

A. Not exactly. I found love after marriage. I met my present husband two summers ago, shortly after he had been widowed After sorrow, he welcomed the company of a younger woman who was gay, yet understanding. We were playmates for the season. He evidently realized what my background had been; he did not censure it. He merely honored me to the extent of asking me to marry him and become the stepmother of his two fine sons.

It was a very fortunate marriage. The easily shocked would have said I did not dedeserve so much – a fine, handsome husband, ten years my senior, offering a home, financial security, absolute devotion. Yet this all was granted to me, who had tasted life and found it good, while countless estimable young women, in their pinched virginity, were left to sleep alone and read good books! You see, this is a world where the wicked occasionally flourish to the envy of the timid and over-righteous.

Q. Is it difficult for you to be faithful to your husband?

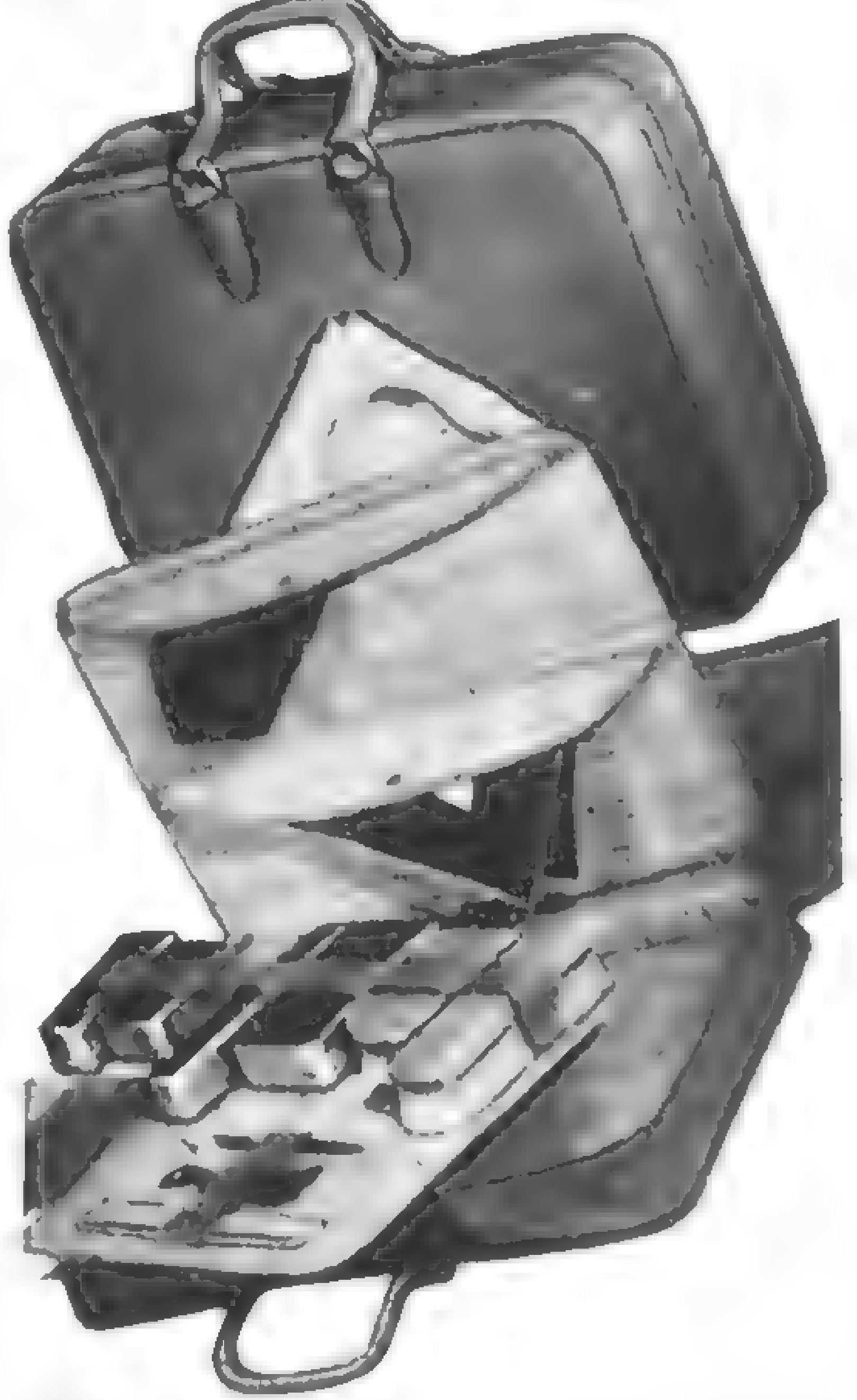
A. Not at all. Our sexual congeniality was established by a six-months' happy test before we were married. We like the same amusements, the same people, the same books. He is all men in one to me, as I am all women in one to him. I will not be smug and say I am a hundred per cent happy but I claim ninety per cent, which is above the average, is it not?

Q. Then you submit your case history in support of the Sinners' Side in statistical research?

A. If you wish to call it that. At any rate, let this be my epitaph, if I am called unexpectedly skyward: "It was fun I have no regrets—I am not afraid." ###

"For bugs in a rug"

the new super-convenient
SNUGPACK



Off—bag and baggage for the football weekend. Rumble seat sportsmen who crowd the highways to nearby stadiums will do well to contrate their accessories in SNUGPACK, the miracle kit only 12x16 x4½. Shirts, ties, socks, handkerchiefs—even a quart—there's room for every essential. The removable tray is fitted with a dozen toilet articles in chrome, satinwood or ebony. Genuine topgrain cowhide, pigskin, sun-tan or marblehide are your choice of leathers. Lock and key hold fast the Talon twin Zipper.

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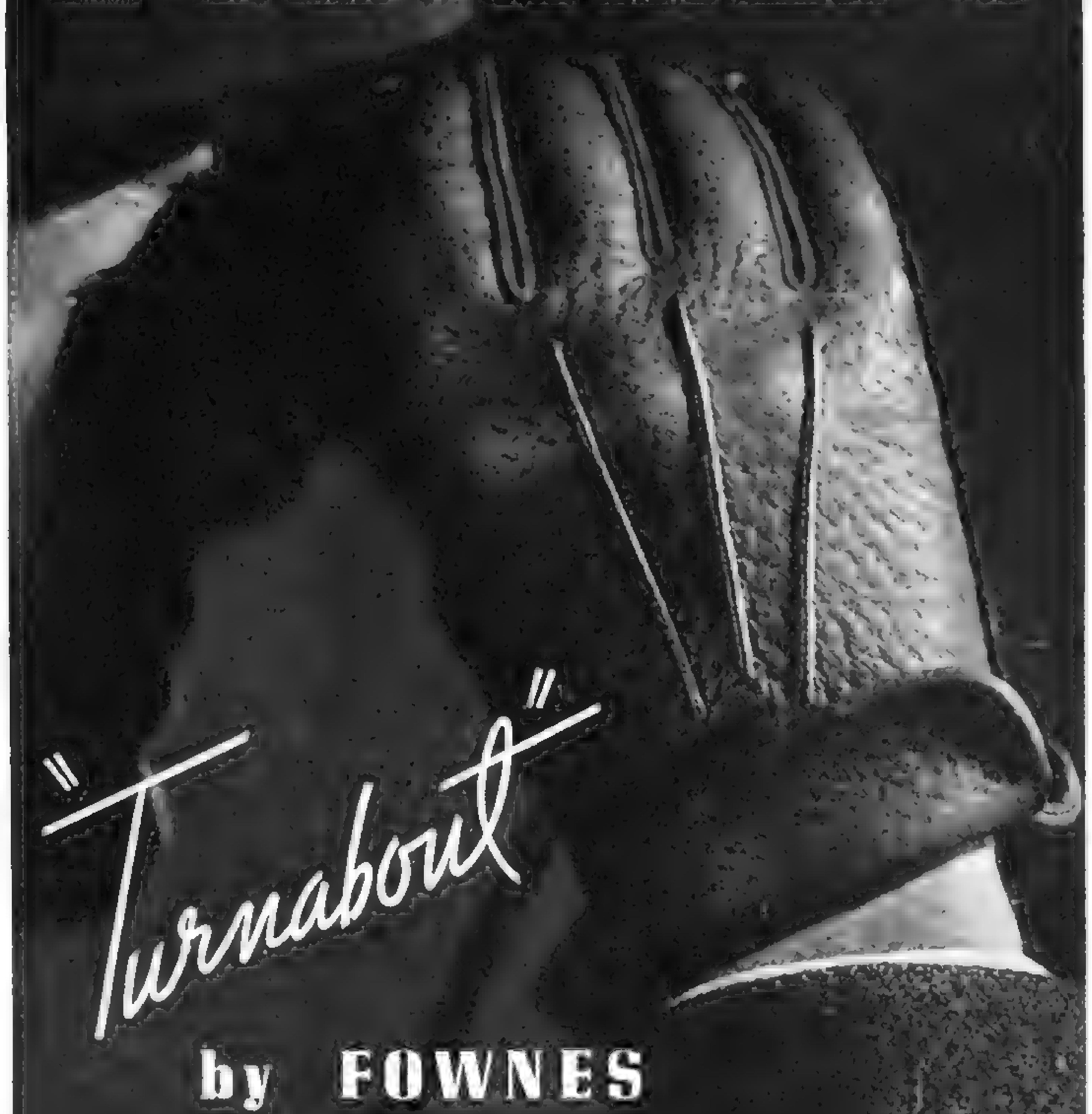

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NEW—for men who like a casual air. A Fownes origination, made with the unerring Fownes instinct for glove perfection. Pigskin, mocha, and goat, in all leading colors. At your favorite store now. Fownes Gloves from $2.50 to $25.

It's a FOWNES...That's all you need to know about a glove

The Candid Cameraman

Continued from page 122

ent answer. And for those who cannot come to the regularly conducted public tours through the mills, the company is making a movie. The first Technicolor talking commercial film.

This is the magic of publicity counsel—You have nothing to hide, U. S. Steel mills; take the public into your confidence, and banish the bogey-man.

So we are taken to see a real Hollywood crew making Technicolor shots of steel-workers. And we are told by the public relations counsel that now even plain ordinary citizens visiting the mills are often allowed to take along their candid cameras.

Some of the major illusions are immediately dispelled. The blasting furnace is no crowded, fiery place with demon-men rushing around, and Victor McLaglens churning molten metal with the sheer power of their herculean arms. Perhaps even the color-film will fail to establish this vastness, the sense of space, the sense of a whole region converted by man from its natural dune-landscape of sand and scrubby trees into an industrial area. These square miles are all rails, roads, coal-cars, engines, high tubular furnaces, and gigantic metallic sheds. There is a sense of being within something entirely, generically different from a natural landscape; this is a whole world of forms created entirely by man.

It is saturated in smells created entirely by man, rusty, metallic, and acid smells, not always unpleasant. It has an entire scheme of mechanical sounds, utterly different from the sounds of human voices, or of beasts. The movie will reproduce these; I wonder if it will bring out that these are not merely raucous noises, but that they comprise a unity, a world.

This huge industrial area is going full blast. Fifteen thousand men are employed here. One comes with the pre-conceived idea of a mass industry, of men in hordes boiling metal out of ore, still largely by muscle-power. Yet there seem to be very few workers around.

In the vast shed where seven open-hearth furnaces lie end on end, like any group of furnaces, only twenty times larger, there are perhaps two dozen men moving about. Only their naked torsos gleam in the grayish atmosphere. Before the furnaces, on tracks about fifteen feet apart, rolls a giant tool. It is a platform upon which there sits a man. He manipulates levers. A huge steel fist reaches out of the tool. A furnace door opens. The fist projects into the door, turns, dumps its giant handful of minerals into the bath of molten steel, the fist is retracted, the door closes, and the platform rolls back. Overhead is a traveling crane that spans the shed. We watch a pouring of molten iron, into the open-hearth furnace where iron, with other ingredients, is cooked into steel. Two hooks, as large as anchors, lift and tilt the vessel of molten iron, which seems as large as a Hollywood bathtub. The blazing yellow stream of metal flows into the open-hearth furnace, while star-sparks razzle-dazzle out over the floor.

We put on special blue glasses and look for an instant through the peephole into the furnace; this one is nearly ready to pour. The metal-surface bubbles like uneasy lava. Getting that close is really hot. A minute is about all a stranger can stand.

But all in all, the demon-illusion is gone. One feels that he too, with practice, could get up there and run that platform along the rails, pull the levers that shoot out the ladle; that he too, might learn to operate the giant overhead crane. And as for throwing shovel-fulls of dolomite into the furnace to prepare the bottom for a new pouring—that would be hard and hot and nasty work, but certainly not super-human.

But then, standing and watching a little while longer, a new and rational idea begins to grow, displacing the demon-idea. Look how smoothly the platform comes opposite the furnace-door, controlled as delicately as a pair of tweezers. How can the operator make the ladle come out and turn at the exact moment when the furnace is opened, how can he so accurately slide it into the small open space? The whole operation so titanically unhurried, and controlled? There is no sense here of a mechanized industry in the sense of men displaced by machines. The moving platform, with its gargantuan fist, seems to be an extension of the limbs of the man. It is not a machine but a tool.

In a few moments, that whole feeling of machine-power is converted into a feeling of control-power. It becomes quickly obvious that it would take time, a long time, for any man to become so firmly a part of this grand rhythm that he could exert his will over one of these great machines.

What of the heavy physical exertions? They are still there; it takes a mighty arm to lift a drag-chain onto the anchor-hook of that traveling crane. There are shovels, wheelbarrows here. Men moving about here have easy-flowing, rope-like muscles. And in the periods of working close to the furnace there is terrific heat to be endured. Then, in the winter—and the film probably will not show you this—the men are working in the open sheds, cut by the icy winds from the lake, their faces baked by the furnace heat, while their backs freeze.

Nevertheless the effect of the whole is of a calm, controlled process, a great mechanical beast in domestic servitude. The steel-mill area is so vast as to swallow the thousands of workers, at no one spot does it seem to be a

Continued on page 232

Named for New York, these splendid suits, topcoats and overcoats will win their wearers a perfect reception in any section of the land. Good taste knows no geographical boundaries... and a smart appearance is just as important on Main Street as on Wall Street, Michigan or Wilshire Boulevard. The "New Yorker" is a nation-wide hit, because these garments have been designed and tailored to express the sophistication that is shared equally by all Americans today. Tune in on your "New Yorker" dealer... and enjoy, for yourself, the superlative advantages of this clothing that embodies the highest principles of Rochester, quality clothing capital of the country.

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JOHN DAVID, New York City · EMRY'S, Spokane · CITY OF PARIS, San Francisco · CROWLEY, MILNER & CO., Detroit · DANIELS & FISHER, Denver · ZION CO-OP MERC. INST., Salt Lake City SAKOWITZ BROS., Houston · JACOBI BROS., Buffalo · E. M. KAHN & CO., Dallas · MAYER ISRAEL'S, New Orleans · J. BLACH & SONS, Birmingham · GUS BLASS CO., Little Rock · M. LEVY CO., Shreveport · A. MAY & SONS, Grand Rapids · THE UNION CO., Columbus, Ohio · E. W. EDWARDS & SON, Syracuse · SAMUEL SPIRO CO., South Bend · JOS. N. NEEL CO., Macon · And other leading stores throughout the country. Write for one nearest you.

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LOOK FOR THIS TRADE-MARK ON
BRASSIERES
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Brilliantly interpreting the modern figure-mode, "Intimo"—Maiden Form's most popular brassiere theme—gives smart emphasis to the natural line-of-separation between the breasts. "Intimo" may be selected in various types to suit different figure needs—$1.00 to $5.00.

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Everybody Says:
"WHAT BEAUTIFUL LUGGAGE"
tufraw GENUINE Rawhide LUGGAGE

★ Many a woman has cast longing glances at some one else's TUFRAW *Genuine* Rawhide Luggage ensemble . . . said to herself: "That's the luggage I hope to own some time." Yet TUFRAW Luggage is right within your reach . . . right within the reach of everyone willing to pay just a *little more* for something worth a *great deal more.*

Perhaps, like many, you will prefer the ivory parchment tone of the natural rawhide. Then, again, if you like a touch of color, the AGATE Brown, Tan, Grey or Black may be your choice . . . But whatever the color, you will always be happy with your TUFRAW luggage . . . proud when friends say: "What beautiful luggage." Ask for it at the better dealers.

TUFRAW Genuine Rawhide is produced exclusively by Gutmann and Company, Inc., Chicago.

The Candid Cameraman

Continued from pages 122-230

mass-employment; only when the shift changes, and they stream ten abreast out of the main gate, is the mass-idea restored.

The idea of the steel-worker is changed, then. Here is no "bunch of hunkies" whose places might be taken by any other "bunch of hunkies." In fact, only about seven per cent of the employes are listed as unskilled labor.

The movie being made by United States Steel is intended to glorify the men who make steel. This movie is budgeted at $200,000, but will probably cost about twice as much, since such items as idle-time of the furnaces while pictures are being taken are not charged up, nor are the expenses of publicity staffs. The movie, I was informed, is to be used in three ways. A one-reel version called *Men of Steel* is to be released as a short subject in motion picture theatres. It will play up the men, the steel-makers. It will consist mostly of shots showing the various duties of the men—the overhead crane operator and how he does his job, the first helper at the furnace, the second helper, the cinder-snapper. There will be no company advertising, except perhaps a shot or two of a building or a machine on which the company name is stamped.

Secondly, there will be a three-reel version for release in schools, Y. M. C. A.'s, and other educational institutions. Thirdly, there will be a six-reel version of a technical nature for exhibition at meetings of steel-makers.

The last item need not concern us at all. The second item is of interest in relation to the first.

The matter of commercial films was discussed in these columns a few months ago. Since then, however, it is to be noted that the commercial film business is in a decided boom. *Variety* estimates that the Wilding Corporations, second-largest in the business, made 500,000 feet of film, the equivalent of fifty ten-reelers, last year. Among Wilding's customers, according to Denis Morrison, are Ford, Bendix, United Cigars, Kroger, Frigidaire, Pillsbury, Sears-Roebuck, Lipton's Tea, and scores of other nationally known firms. Jam Handy, bigger than Wilding Corp., gets about $1,800,000 a year from Chevrolet, alone, for films.

Now, where are such films shown? The "educational type of film," a documentary film of a process of manufacture, is shown largely outside of motion picture theatres. Y. M. C. A.'s form an extensive releasing medium; according to Mr. Morrison they collect a fee for showing commercials, and reach an aggregate audience of a million persons per year. Another releasing medium is in the U.S. Bureau of Mines. This, like similar government educational bureaus, has a film service. Firms are required, however, to remove all advertising material or even brand-identifying scenes from pictures that are shown through the government.

For the sake of that general, long-term item, good-will toward the industry, firms like U. S. Steel are willing to do this. And in fact I am informed that their present publicity campaign has a sort of progenitor; many years ago a film showing the romance of steel was made for the company; it was full of gingerbread scenes, rather simple propaganda in which the happy worker's family at home was cut into the scenes of metal being poured. It ended with a line-up of graybeards, living on company pensions. Modern publicity men shun such blatant propaganda, and the new steel-making film will have no off-the-job scenes. But anyway the Bureau of Mines will take fifty prints of a film and get each print an audience averaging a hundred people a week. It adds up.

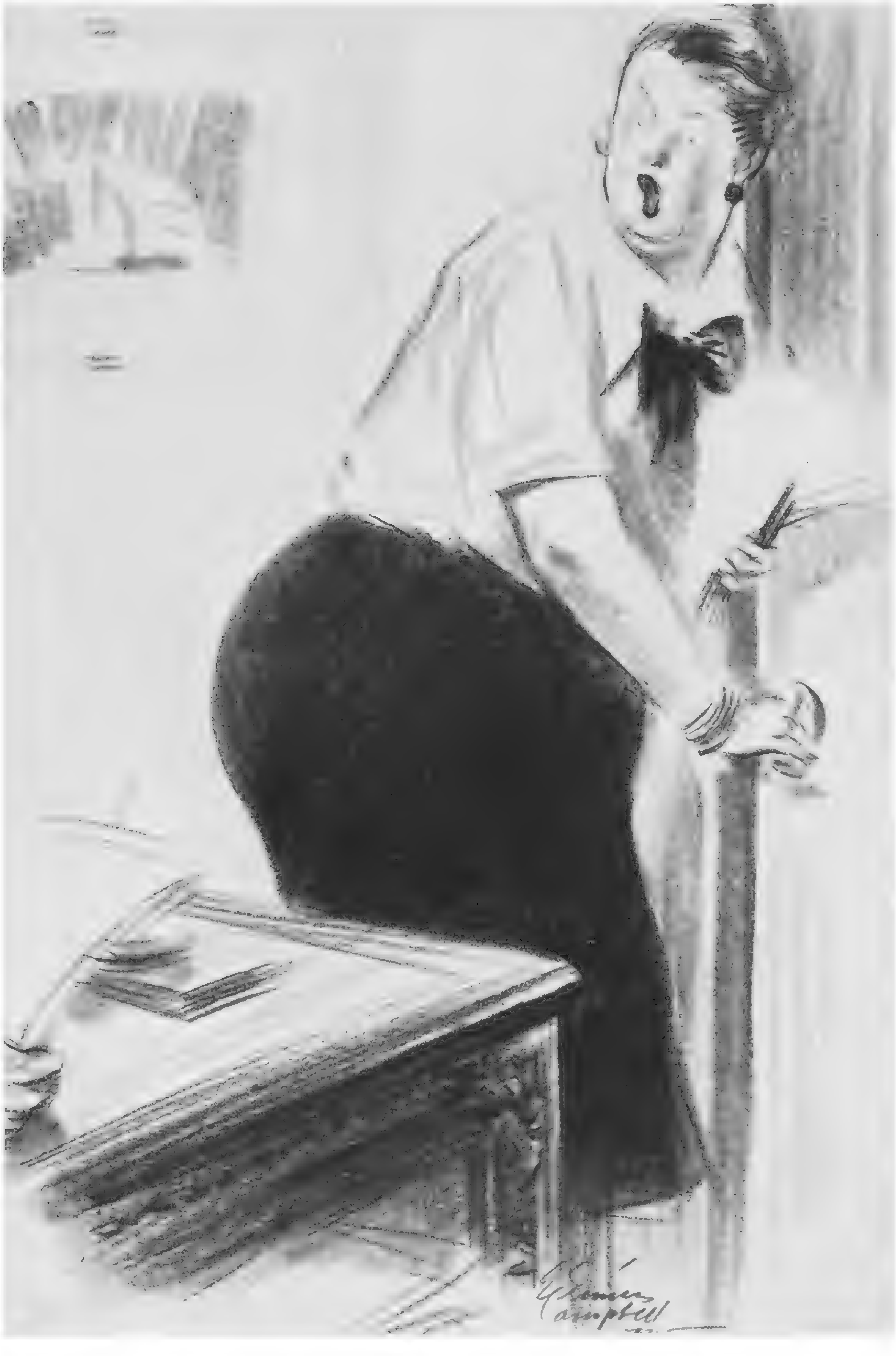
Exhibitions outside of motion picture theatres may be thought of as more or less legitimate for commercial film-makers. However, Roland Reed, who is directing the new steel picture, and whose greatest pride is that he is a real Hollywood film-maker with a real Hollywood crew even if this is only a commercial, informed me that he made some advertising films for Westinghouse Electric that were shown to over fifteen million people in six months. He has just made a series of shorts for Lucky Strike cigarettes, trailer-length things. Real Hollywood stars in them, mind you. Buddy Rogers, you know, he married Mary Pickford recently. And James Dunn, and Patricia Ellis, and Doris Kenyon. And these films are really subtle. They don't plug the product. They're in the nature of, you know, like those Screen Snaphots of celebrities. An interviewer is talking to Buddy and maybe Buddy reaches for a cigarette and he's out. So the man offers him one. "Luckies!" says Buddy. "That's lucky, that's the kind I always smoke." Or something to that effect. Get it? Just slide in the plug. Or are you a radio-listener, too?

And what about the Hershey-town short that played in leading theatres? What about the little dramatized ads for Ford motors, see your local dealer?

Doesn't the audience ever kick? Well, yah, admitted Mr. Reed, he heard that in some town, maybe Topeka, about ten people in an audience began to boo. But that was probably some locally made, poorly done job with the local laundry splashed on the screen. You know little jerkwater outfits make a couple of feet of laundry ads, leaving a blank so they can tack on the name of any town laundry. That kind of stuff is cheap, putrid. To get the stuff smooth, it has to be done by professionals. From Hollywood.

The worst thing is, that Mr.

Continued at top of page 234


E. Simms Campbell

"For the last time Mr. Corbett—my name is Marie, not Fanny!"

BY APPOINTMENT

THE FORM

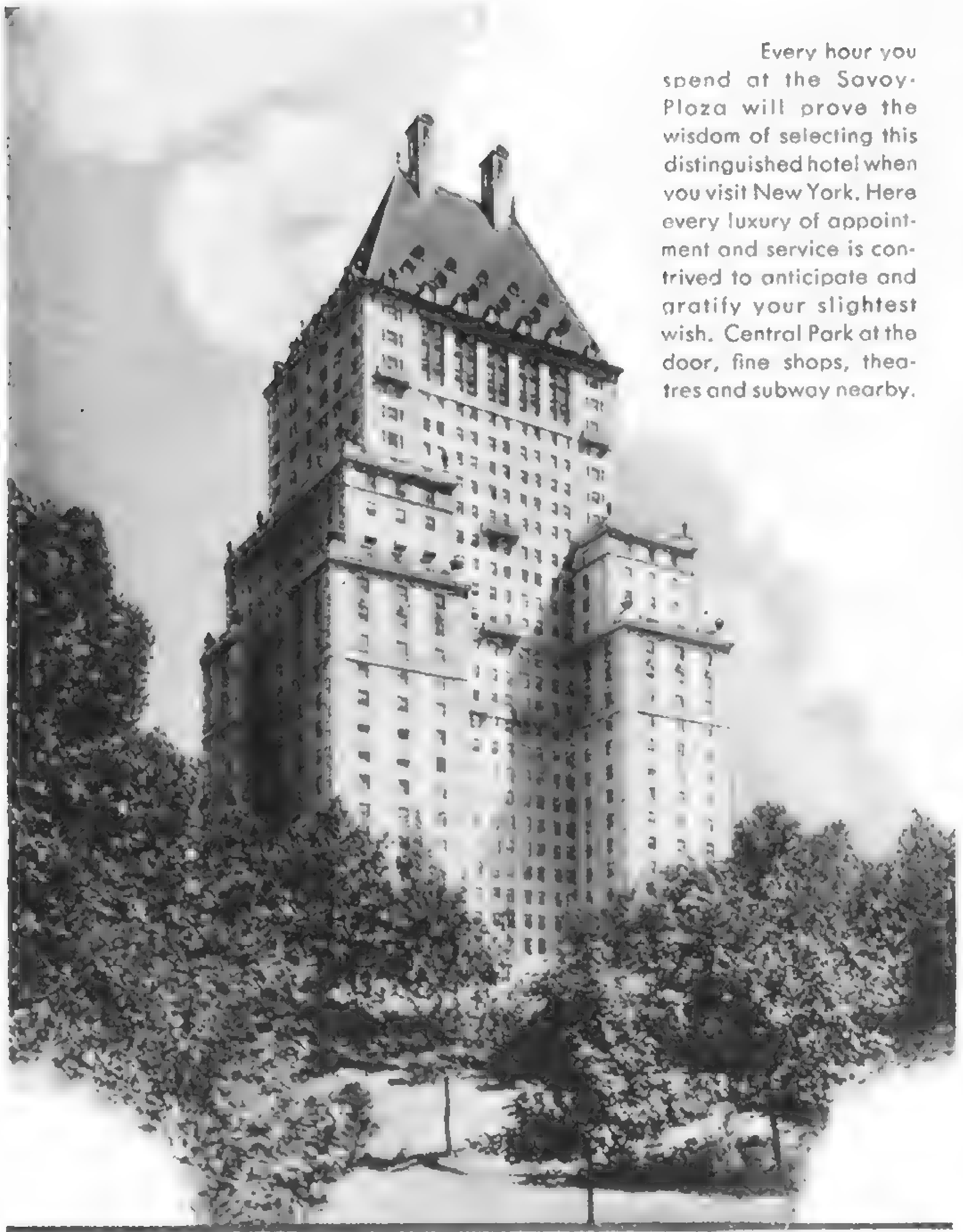
that is so characteristic of Burberry Overcoats, quite apart from their design and drape, lies in our inherent appreciation of what men of importance the world over desire to *shun* in ill-considered apparel.

Hard treatment and rough usage seem only to enhance the appearance of Burberry weather-proofed Gabardines.

For the convenience of Burberry patrons, selected dealers are located in the principal cities of the United States and Canada. An inquiry to Burberrys Ltd., 16 E. 38th St., New York, will bring prompt response of location and address.

BURBERRYS LTD. of LONDON ENGLAND

BURBERRYS LONDON



Every hour you spend at the Savoy-Plaza will prove the wisdom of selecting this distinguished hotel when you visit New York. Here every luxury of appointment and service is contrived to anticipate and gratify your slightest wish. Central Park at the door, fine shops, theatres and subway nearby.

Henry A. Rost
Managing Director

SAVOY-PLAZA

George Suter
Resident Manager

OVERLOOKING CENTRAL PARK

FIFTH AVE. • 58th to 59th STS. • N Y

The Candid Cameraman

Continued from pages 122-230-232

Reed, being a practical man, speaks the truth. You can squawk about the little laundry ads. But when a big cigarette company comes along and not only offers the theatre-owner a film free, but pays him for running the thing—it becomes difficult for the theatre-owner to hear the squawks. Because it's entertaining, isn't it? Legitimate Hollywood stars.

And the biggest companies can do the slickest job of all. How can one squawk against a really good documentary film of the steel industry? If the movie companies can't afford to spend two hundred thousand dollars making a short, the steel companies can. And they are going to make it so good, I hear, that they won't even have to pay the theatres to run it. They won't even have to give it away free. They may charge for it like any other film.

Maybe, then, the movie moguls will go into business making steel. #

The S. D. P. H.

Continued from page 99

with a can-opener, mashing his left big toe by dropping a sewing-machine on it, and, shortly before four o'clock, in getting himself smothered to death by an avalanche of snow which descended on him from the porch roof.

Case 100. Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Francis Thorburn, investor, got a hunch that stocks would go up sharply. Invested heavily on margin in rails and utilities. The day was October 29, 1929.

Case 184. Tucson, Arizona. Gerald Franklin had been trying to sell short stories for seven years without success. He was about to give up when suddenly a still small voice inside him whispered: "Don't give up. Write one more story, and mail it to an editor on Friday, the thirteenth. You can't go wrong." Franklin did so. He got it back on Monday, the twenty-third.

Case 501. Louisville, Kentucky. Miss Sylvia Shaughnessy is nuts about horse racing. Three summers ago she went to Churchill Downs for the races. On her way to the race track a gold filling dropped out of her tooth. On arriving she discovered that a horse named Solid Gold was entered in one of the races. Put ten bucks on Solid Gold's nose at twenty to one. Solid Gold finished eighth in a field of eleven.

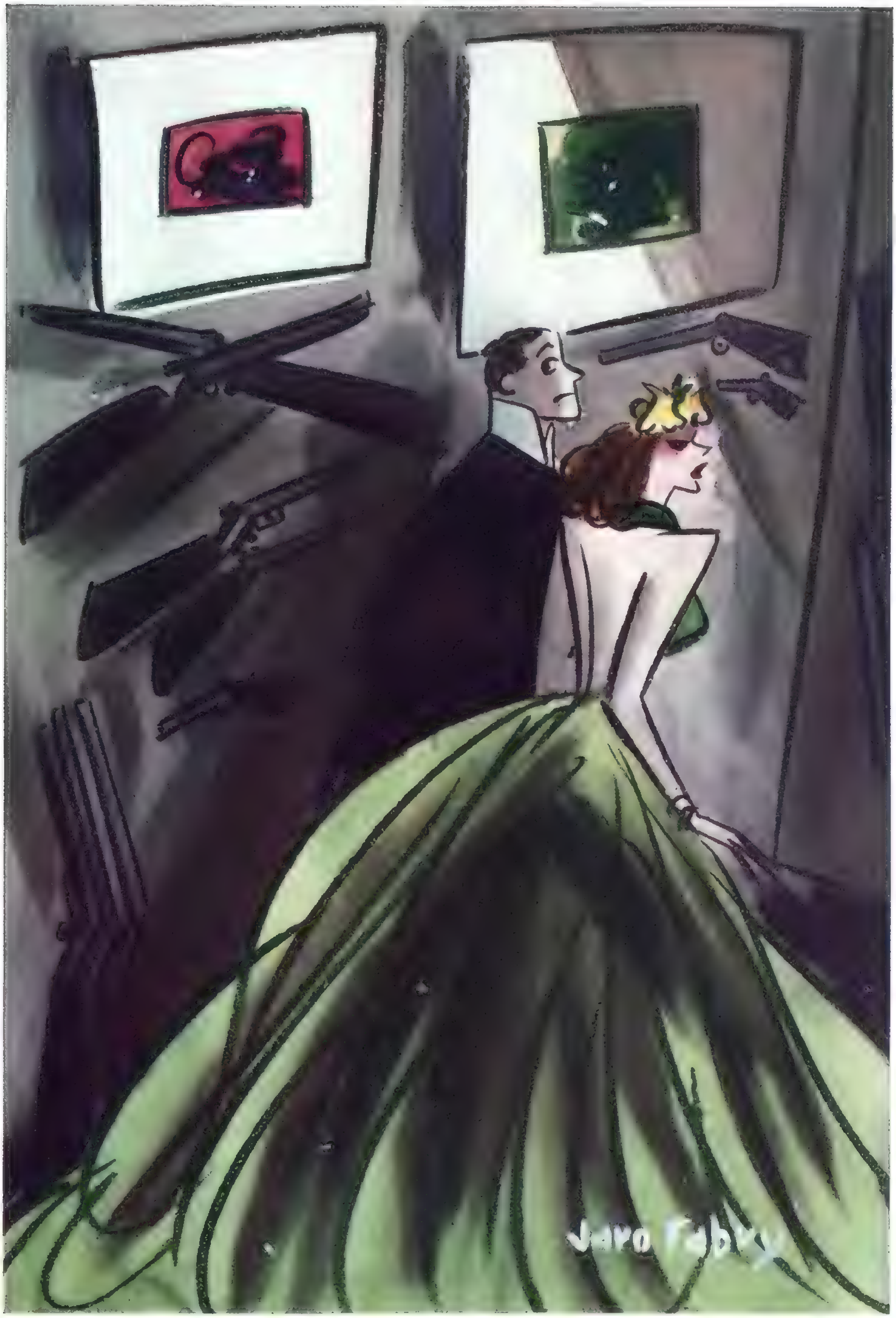
Case 19. Camden, New Jersey. In the summer of 1934 Harry Myerson was about to take a pleasure excursion. Had chartered passage on a boat, but at the last minute was seized with an irresistible premonition that it would meet with disaster. Canceled stateroom, and sailed on the *Morro Castle* instead.

Case 632. Cambridge, Massachusetts. Buck Troogins, Harvard quarterback of some years ago, was playing against Yale. Harvard led 7—6 with one minute to play, and had ball on her own twelve-yard line, fourth down and seven to go. Troogins was about to punt, but suddenly got a hunch that an off-tackle play would catch Yale off her guard, and that he would breeze up the field for a touchdown. Called the play. Troogins fumbled, and Yale recovered. Final score: Yale 13—Harvard 7.

Case 5. New Orleans, Louisiana. This concerns the case of Robert Winkler, one of the strangest we have encountered. Some four years ago Winkler got the premonition that he was about to turn into a dog. Friends did all in their power to reassure him and set his mind to running in more wholesome channels, but nothing availed. Winkler became more and more certain of his fate, and even began to get premonitions as to what sort of a dog he would become—a cross between a beagle and a spaniel. During the past two years he has taken to feeling his ears periodically for the first signs of metamorphosis. A recent bulletin from New Orleans, received only three days ago, may be of interest. It reads: "Winkler has not turned into a dog."

Case 69. New York City. Lovely Miss Martha Thayer, ever searching for a suitable mate, was fast becoming discouraged at the caliber of suitors who sought her hand. However, on the evening of December 18 last, she had a feeling that she would meet her ideal man at a party she was about to attend. Arriving at the party, she was speedily introduced to a Mr. Harold Lawson. One quick glance, and her intuition said: "He is the one—sensitive, perceptive, with the soul of a poet." Lawson became attentive, and eventually took her home in a taxi-cab after the party.

Miss Thayer became slightly puzzled when Lawson told her three times in rapid succession how he had told his boss to go to hell on that very afternoon. When she interrupted what threatened to be a fourth version, he said: "Whassa big idea? Doncha think I'm sober, huh?" When the taxi arrived at Miss Thayer's apartment house, Miss Thayer went into the lobby, leaving Lawson to pay the driver. She heard Lawson shout loudly: "So you wanna fight, eh?" and ten minutes later he staggered into the lobby with his hat missing, and his overcoat badly torn. The couple thereupon entered the elevator, and the operator inquired: "Floor, please?" Lawson retorted: "None of your goddam business, you!-x-x!!**!" and swung a vicious round-house at the operator, missing by eighteen inches, and collapsing in a heap on the floor. Miss Thayer has no idea what has ever become of Lawson since. #



"We won't be disturbed in here — this is my husband's den."

A ROYAL GLOVE BY BACMO

The WINDSOR

Goatskin $3.50

IN MOCHA AND PIGSKIN . . . $5

Men about town are choosing "The Windsor." It's new and original. Handsome and smooth looking in the British tradition. In better glove departments everywhere.

For name of your nearest dealer, write BACMO-POSTMAN CORP., 1 Park Ave., New York

ADVICE ABOUT MEN

for women only

Tho men talk of comfort, they also have a secret yen for style. Why not gratify both these masculine yearnings with a gift of Evans Slippers. No other gift — and surely no other make of slippers will bring such delight to that man of *yours* — and keep him gift-happy throughout the year.

The best stores carry them in a range of styles and colors sure to appeal to the masculine taste. L. B. Evans' Son Company, Wakefield, Mass.

Evans Slippers

EVANS STANDARD *Your guide to the best in Men's Slippers*

Style 6842
Black Kid Opera,
Yellow Kid Trim

Style 6929
Regimental Stripe
Opera—lea. sole

Style 1446 Black
Satin Kid Opera

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from page 118

look like any one. You look like a virginal Mae West whom I should team, if I were a director, with Fred Astaire—I presume you can tap dance—and, if I were a director, I should ask Mr. Astaire to work out a routine in which he would be almost constantly kicking you *à derrière*."

"So you are promising to put me in the movies now, Mr. Jim-Jam Gems?"

"The name, my dear, is Carnegie—Irvin S., Clarence Budington, Charles G., David A., Martin D., Pierrepont Spencer, Rupert, Walter, Branch, Garrett, Ben, Harry Payne, Oscar Odd, Dale or whatever fancy first names I like to give myself. I, that is to say, we, never promise to put anybody in the movies. We are engaged in a more elevating profession. May I have now, if you please, one of those packs of small photographic reproductions which shows nearly everything of interest around here except you and costs, I believe, fifteen cents?"

En route to Salt Lake City to be entertained and plagued by this phenomenon I had seen other phenomena at Medicine Bow, Wyoming. On the outskirts of Medicine Bow on Como Ridge the national highway takes you right to the spot where there is on exhibit the skeleton of the largest dinosaur ever found. It looks *exactly like* the skeleton of a dinosaur only larger.

Medicine Bow is surrounded by fossil deposits and by the scenery described in Owen Wister's famous novel, *The Virginian*. My conclusion was that Mr. Wister had one of the grandest imaginations this nation has ever produced: for the only thing anyone can remember about *The Virginian* is that somebody in the novel called somebody else an s-o-b, and the hero said, fingering the pistols in both holsters at his sides, "When you call me that, pardner, smile." I couldn't figure that anybody at any time in such a place could call anybody such a name as that. But Wister didn't say that the skunk called the hero a *dirty* s.o.b., which would be really bad, bad, bad, bad, because that is the worst kind . . .

So we descended upon Virginia City and from afar had the illusion that it was well-populated. Many of the buildings on C Street are still standing, but they are now gutted or turned into museum places for tourists. The second-floor porches which extend out over the sidewalk have not been torn down, as they have been in Cripple Creek where timber is so scarce.

It is a "ghost town" truly, even if the rise in the price of gold has brought about the resumption of a certain activity, and the hillsides are again pockmarked with the excavations of hardy and hopeful souls. The Ophir and Sutro mines are in operation but the work is done mainly on shares. The companies are not very optimistic but if you and your pardner have a pneumatic drill, they will not only give you the run of the mines but they will also maintain the cost of lighting the tunnels and stopes, the cost of maintaining the hoists or elevators at the point of efficiency demanded by the law, and the cost of taking out, transporting, milling and assaying, and take half of the gross.

You and your pardner can make from six to nine dollars a day; and six to nine dollars will be the company's gross out of your labor, but the company's net will be much less than that because, under the law, the company must maintain an elaborate electric signal system watched over every second to show just where every hoist is and what is happening in the tunnels deep in the mines; they must have their machinery regularly inspected so no disaster will arise from negligence.

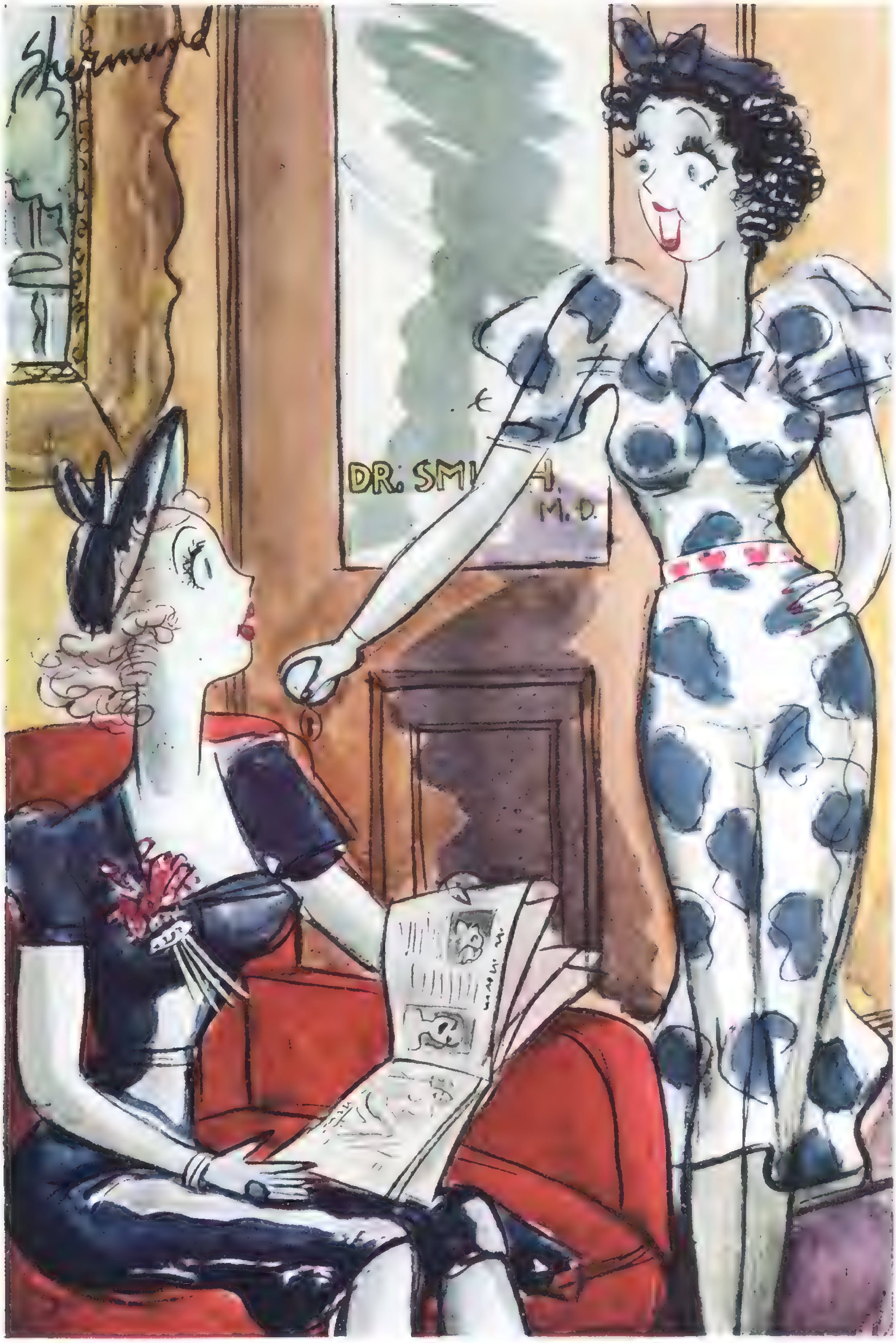
When I was in Cripple Creek, Colorado, another revived "ghost town," Frank Waters, who took me down 1700 feet into the Eagle mine, told me a story of the now historic Cripple Creek strike which froze my blood and made me sick for hours. Just from reading about it I have always been on the side of the strikers in this brush of labor with capital; and perhaps I should be even now because those who personally risked the least and who profited the most from these gold mines were not men who sweated there but shrewd men in well-appointed offices in New York who, even if they were as insolvent personally as any miner in their employ, could arrange bank credit (on the very hopes these miners had) for the carrying out of their enterprises.

But how, in the name of God, could anyone figure that he was helping the cause of labor or anything else by the fiendish planning of the murder of fifteen men? The men thus murdered were "scabs." Scabs are men who are willing to work under conditions and at a rate of pay which are different from the conditions and the rate of pay prescribed by the leaders of a union, who are also paid out of funds one contributes and have thereby a better income than one himself enjoys.

These "scabs" were working at the bottom of a 2300-foot shaft, deploying out in tunnels. Fifteen of them were being hoisted to the earth's surface at the finish of their day's work. Someone among labor's friends had greased the brakes of the hoist. There was no way of stopping, then, the swift up-shoot of the elevator. Since that tragic day they have devised mechanical stops (company funds pay for this: there is no fund of this kind coming out of the pay of the workers).

The old-fashioned hoist cables were quite adequate for the time. Their strength and tension were

Continued on page 238


Shermund
DR. SMI H
M.D.

"Well—you guessed it!"

Santa Fe
Ye Early Bird
at

Phoenix
Palm Springs
Winter Ranches

In recent years—and last season was tops—there has been huge demand for winter accommodation at the hotels, resorts and dude ranches in and roundabout Phoenix, Wickenburg and Castle Hot Springs, Arizona; and Palm Springs, California.

SCRAMBLE

Regrettably, early habit set an all-too-brief "season" for this sunniest of winter playgrounds. There developed a merry scramble for accommodation during three short months—January, February and March.

UNNECESSARY

But really this so-called "season" works needless inconvenience. In November and December—and in April, as well—the out-of-doors is as thoroughly delightful, in this sunshine land, as ever it is in midwinter. Nature gives it a full six months season.

EARLY BIRDS

This little statement may be helpful in your own planning. Each year the mellow southwestern sun looks down on more and more "early birds."

Again this winter, via the Chief and other fine California trains, Santa Fe will present the swiftest and most convenient of service to and from Wickenburg, Castle Hot Springs, Phoenix and Palm Springs. It will be a pleasure to assist in early shaping of your plans and reservations.

T. B. GALLAHER, P. T. M.
Santa Fe System Lines
1121 Railway Exchange, Chicago

Esquire's Five-Minute Shelf

Continued from pages 118-236

carefully proved (theoretically) and tested by the best engineers. They were not secure, however, against the horrible malignancy of a man who thought he was doing labor a good turn by throwing a blob of grease into the braking machinery.

The elevator with its fifteen sweating miners arose to the surface and, under ordinary circumstances, they could have been brought to a stop by the mere pressure of a lever by the man responsible for seeing them to safety.

But the man pushed the lever and the mechanism did not work. The hoist shot up to the cable apex and the fifteen men were plunged thereby, precipitously, 2300 feet below, their bodies banging the narrow rough surfaces of the shaft.

At the Museum of Memories in Virginia City, a plump and bustling little fellow, named Paul Smith, opened up his curio shop about half an hour after we had already explored the town. He had just come back from the rodeo at Reno where he had had a concession of some sort, selling something I forget what, and he had on a yellow (rayon) silk shirt.

That shirt alone would identify him as someone who had been to the Reno rodeo. As far as I could find out there is no law in Reno requiring the men and women to wear dazzling shirts when the rodeo is on but the custom is general.

The croupiers in the fancier gambling places wore really resplendent shirts: they looked as though their shirts were made of goldmesh and by inquiring about the shops I found that these shirts cost anywhere from $6.50 to $18. You could get a shirt like the one Paul Smith had on for, maybe, $2.

Everybody in Reno had on one of these startling shirts, blue, red, green, yellow, white, gold, maroon or black with fancy trimmings—except our party and Guy Kibbee, the motion picture actor, who was in ordinary un-rodeo attire.

In Reno I saw an enormous number of people ranged around on stools at the counter of a huge horseshoe, so I thought this must be a good place to get a cup of coffee. I barged in and sat down. Presently I could see that there would be no coffee coming, nor indeed any nourishment of any kind. I was to pay ten cents for a card and then when each and all of us had a chance to bounce a ball into a receptacle that went on rollers before us, we could scream out "Keno" when we had got numbers that ran down to the left, straight across, diagonally, or down to the right. If we were successful we got six dollars.

There are women who complicate games like this; and I am all for them. Just like the management, they are out to get the most from the least expenditure of money. The management figures on percentages and knows that the ratio of return is fixed: thirty per cent to the suckers and seventy per cent to the house—a little better than the ordinary roulette odd of thirty-six to one. But in Reno women are always calling "Keno!" when they haven't got Keno. Sometimes the management tries to stop the argument by saying, "All bets off. We will proceed from here." He begins to roll his perambulator into which you are supposed to toss a ball when the perambulator comes around to you. The amount rolls up to eighteen dollars and something. Some woman cries "Keno!" and Mr. Kibbee and myself study our cards and figure we are out eighty cents each, because we can't get the hang of this.

Mr. Kibbee has his satisfaction because as he comes out of the place a woman yells, "There he is! I knew him the moment I set eyes on him."

But Mr. Kibbee hasn't watched his wardrobe rightly. He has on him the accouterments native to Palm Beach. He looks like a sap if I ever saw one but my wife and daughter unite quickly to ask me, "Wasn't he perfect?" . . . I answer: "Don't push me to such extremes. Nobody is perfect. Mr. Kibbee and I are kindred souls. You saw him trying to make $18.42 on Keno. He spent a lot more than that and he won nothing, but when he walked out of the place people began to recognize him because he wasn't dressed up the right way—"

Mr. Paul in Virginia City busied himself with things I wanted to buy out of his junk heap. I bought a first edition of Mark Twain's *Life on the Mississippi* only to find, when I talked to Mr. Newbegin, in San Francisco, that I had bought a second impression of a first edition from which there had been omitted a picture on page 47 of later editions.

I bought also, for thirty cents, a copy of Swift's *Journal to Stella* because it was a listed copy of the United Miners Union Library of Virginia City, 1871.

These books I can recommend:

Young Henri of Navarre (Knopf) by Heinrich Mann, translated by Eric Sutton—Heinrich Mann is the elder brother of Thomas Mann and, although his fame is not as great as is that of his Nobel Prize winning brother, he has a fine talent himself. This story of Henri IV differs from all others you have read. In other biographies Henri is a dashing person, always: in this he is a thoughtful, studious, introverted youth who awoke to the responsibilities of his job reluctantly. There is a wistful charm about this study of Henri's young manhood, and therefore it is a book to please nearly all of us.

Conversation at Midnight (Harper) by Edna St. Vincent Millay—It is as much a part of your assumption of your responsibilities in your time as it is mine to

DO AS DOCTORS DO FOR CONSTIPATION

This is what over 50,000 doctors have used and recommended for gentle, thorough action

WHEN you need a laxative, play SAFE and follow the method thousands of doctors use and recommend. For doctors, of all people, know what is best for constipation. Just listen to what they say about Pluto Water: Dr. E. J. G. of Iowa advises, "*I prescribe Pluto Water freely with excellent results.*" Dr. H. A. O. of Wisconsin writes, "*I not only prescribe Pluto almost daily, but use it personally every other day.*" Dr. V. N. of Michigan says, "*I have used and prescribed Pluto Water for 40 years.*"

Easy To Take This New Way

Simply mix 1/5 of a glass of Pluto Water in 4/5 of a glass of water. You'll find this new mixture pleasant. There's no overnight waiting. No painful griping. You get quick yet gentle, thorough action.

So when you need a laxative, *be sure*—take Pluto Water. Your own doctor will tell you there is nothing better than this non-habit forming saline mineral water, bottled at famous French Lick Springs, Indiana. *Get Pluto Water from your druggist, and you'll feel worlds better quickly.*

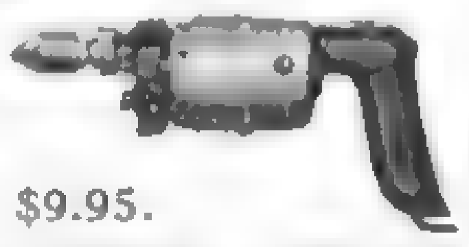
PLUTO WATER
PLUTO

PLUTO WATER
When Nature Won't—Pluto Will

DANGER
SLEET
SNOW
FROST
MIST
Avoid Accidents—Keep windshield clear with
K-M
AUTO FAN & DEFROSTER
from
The K-M Family Circle
$3.95

At Last! Free vision for winter driving—with amazing new streamlined K-M Auto Fan! Not a "spot" cleaner—its wide distribution of warm air keeps entire windshield clear. Ventilates car in summer, too. Quickly, easily installed. Complete with ample cord and attachment clips.

Flexible rubber blades—absolutely SAFE! Quiet. Handy on-and-off switch. Non-glare finish. Uses minimum current. For all-year safety and comfort, look for the K-M wherever accessories are sold.



K-M Electric Speed Drill, a handy, powerful, dependable drill for only $9.95.

KNAPP-MONARCH CO. *St. Louis, U.S.A.*

leave no word of Miss Millay's unread. I get nothing whatever out of this interior monologue carried on by a stockbroker, a painter, a writer, a poet, a priest, an advertising copywriter, and their host around a fireside at midnight. By this time, if you read this department, you must have accustomed yourself to all the freely-admitted limitations of its conductor. So you are another one up on me if *Conversation at Midnight* means anything to you, and if it does, accept, please, these humble congratulations.

Northwest Passage (Doubleday Doran) by Kenneth Roberts This is grand reading and it is also informative. I have recommended it before. This is only to remind you that, if you have missed out on it, it is a book you would enjoy.

Mr. Pirate (Mitchell Kennerly) by A. B. Shiffrin—A gentle story, full of wise adumbrations upon the misfortunes that befall a man who wishes only to do good, to harm no one, and to get along as best he can in life. A sweet book in which there is plenty of acid bite. #

But That Was in Another Country

Continued from page 64

She laughed. "Thanks, mighty white of you, pal. I suppose 'Famous doctor dies in love tryst with society beauty.' Funny, isn't it, when anything like this happens any old mug becomes a 'beauty.'" Her voice sounded far away and very tired. "I suppose you'll want a divorce if I get well. I'll get it in Paris."

He sat staring at her pale lips moving, saying the words which he had meant to say, which he had been rehearsing endlessly since he had received the cable telling him to come at once, that Jen might die, since he had read the headlines screaming in the tabloids. On the boat the waves had whispered interminably, "Hurt her, shame her, divorce her." And at night his sleep had been troubled with vengeful dreams. Now hearing her say the words, it seemed almost unimportant, and his mind rushed ahead to the years without Jen, with only the Lisas and Marys and Charlottes "Charlotte the harlot," Jen had laughingly called her. And he felt as though Jen had already died, and he was filled with an ineffable longing for the woman to whom he had not yet said good-bye.

"I suppose," she said, as though talking to herself, "we neither of us could ever feel the same again. I'm sorry the papers were so ghastly. They must have shaken your good Union Club father to the back teeth. It's a rotten break for you, too, having to be made a public cuckold. But perhaps I'll die, people sometimes do with badly fractured skulls like mine. Then everyone will be very sorry for you, and they won't hate me quite so much, because it's very hard to go on hating the dead." She paused and said as though talking to herself, "Perhaps that's why it hasn't been harder for Mrs. Billings to be so good to me."

"Is she here?" asked Ken, in astonishment.

"Yes. You see, he always said that he wanted to be buried wherever he died—that it saved so much needless trouble. So he's buried here—what was left of him." He saw her shudder. "She stayed until you came because she wanted to talk to you. I expect she's waiting in the reception room. Perhaps you had better go. I'm getting a little tired."

He stood up stiffly, and felt her trying to reach out to him across the years. Her voice was faint, and all but inaudible when she said, "Well, I guess it's good-bye, one way or another, because I'm not trying very hard to go on with the living business." He saw her mouth twist into a small crooked smile. "You'd better be going, I hate prolonged farewells. I'm *very* tired—" Her voice floated away into a long sigh, and while he stood trying to decide what he should say, she seemed to drop into a heavy slumber.

He closed the door carefully behind him, and stood leaning against it, looking down at his feet. Feeling empty, drained, as though by some bloodless operation, all his insides had been removed. Was this, then, really good-bye?

The nurse crackled up and said, "Madame is not too fatigued?"

He shook his head.

"Madame Billings is waiting in the reception room for you."

He began in his execrable French, "*J'ai besoin de —*," then grinning sheepishly concluded in a pantomime of handwashing.

The nurse nodded, and smiling she led the way back up the hall to the lavatory.

After he had washed his hands, and sluiced his face in the icy mountain water, he felt better. Looking at his face in the small mirror he was surprised that there were so few visible signs of his inner turmoil. To be sure, there were dark smudges under the blue eyes, the thin-lipped mouth looked sullen and drooped more noticeably at the corners, the lines between the brows looked deeper, and there were a few red scratches where he had cut himself shaving. But the face did not look the tragic-haggard mask he had expected. Indeed, it looked only what it was, a headed-for-forty Princeton face with a rather bad hangover.

Producing a small silver flask from his hip pocket, he tilted his head back and felt the foul-tasting brandy scrape down his throat and lie, a fiery ball, in his stomach. He stood, holding the sides of the basin, thinking about the impending interview with Mrs. Billings. She would, of course, be fat, forty and hysterical. She would prattle about how unfair it was, and burst into uncontrolled weeping every time she mentioned her

Continued on page 240

TWO FOR THE BOOK

Juice of ½ lime or ¼ lemon
1½ oz Rum Carioca (WHITE LABEL)
Level Teaspoon Sugar
Plenty of Ice
Shake vigorously—electric mixer if possible

"that's the CARIOCA"
WEST INDIES DAIQUIRI
MADE WITH RUM CARIOCA
"SNOW CAPPED" IN CHAMPAGNE GLASS

Juice 1 lime or ½ lemon
Jigger Rum Carioca (GOLD LABEL)
3 Cubes Ice
Fill up with Coca Cola

YOU'LL BE DRINKING THAT FAVORITE TROPICAL HIGHBALL:
Carioca Cooler
GLORIFIED CUBA LIBRE
SERVE IN COLLINS GLASS

86 PROOF

Rum Carioca
PUERTO RICAN RUM

BARTENDERS PLEASE COPY

Write for Carioca Treasured recipes—FREE

Sole Agents in the U. S. A.
AMERICAN SPIRITS, INC. DEPT. F3 30 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA, N. Y.

TEAR OFF HERE AND KEEP IN YOUR RECIPE BOOK

Touchdown RAIN OR SHINE

IN A Mistery Felt WEATHER MASTER

The MISTERY HAT lets you keep your eye on the ball, not the sky. Smart when the sun shines, it's equally smart in a downpour. For this is the amazing new hat that keeps its fresh, smart lines—its texture actually *improves* in the rain! Ask your dealer to show you colors and styles for every occasion. $5 and up.

Created and styled exclusively by

DALTON HAT COMPANY • NEW YORK

At last! Something New for Men - Almondized Adlers Gloves

ADLERS GLOVES

●For three-quarters of a century ADLERS GLOVES have been the favorites with men everywhere. This year's creations surpass the finest of this famous line.

Pigskin, Mocha, Goat, Cape and Suede. All colors; all styles; slip-on or clasp. At leading stores. Jacob Adler & Co., Gloversville, N. Y

●*Almondized Adlers Gloves are PERSPIRATION PROOF. Make your hands look better -and feel better. Enjoy the extra comfort that our patented almondizing process affords. Adlers Gloves are made with and without the almondizing feature*

"Pardon My Gloves" ***unnecessary-if you wear*** **ADLERS GLOVES**

THOUSANDS OF MEN ARE NOW USING...

THE CHRISTY *Sport* KNIFE

—The handiest pocket knife ever designed

● The Christy Sport Knife has made the pocket knife popular again. And no wonder!..for here is a knife men are glad to carry and use...proud to show their friends. Neat, handy, useful, durable—brass frame, heavily chromium plated. Blade of finest razor steel.

Smart . . . practical

Streamline design; light weight; fine enough to wear on any watch chain. Sturdy enough for the use to which you put a knife.

Three blades in one

Opens or closes instantly with one hand. No broken fingernails. . . Blade slides smoothly in frame and locks easily at any of 3 lengths . . . really 3 blades in 1.

GUARANTEED TO PLEASE

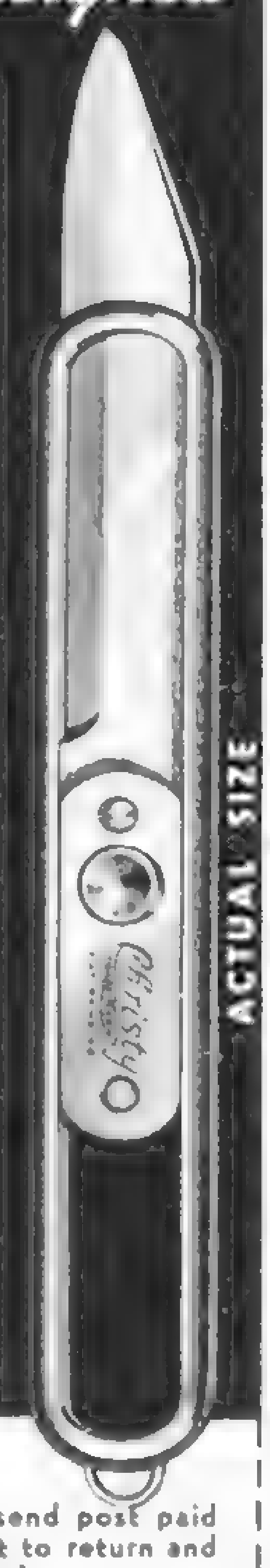
. . . Money back if not satisfied. (See guarantee in coupon below.)

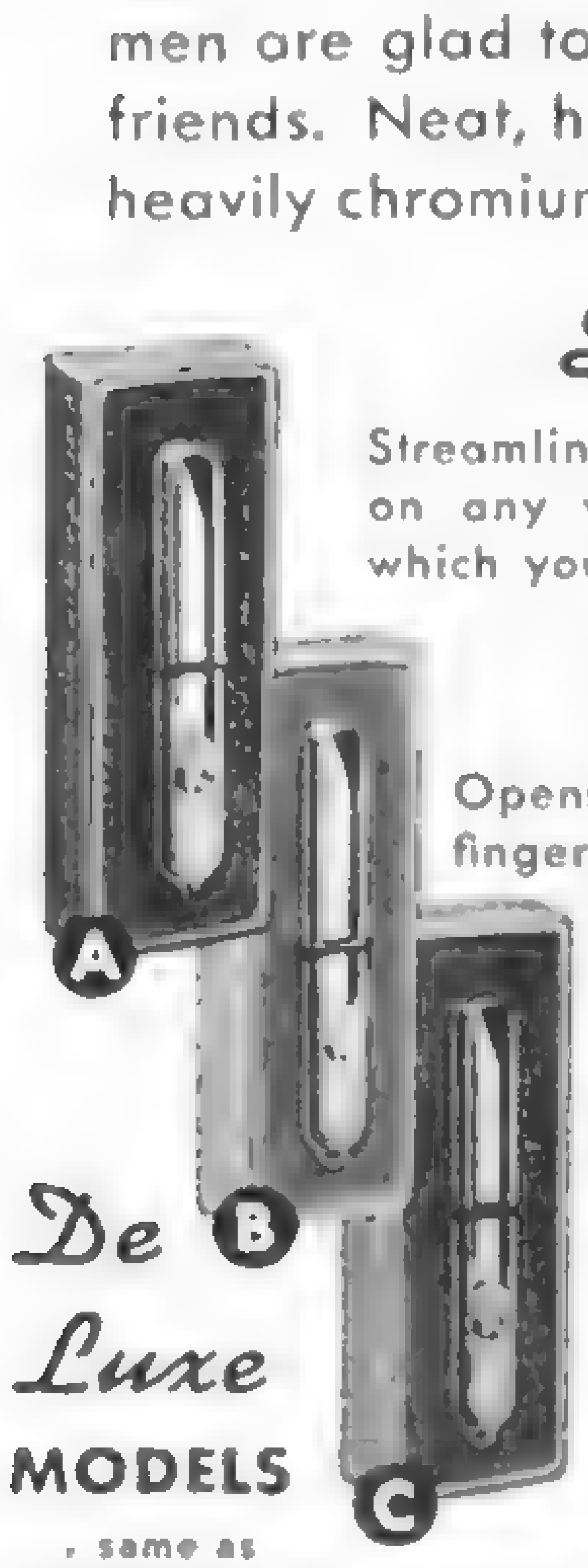
SALESMEN:

. . . Write for proposition.

STANDARD MODEL →

$1.00 post paid. Illustration is actual size.





De Luxe
MODELS

. . . same as Standard Model shown at right, but with handsome gold plating; each knife in handsome velvet-lined gift box.

Ⓐ EXECUTIVE . . Gold plated frame; chromium plated blade and plate. $2.50.

Ⓑ ARISTOCRAT. . . Gold plated frame and plate. $3.00.

Ⓒ SPORTSMAN . . . Chromium plated with gold plating on the plate $1.50.

DEALERS . . .

There is a real demand for the Christy Sport Knife. . Write at once for full details and prices

THE CHRISTY COMPANY
Fremont, Ohio

For enclosed $________ please send post paid the following Christy Sport Knives, subject to return and refund of my money if I am not fully satisfied:

☐ Standard $1.00
☐ Aristocrat $3.00
☐ Executive $2.50
☐ Sportsman $1.50

(If you live in Ohio add 3% for Sales Tax)

____

____

But That Was in Another Country

Continued from pages 64-239

husband, whom she would call "the doctor." He raised the flask again, and drained it. The liquor tasted fine. No, by Christ, he was through being talked *to*. Hadn't he been a dumb fool and let Jen steal his thunder about the divorce? Why, he hadn't said a word to her. Just sat and let her do all the talking. Damn women and their too glib ability of always expressing themselves. Hell, he wouldn't let this old bitch tell him what he should do about their lives. No, he wouldn't let her do all the talking. He had a thing or two to say himself! Slipping the flask back into his pocket, he squared his shoulders and pushing the door open, strode resolutely up the corridor to the reception room.

Standing in the doorway, he felt his new-found confidence collapse when he saw her, a trim smart little figure, sitting quietly looking out of the window. She turned towards him and he saw her face, sweetly grave, classically handsome. She looked about thirty-five. She rose and walking towards him said, "How do you do, Mr. Woodward." Her voice was low and pleasant.

He followed her to the puce-plush sofa, and sitting down beside her, said formally, "It was very good of you to wait until I could get here."

"Not at all," she said cordially. "I'm only sorry the whole thing happened while I was in Paris. You see, they left me there because I'm not keen on mountain climbing."

Was she lying? Did she really know they intended coming here together? She accepted the cigarette which he offered her, and for a few moments they sat silently watching the smoke jetting out of their nostrils.

Presently she began speaking rapidly, as though in haste to get the words spoken and finished with. "This is all fearfully awkward! I hope you will forgive me if I inadvertently step on any of your toes, but there doesn't seem much point in trying to hedge or mince words, does there?" She smiled a wide, intelligent, friendly smile. "You see, I feel instinctively that you're about to smash up two perfectly good lives simply because someone died and can't explain anything."

"But really, Mrs. Billings, what possible explanation could there be?"

"I quite understand that you feel the bond which existed between Philip and your wife was not altogether—mental. But perhaps I can help to explain to you about 'transference,' because I was a psychiatrist myself, before we were married, five years ago. You mustn't think of it, as most laymen do, as something strange and abnormal, as a sort of modern Roman orgy of sex. It is really quite natural and needn't involve physical intimacy at all. Think dispassionately of any branch of the arts, or religion, or even war, you will see that it is true that 'transference' need not be anything to do with physical love. Do you think that the soldier going out to die, does it because he is physically in love with his commanding officer? That the artist takes on some of his master's technique simply because he feels that he is an attractive man? That the great religious leader has won followers simply because they found him irresistible? No. You see, it's a sort of 'hero worship' if you like, but it is in no sense permanent. In the case of the soldier, the artist, the religious follower, they believe implicitly in their leader until they can go on alone. Do you understand what I am trying to get at?" She ground her cigarette out on the glass table top.

"Yes, I do understand. But I don't agree with you," he said truculently. What was this rot she was trying to foist off on him about teachers and pupils? Wasn't Jen a grown woman, and a pretty intense one at that?

"I was afraid you wouldn't understand," she said patiently. "So I'll have to be personal. Your wife was very ill mentally when she came to Philip for treatment. She was a manic-depressive and an alcoholic. These things you know, but you do not know that the motivating factors were your own doing. She knew of your repeated lapses from fidelity, and because she loved you—really loved you—she was frightfully hurt."

Ken blanched and shifted restively. He began to bluster.

"That seems to have little bearing on the present situation," he said. "For my 'lapses' as you call them, were after all, never a public scandal."

"Perhaps. But you have missed the point, which is that she never asked *you* for a divorce, when she knew, absolutely, that you had been unfaithful. What positive proof have you of her infidelity?"

"But, my dear woman—," he began defensively.

"Exactly! I know it is none of my damned business, but it does seem such a pity." She had risen and stood looking down at him gravely. "For I am sure she loves you truly, as Philip loved me, but he can't ever tell me again." Her voice broke imperceptibly. "Your wife can, and will, if only you will give her a chance." She smiled and extended her hand. "Good-bye. I've had my little say."

Walking rapidly down the corridor Ken heard something which made him turn back. Standing quietly in the doorway, he saw her, a small crumpled figure, her handkerchief pressed over her face, rocking back and forth, sobbing. But he couldn't hear what she was whispering fiercely to herself, "Philip, Philip, my *dearest* dear, how could you—how *could* you have done this to me when I loved you so?" #

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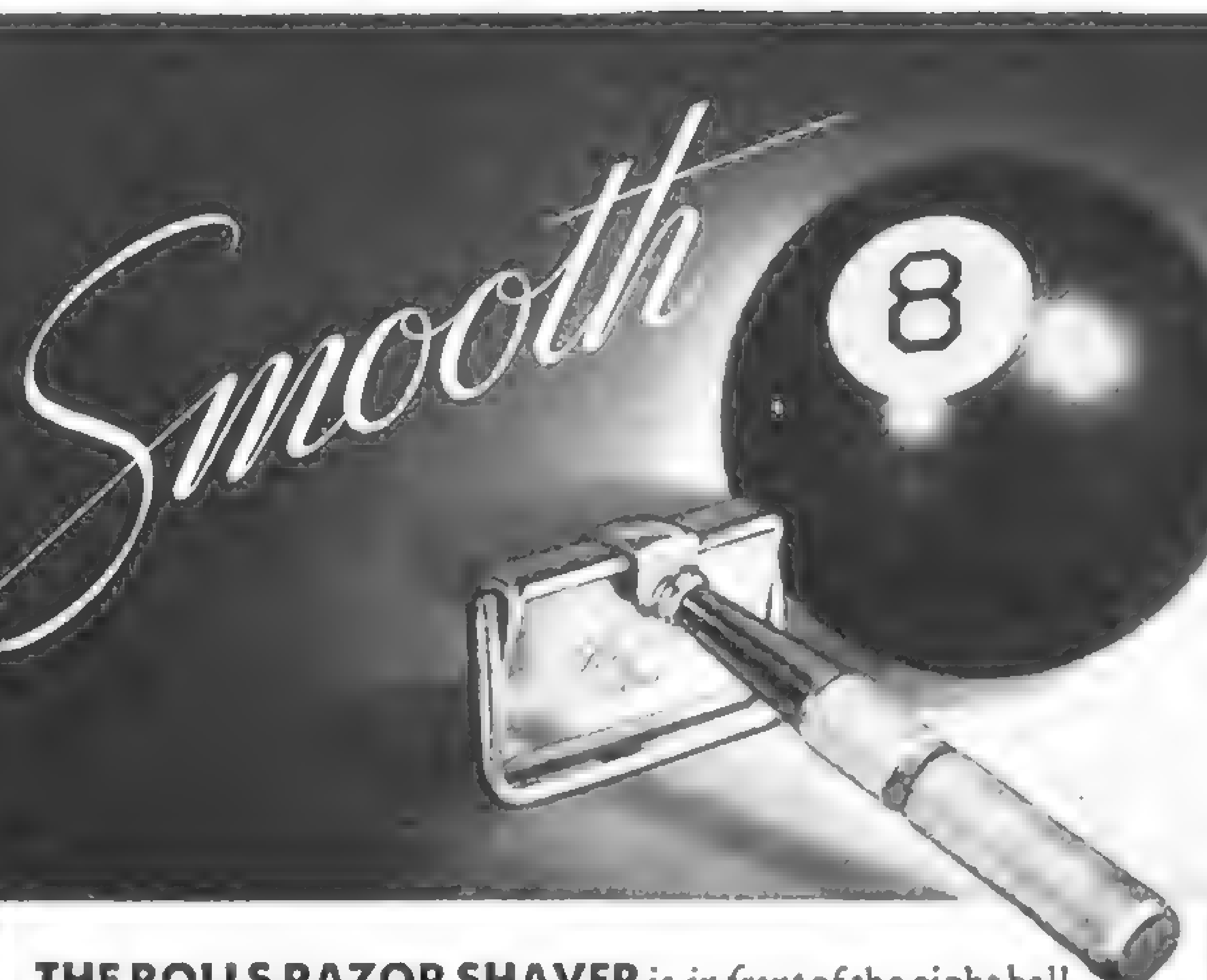

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Hollywood Honeymoon

Continued from page 53

gleam in her eye and you half dead, we expect back a hundred bucks, or else."

"All right, you beggastards," said Sawtelle pocketing the dough. "Excuse me while I do my next four days' work in an hour."

After he had finished one-third of his stint he said that he had to go now.

"Be sure to get back for the lobster shift," warned Perkins.

Sawtelle had that zero hour of journalism to do one night a week. His night was Friday—four days away.

"If I don't get back, look for me and Sally knee deep in cocktails in West 52nd Street," he shouted. "Good-bye!"

He went over to the *Trib* to ask Watson to do his stint for him for the last two days. Watson hadn't his flair, but he was the sweetest sap in town. He'd do anybody a good turn.

There was a poker game at the *Trib* and Sawtelle thought he'd risk ten and come out with another hundred. That way if the seduction of Sally required a trip to Niagara Falls, he felt he could afford it and not go in the red personally on the trip.

He was more anxious than ever to get in the game when he learned that Watson was overboard with dough. Watson was the world's chump at poker. He rarely played, and always lost.

It developed that Watson hadn't more than twenty dollars and he soon lost that, so he borrowed a dollar from Sawtelle.

It must have been a highly magnetized dollar because it soon began attracting other dollars. There was a calling for more margin from those who wanted to stay in the game. In an hour Sawtelle was stripped as clean as if he'd gone through a planing machine.

Watson had $626 and didn't know what to do with it. Sawtelle told him to come along with him, he'd show him what to do with it. On their way uptown Sawtelle told Watson what a fine mess he had made of everybody's future, including Sally Selden's.

"How does Sally Selden get in this?" Watson wanted to know.

Sawtelle told him.

"Here," said Watson, "take this dough, all but twenty of it. That was mine to start with."

Sawtelle couldn't believe his eyes. Here he was with $606.00. Raised in an *école d'amour* which believed you could get any dame if you had enough dough, he began to fear that his success would be too rapid. Far from taking ninety hours, he feared it wouldn't take ninety minutes. The only way he figured out to prolong it would be to change the terminal from Niagara Falls to something more remote—like the Grand Canyon, or, best of all, Hollywood!

The more he thought of the Hollywood idea the more tempting it got. That, of course, could be done in ninety hours too, in a plane, but he wasn't crazy about planes except as a quick way back to New York.

There was an idea! They could go to California on the Chief, take in the side tour to go to Grand Canyon en route and fly back to New York, doing the whole thing in five or six days.

But how could he get Sally to go?

There was only one way, he decided, and that was by fraud and deceit. Since the whole thing was based on fraud and deceit, one more lie only added to the attractiveness of the pattern.

"Listen Watson," he began.

Watson listened.

"No, never mind," said Sawtelle.

"What?" asked Watson.

"I had an idea, but I guess we better skip it."

They got out of Times Square and Sawtelle excused himself to send a telegram. He wired Sally Selden to be at the Grand Central Terminal to catch the Twentieth Century for Chicago, adding that Sawtelle would attend to all the details and accompany her part of the way to give her further instructions. She was to get interviews in Hollywood and stay there until she received further orders. He signed the telegram: "Stan Wacker." Wacker was their city editor.

Sawtelle thought that was a master stroke. He would be fired in any case for staying away a week and an added charge of forgery didn't bother him at the time.

Sally, on receiving the telegram, was so excited she hardly knew where to begin and walked around in circles before she could get down to a realization that time marches on and she'd better at least start looking for a suitcase. Her telephone rang and she dropped everything to get to it before it turned out to be a wrong number.

"Hello," said a familiar voice. "Hello, Sally? This is Eddie Sawtelle. I got a wire from the boss to get you ready for a hurry trip to Hollywood. Want me to come up there and help?"

"No, thank you, Eddie," she said.

She didn't, she explained, need him at home, but any help he could give arranging for her tickets and all that would be just fine.

That disappointed Sawtelle. He had hoped she would want him at the apartment. He could move further along there with such intimate touches as would be denied him on a train.

"I have everything arranged," he said. "I have the tickets. Don't you think I'd better come up there so we don't miss each other? You know what the Grand Central is."

She hesitated for a moment.

"All right," she acquiesced, "if everything else is arranged. I am

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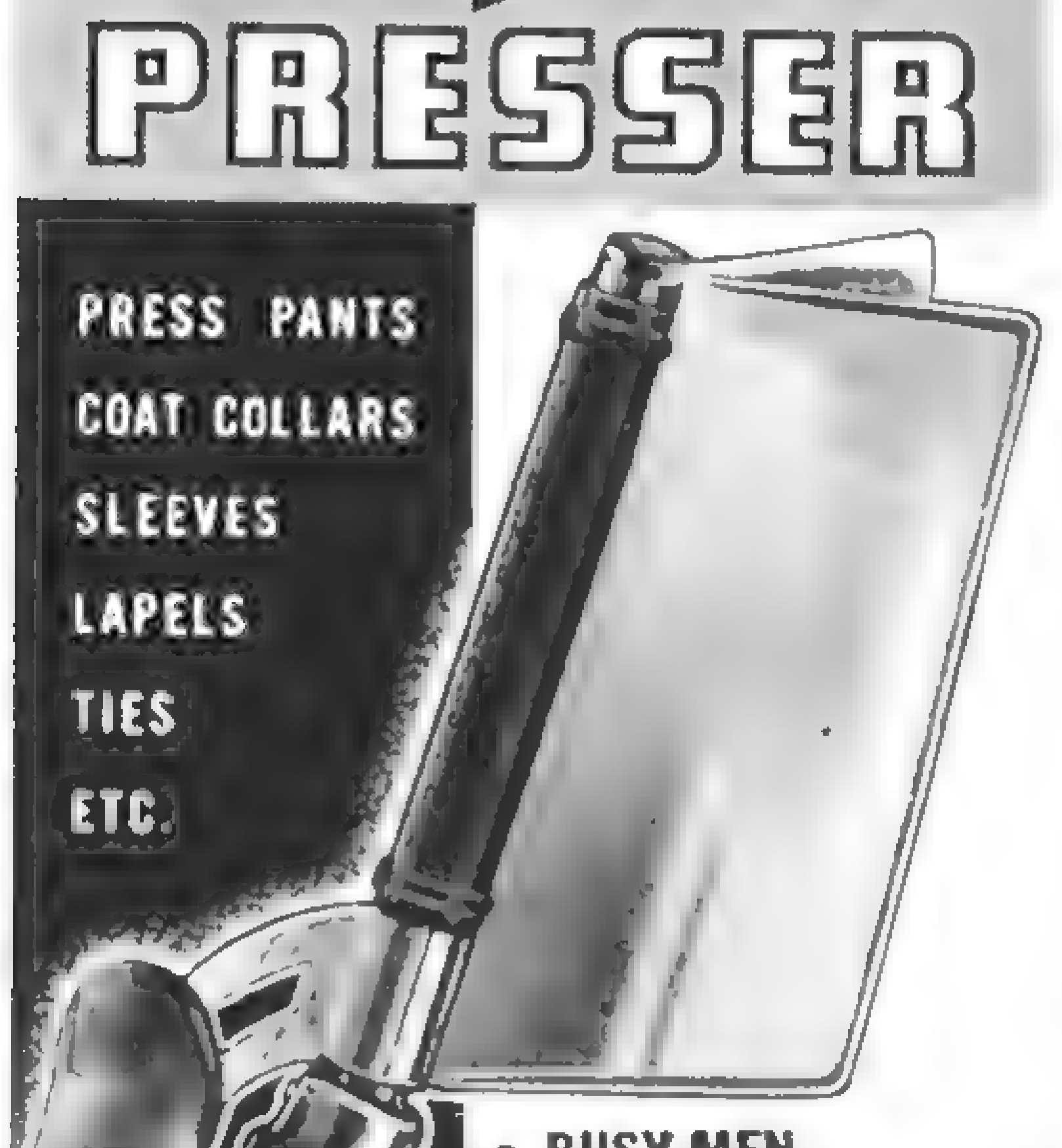

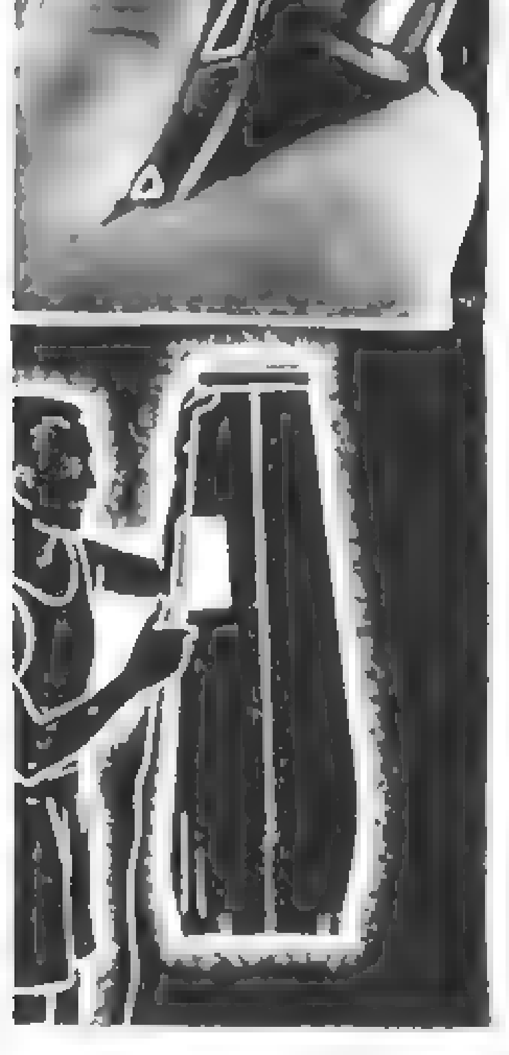

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so far behind here and the time is so short. Maybe you could do some phone calls for me and carry my typewriter and such things."

"Be right up," he said.

He hopped in a taxi and bounced along with delight to Sally's apartment. Never had the ruts in the streets of New York given him so much fun.

He broke in on Sally, who was trying to decide between a tweed suit and four evening dresses. It had to be either one or the other, she had such little room.

Sawtelle told her she would need both in California.

"Take everything," he said. "Take a trunk. It doesn't cost any more."

"But we haven't time to pack a trunk."

"Oh throw it all in any old way. You can repack it in Chicago."

They got out a trunk and Sawtelle began going through her closets and dressing table with a speed and intimacy that shocked Sally and resulted in several little muffled "Oh's!" from her, but he went right on and in twenty minutes had everything packed.

"There," he said and looked at her as proudly as the most efficient husband would have looked on a most beautiful and fluttering young bride.

"You're marvelous, Eddie," she said, and although that was the best he could expect under the circumstances it was pretty far south in understatement.

"Come on," he said, "we just have time to catch that train."

He grabbed her by the arm, ordered the elevator boy to get her trunk down into a taxi, and off they were to the Grand Central Station.

Along about Harmon, Sally began to frame what form her gratitude would take, figuring Eddie would leave the train there. When he made no effort to leave she asked him how far he was going.

"The boss didn't say," he answered, and quite truthfully, too.

At Poughkeepsie he was still horsing around. She tried to be tactful, but she was anxious to get on with the main business of the trip. How far was he going? What kind of interviews were expected? Must she wire them or send them airmail? Would Murdock the paper's man on the Coast, be under her orders, or vice versa. Where should she put up? And how long was she to stay?

The boss hadn't been very definite, Eddie said, and at Albany he'd get off and wire him for instructions. He did get off at Albany, but he wired himself instructions in Chicago.

When he returned to Sally's car he told her everything was all right, and they had such a good time at dinner that she forgot where they were and what they were on the train for.

Then she said good night, half hoping he wouldn't be on the train beyond Buffalo.

"You'll have your instructions in Chicago," he assured her.

After she turned in he began to worry. He'd have to break the news to her some time. As long as he had her on the move he felt reasonably safe, but he knew her to be a serious girl and he couldn't stall her off forever.

Besides, the train was getting near the state line. With a ticket from New York to Chicago in his pocket and with his highly dishonorable intentions he saw himself walking right into the arms of the Mann Act.

He counted the money he had left after having bought the tickets and what it would cost in meals and tips, and wondered if he could circumvent the law by getting off the train at Buffalo and catching it again after crossing over the state line. But that, he decided, if carried on at every state line, would strain the bank roll of a millionaire and though legally he would be in the clear, because that way he would not have crossed the state line in the company of a woman not his wife, it would, on the other hand, be more damaging in the eyes of the gendarmes, since it would have shown all too clearly that he was trying to circumvent the law.

He even thought of waking Sally up in the hope that they could go through some sort of gunshot wedding before they reached Cleveland, but that, he realized, was out of the question. You could do those things on ships, but conductors on trains didn't, unfortunately, have the same status as captains on ships.

In the end he decided to take a chance and so went to bed and tossed all night till they got to South Bend.

He got up at dawn and decided to have breakfast early hoping to dodge Sally. He could stay in the observation car till the train reached Chicago.

But she was up and having breakfast early, too, but for precisely an opposite reason. She had slept too well and she was so happy she simply couldn't stay in bed any longer.

She was shocked to see him. First, because he looked so haggard and, second, because he was there at all.

"Hello," she said.

"Good morning, Sally."

There was a moment's silence with each smiling at the other and wondering what the next move ought to be.

"I got to worrying about you last night, Sally," he said, "and decided it wouldn't be safe for you to go all this way alone, no matter what the boss says. I think I ought to see you out of Chicago at least."

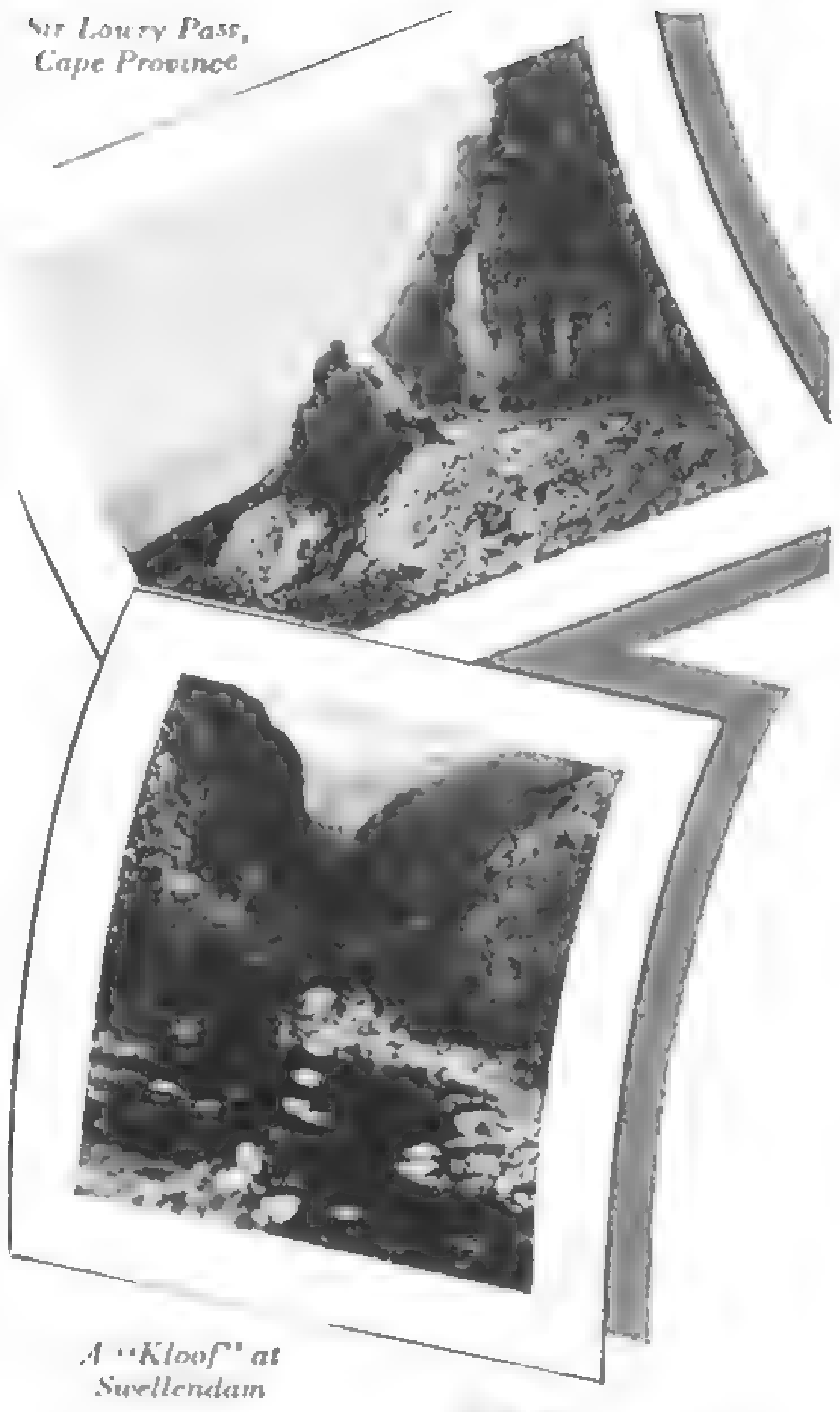
That seemed like a lovely brotherly touch and Sally was pleased and relieved because she had never been to Chicago and all the gangster pictures she had seen in ten years had left their terrifying imprint.

Then a wire came from the boss and it told Sawtelle to accompany Sally to the Coast and take good care of her.

That relieved both of them of a

Continued on page 244

Sir Lowry Pass, Cape Province



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Hollywood Honeymoon

Continued from pages 53-243

lot of worry, but Sawtelle's came back because it was the telegram he had sent from Albany. He saw that, but Sally didn't, and before she could read it a second time he had destroyed it.

They had a day in Chicago and spent it seeing the town. No gangster bullets tore through their hair, but the way the taxi drivers made sudden stops and U turns on slippery rainy streets proved a terrifying substitute and they were glad to get on the train and ready again for bed.

This time there was no thought of good night being good-bye, and when both arrived in the dining car for breakfast at 8 o'clock almost to the dot, though nothing had been said the night before about anything beyond good night, it seemed the most natural thing in the world.

But peace in one part of the world doesn't necessarily mean that the whole world is at peace. In New York the weather bureau was reporting a hurricane.

When Sally didn't show up or call up in two days Stan Wacker, the city editor, had one of the men on the rim call her home. The house reported her out of town.

"Out of town!" screamed Wacker. "She should be interviewing Rainer right now!"

"That's what they said," insisted the copyreader.

"Give me that phone!" cried Wacker.

What he got was that she not only was out of town, but had gone with a trunk and a young man.

To Wacker's ears this was unbelievable. He wasn't worrying about her string. Copy on that was two weeks ahead by now, but he needed her for specials and, moreover, he belonged to the old school of journalism which believed reporters should report to the desk every day even if dying and only able to gasp their inability to show up.

"Get the description of the guy she went off with, and trace where they went," snapped Wacker at the whole city room.

The order was too general so nobody moved.

"You, Perkins!" he commanded.

"Okay," said Perkins.

Perkins covered West 52nd Street from Fifth to Tenth, and found no sign of Sawtelle or Sally. All he wanted to do was to tell them that the boss was hep and for them to get back to work as the jig was up.

He hated to report that there wasn't a sign of either of them so he went up to the apartment house where Sally lived, and all he learned there was that she had gone off with a man and they had a trunk and the man told the taxi driver, "Grand Central Station."

That sounded pretty bad. He ought, he felt, to cover Sawtelle, but he couldn't do that very well without being fired himself, and besides Sawtelle had crossed them all up, and maybe it wasn't Sawtelle at all. Maybe there was foul play. He was a reporter now and he had to report what he had.

He called the city desk, and Wacker told him to get the hell up to the Central Station and find out what train they went on and where to, and make it snappy or there'd be hell to pay.

Wacker then called up the Bureau of Missing Persons and put them to work on the case. A couple of reporters on a bender hardly struck the Bureau as their kind of work, but Wacker told them he expected action and to be damned quick about it.

They reported back that Sally Selden in the company of Eddie Sawtelle had left for Chicago on the Twentieth Century and when Perkins confirmed this Wacker tore out the three remaining strands of his once lovely black head of hair.

"I'll put the Mann Act on that louse!" he cried.

With Wacker to cry was to act. He told Perkins to give the facts to the G-Men. The G-Men had gone home for the day by then, and so had Wacker. So, for that matter, had Rainer.

The next day Wacker pursued the search and learned that the couple had left Chicago on the Super Chief bound for California.

As yet uncaught, the long dull ride across the plains was anything but long and dull to Eddie and Sally.

They talked about everything and everybody and only once did a shadow cross Eddie's brow and that was when the train crossed the state line from Kansas into Colorado. But then he figured he had six counts behind him under the Mann Act and he might just as well hang on six counts as one.

"I have changed our tickets," he said, "so that we can take the sidetrip to the Grand Canyon. That delays things only a day and you don't even know about the change. You go to bed in New Mexico and you wake up at the Grand Canyon. Then you go to bed at the Grand Canyon and you wake up in California."

"Oh, you're wonderful, Eddie," said Sally.

"I always wanted to see that gorgeous gully," said Eddie.

"I hope the boss doesn't mind," said Sally.

"What if he does? Tell him you wanted to check the original with the color feature they're making of the Canyon. You can't be a good critic unless you've been around."

That struck her as logical, although she didn't like the idea that up till now she hadn't been a good critic.

At Albuquerque he got out and decided to send a night letter to Watson asking him to carry his job for a few days more and to send wires collect to the publicity heads of all the studios telling them that he and Sally would be in Hollywood the next day and for

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them to give her a whooping reception and to sign the wires Stan Wacker, City Editor.

On second thought, he decided in the telegraph office, Watson would only ball up such an order. He'd better simply ask Watson to carry on for him, and send a separate wire to Perkins, asking him to send the wires to the publicity men, collect.

That, too, proved a mistake. It proved a mistake, because he couldn't remember Perkins' home address and sent the wire to the paper.

All telegrams went to the city editor's desk and Wacker, believing his staff had as much right to privacy as a traffic light, opened the telegram for Perkins.

"Adding forgery to the Mann Act!" screamed Wacker. "Tell them to nab that guy as soon as the Chief reaches Pasadena."

"Okay," said the chief of the copy desk.

"And, wait a minute! Send those wires to the publicity chiefs. If Sally's out there, she may as well work her way back."

"If you do that," said the chief of the copy desk, "where's the forgery?"

"Never mind where it is. Send the wires," ordered Wacker. "I'll get him on intent."

At the Grand Canyon Sally and Eddie were no longer two runaways from a city room in New York. They were children enjoying nature's most gorgeous color picture. They even wandered down the Bright Angel Trail, sitting at the side of the road whenever the going got too hard or the view too beautiful.

They sat and looked across the miles of gorgeous colors and felt they would have liked nothing better than a pine shack to live in forever along that trail.

Eddie never thought that anybody could have looked so young and beautiful and he spent more time in studying the changing color of Sally's profile than the changing colors in the Canyon.

Whatever his intentions were when he went into the city room jack-pot and was tapped by the hand of destiny to show Sally a good time before time marched right over her, those intentions were so far behind him now he couldn't remember just what they were.

"Beautiful," he said.

"Yes, isn't it?"

"No, I mean you."

"Oh," she said.

"Why don't you get married, Sally?"

The mere question brought a new blush to her cheeks and she looked at the ground, not knowing what to say to such a direct question.

"Why don't you marry *me?*" he asked.

This was worse than the first question and she looked out over the Canyon wondering just how she could escape if the conversation went beyond its present limits.

"Can you think of any reason why not?" he pursued.

She couldn't and she was too lovely a girl to seek escape in subterfuge.

"All right," he said, "think it over."

He took her by the arm and slowly they climbed the Bright Angel Trail back to the El Tovar.

Though conversation had ceased, both had been doing a lot of thinking. Sally was trying to figure out just why he had to take such a long way to lure her away from her life's work. Up to now she had left everything in his hands and while nothing had gone amiss she was beginning to be a little suspicious about the whole thing.

All her direct questions had received indirect answers and so far she had received no direct word from the boss about their plans in Hollywood, whom they were to interview, where they were to put up, how long they were to stay—all the things that she had been concerned about since they first hurried aboard the Twentieth Century.

Eddie knew his boss, and he knew by now that boss had got out of the staff just what had happened, and unless he moved very fast himself the boss would have him in jail.

He searched through his badly organized store of information for a way out. Then he remembered that practically all runaway marriages from Hollywood had Arizona or Nevada datelines—usually Yuma or Las Vegas.

From the Grand Canyon to Las Vegas wasn't such a big jump, but his funds were running low and he knew those things to be done in a hurry required money.

If he had only had the forethought to have gone by way of the Southern Pacific, the problem, he realized, would have been solved with a stop-over at Yuma.

He finally decided to take a chance on Williams. That wasn't far away and being in Arizona it probably operated under the same laws as Yuma. It would be hours before their train left and he inveigled Sally into taking a ride through the National Park so that she might see the Enchanted Mesa. They could pick the train up at either Williams or Ash Fork, he told her.

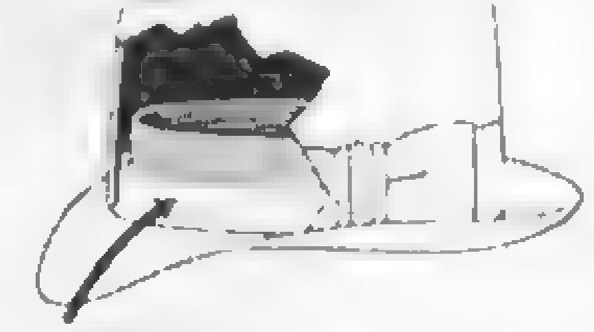
She was agreeable to this, but said she first wanted to send some wires back to the boss, as no direct word to her had come from him so far and it was about time some did.

"We'll send them at Williams which is on the main line," Eddie said.

She wrote the telegrams out and he took them from her, though this time she wanted to keep them herself to make sure that they went as she directed them.

On the drive from the Grand Canyon to Williams all Eddie could think of was how he could rush her into a marriage before she crawled back into her old conservative ways. He sat close to her in the car, pointing out such exquisite oddities as little prairie dogs sitting up as if in prayer,

Continued on page 246



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Hollywood Honeymoon

Continued from pages 53-243-245

coyotes slinking through the forest, and even a cougar watching their car as it sped along.

In Williams he stopped at the City Hall.

"Oh, those telegrams!" she called.

"I'll take care of them."

"No," she said, "I think I'd better do that."

"I can send them collect," he argued.

But she wasn't to be moved this time and in the end he had to give her the telegrams. He decided they wouldn't do either her or the city editor much good if the plan he had in mind came off.

While she was sending the wires he drove over to the City Hall and got a marriage license. It was as easy as in Yuma, apparently, and the officials were even more accommodating when they learned that they were both reporters.

He now had the problem of a ring. Any ring would do. They all looked alike, he argued, the first day. He even thought of a pawn shop, but that was closed.

A corner drug store had a whole stand of popcorn boxes with surprise jewelry guaranteed in every box. The first one he took had a little bear, the second a stickpin, a third a brooch. Thirty cents and he wasn't even to first base yet. He began tearing the boxes open at a desperate pace. At the thirteenth box he found a ring. He left all the boxes behind him and walked out with the ring.

"That guy's nuts," said the clerk to a cowboy.

Eddie hopped back into the car and rejoined Sally at the telegraph office.

"Quick," he said to Sally, "we haven't much time."

Before she could ask him, "Time for what? Aren't we already at the railroad station?" the car stopped with a jerk in front of the City Hall.

He hurried her inside and her heart began to beat faster. No reason. Just a woman's intuition. She found herself in front of a Justice of Peace and was being asked if her name were Sally Selden and if his were Eddie Sawtelle and if they were both from New York, and both unmarried and if she took this man for her lawful husband and if he this woman for his lawful wife. She didn't say Yes and she didn't say No to any of these questions, being too frightened and bewildered to give a short answer to such a long sentence.

Eddie kissed her. The Justice of the Peace kissed her. She began wringing her hands, and feeling a ring on the third finger of her left hand, held on to it for dear life. The room was whirling about her and she was going down, down, down.

The Justice and Eddie carried her to the car and she was still in a faint.

Eddie caressed her and shook her and said endearing words to assure her everything was all right.

They rode around, had dinner and talked so long that when they reached the station, the train was already in. Eddie hurried Sally into their car and for the first time since he started on the mad migration he relaxed.

At Kingman it occurred to him that a good newspaperman can never relax. Though his own marriage had no meaning to city desks, Sally's, he was sure, was worth a stick. He debated whether to wire the boss directly, or break it to him gently, say, by Associated Press.

He decided by A. P. would be cuter. That way, it would go to 1300 newspapers, his own among them. But it wasn't a day which found Eddie at his cutest. Instead of filing it A. P., he absentmindedly filed it U. P.

In time it reached 900 instead of 1300 newspapers, but Eddie's, unfortunately, wasn't among them. It wasn't very big news to the majority, but it got a big play in Hollywood.

When the honeymooners reached Pasadena, press representatives from six studios were there to give Sally a welcome, and even a few picture stars enjoying a layoff were on hand to get in the pictures reading from left to right.

The result was, to coin a phrase, even at the risk of having Hollywood steal it, *terrific*. Sally couldn't have got a better play if she were a foreign star arriving to play opposite Clark Gable.

The G-Men were there, too, but they felt pretty foolish. It's one thing to arrest a kidnaper under the Mann Act. It's quite another thing to get sued for false arrest by a couple on a honeymoon.

Agents, too, were on hand, and the fastest of them had Eddie under contract before he could explain that he wasn't Eddie Sawtelle, the playwright; he was Eddie Sawtelle, the consort of Sally Selden, and, at best, a Class B newspaperman in his own right.

The agent paid him five hundred dollars to bind the deal, sold the contract by noon to another agent who had an "in" at Miracle Pictures and by the time Eddie got to Hollywood he was being ordered to report for work the day before at $350 a week.

The caravan took them to the Ambassador because Sally asked her boss to send his wires there, she at the time not knowing the names of any of the smaller hotels.

There was no wire from the boss, but almost everybody else in Hollywood had either telephoned, sent flowers or telegraphed their congratulations.

Eddie and Sally relaxed in their bridal suite. Eddie wanted everything to be just right before he confessed to Sally just how low had been his motives and how high now was his happiness.

But before he could get around to it Miracle Pictures was telephoning asking why he hadn't re-

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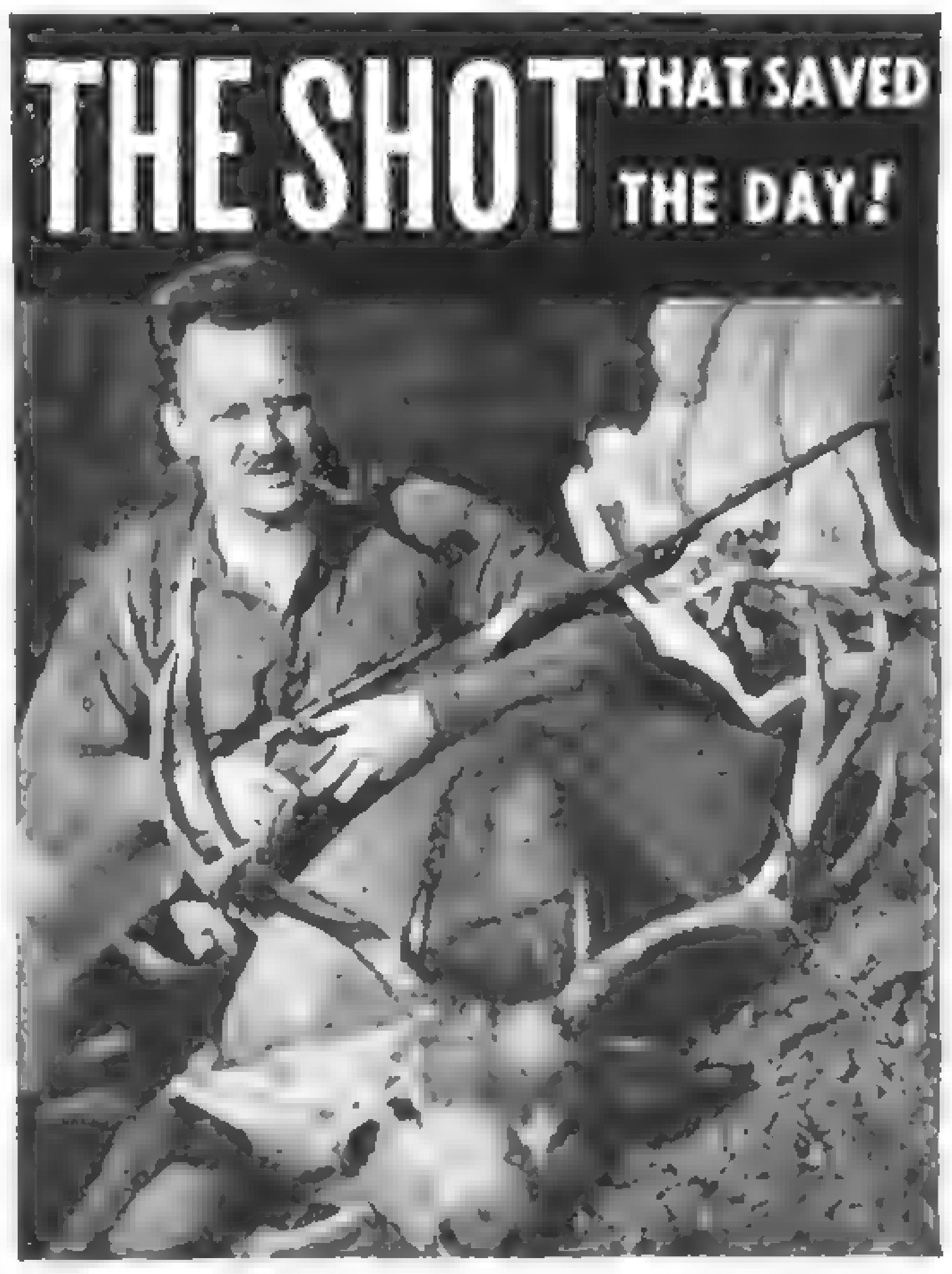

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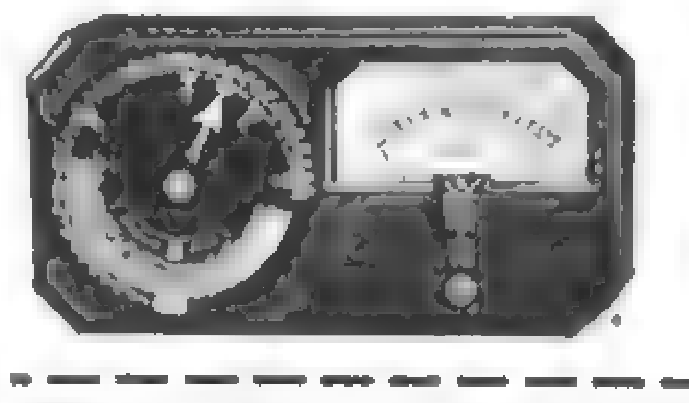

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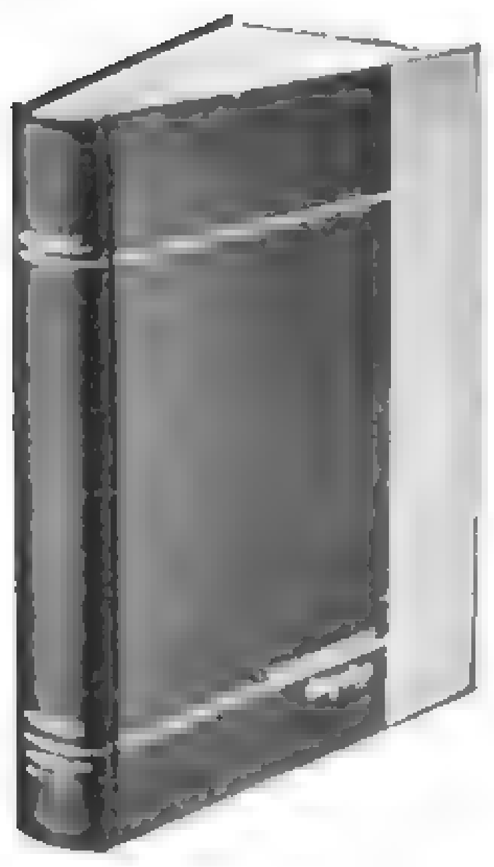

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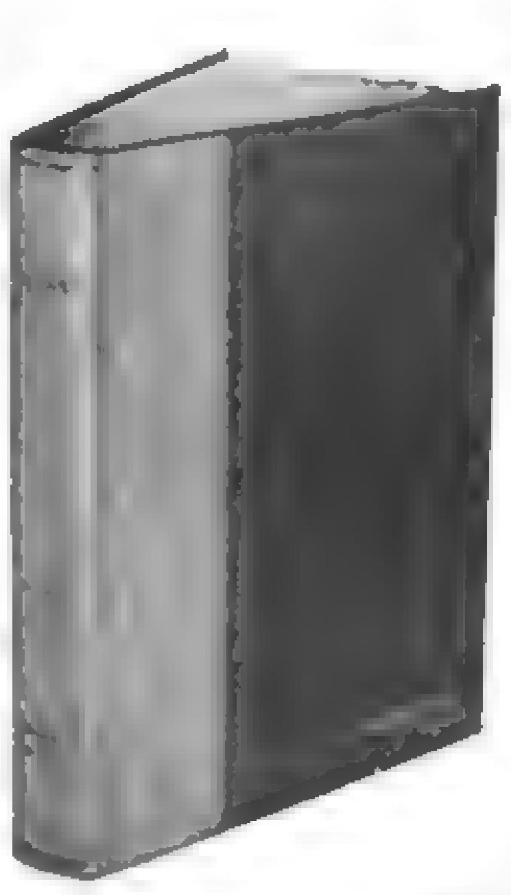

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ported in yet and there'd be hell to pay if he didn't get over to the lot for a conference at 6 o'clock.

He got into his coat and began the hour-long routine of kissing Sally good-bye when a bellhop arrived with a telegram addressed to Sally in her maiden name.

"STAY OUT THERE" it said. "TILL I ORDER YOU BACK STOP WIRE SIX HUNDRED WORDS A DAY AND FIFTEEN HUNDRED INTERVIEW FOR SUNDAYS STOP IF YOU SEE SAWTELLE EVEN IF IN JAIL TELL HIM FOR BILKING US OUT OF OUR OWN STORY HE'S FIRED STOP DUMB BASTARD"

It was signed Stan Wacker, City Editor.

Eddie took Sally in his arms and said "Nuts to Wacker and double to the studio conference."

It was just as well, because the studio never did miss him, not till six months later when they passed up his option and he went to Paramount at $500 a week.

By that time he had learned enough about the business to be worth it. The couple needed it, too, because Sally had to take a rest for a while, and babies come high in Hollywood. #

Louis Bouché: Boulevardier of Art

Continued from page 70

came to New York at the age of sixteen. His first job was to design jewelry for Tiffany's. Eight years afterwards he entered the interior decorating business through the French firm of Allard and put his mark during the intervening years upon the greatest homes and hostelries of the generation. He worked with the greatest architect of the time, Stanford White. He designed the decorative scheme for the Hotel Plaza and the interior decoration for The Breakers, the Newport home of the Vanderbilts. In the same manner he served also the Astors, the Whitneys, the Carnegies, the Mackays, the Goelets and the Berwinds, in Newport, New York and Washington. When he died, in 1909, he left his family comfortably provided for and gave his son Louis the boulevardier's standard by which, in part, he has lived.

Louis Bouché was born a little more than forty-one years ago in Harlem, New York. Through his father he met, as a mere kid, most of the people who mattered in music and art, in both of which fields the French were dominant. If Bouché today knows everybody that is because the introductions began more than thirty years ago. At the beginning of the century when Bouché was little more than a child, he came under the influence—although he can hardly have been aware of it—of the Impressionists. Their pictures covered the walls of the Durand-Rue homes in New York and Paris, in the drawing rooms of which he remembers playing lead soldiers with young Pierre, now head of that house. Today Louis Bouché recalls that those paintings seemed weird. At the home of the Knoedlers there were more conservative pictures to be seen but the young man had yet to make his choice.

Even as a child Louis kept one foot on each side of the Atlantic. He was an expatriate long before expatriation became the fashion, although it is hard to say from which country he was most expatriate. Up to 1909 the Bouchés visited Europe every year or every other year. From 1909 to 1915 they lived in France.

The young man's life in art began in 1907 during one of his father's trips abroad when his mother said: "Now wouldn't it be nice if when Father returned you could show him you could draw." The young man thought it would be nice and when his father returned everybody was pleased with the young man's evidences of artistic talent and during the family's next stay in Paris the young man spent much of his time in the Louvre copying drawings, mainly Watteau's. He appears to have had one of the happiest, one of the least troubled and one of the most emancipated childhoods enjoyed by any living artist.

In 1909 when the Bouchés moved to Paris, Louis was enrolled in grammar school and later attended the lycée, but he fell into the habit of cutting his English classes, which he didn't need anyway, to sketch in the Latin Quarter, particularly at the *Grande Chaumière*. In 1911, at the age of fifteen, he put away childish studies and took up art seriously. He attended sessions at the *Grande Chaumière*, at *Colarossi's*, at the *École des Beaux Arts;* he sketched in the ateliers of Prinet, Lucien Simon, Bernard Naudin, Richard Miller and Friesèke. In 1913 his mother engaged for him a tutor who was also a painter, and tutor and tutored went off that summer on a sketching expedition through Brittany. Life was fun anyway, for the Bouchés were always traveling, through the Continent and in England. When the war broke out and art classes broke up, the Bouchés left Paris and Louis spent months painting in the south of France. In 1915 they left for Italy and when Italy entered the war, they left for New York which has since been the chief stage for the artist's activities.

It was less fun being an art student in New York than it had been in Paris, for the Art Student Leaguers, he found, were treated as kids, which they may have been, but which he was not, and after a year at the League, chiefly in the classes of Dumond and Bridgeman, Bouché left with a fellow-student, Alex Brook, and together they rented a studio in the Lincoln Arcade Building of sainted memory and painted and had good times generally.

Perhaps the most potent influence in the formative years of Louis Bouché was the Penguin Club which Walt Kuhn originated,

Continued on page 248

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Louis Bouché: Boulevardier of Art

Continued from pages 70-247

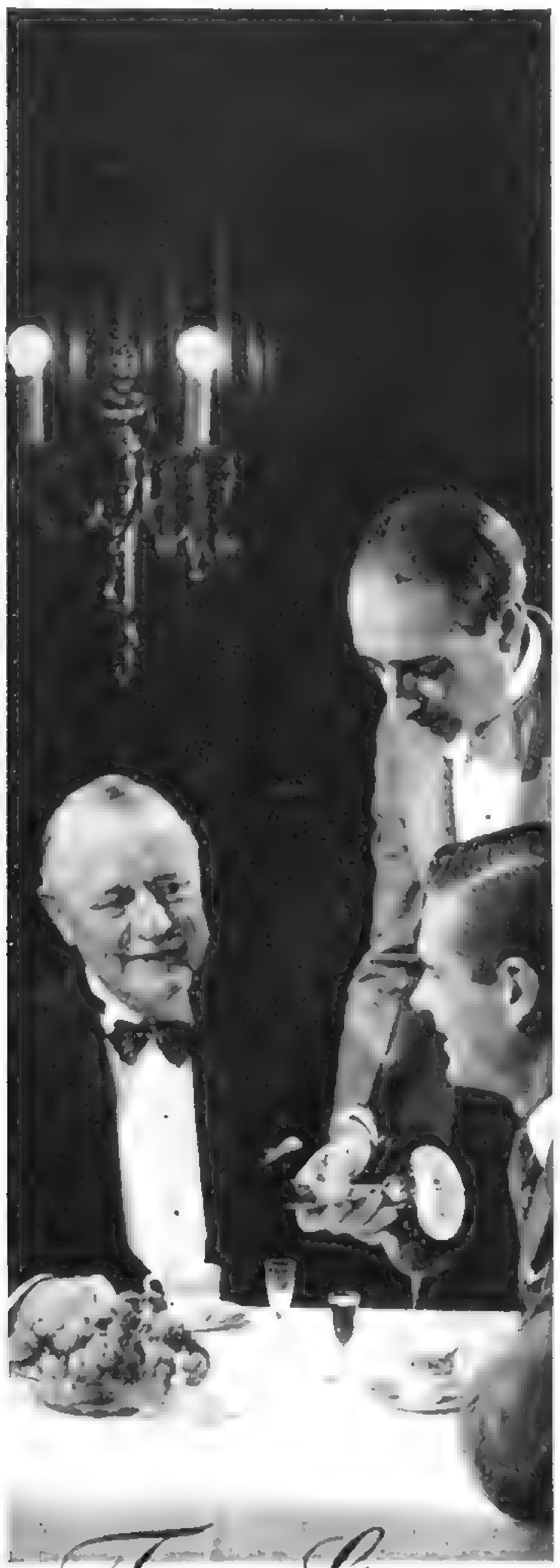
Jules Pascin attended and John Quinn, the collector, patronized. The Club ran a semi-private gallery in which young artists could exhibit and there were informal free-for-alls in the heat of which a young fellow like Bouché could hear what the veterans of art thought about the matter. Pascin, Quinn, Pop Hart and Kuhn, with Bouché in their respectful wake, would go off to Moquin's and make a night of it talking about art, while Pascin, between drinks, would exhibit his marvelous ambidexterity, sketching with right and left hands simultaneously. It was good to be alive and in this company. Today Bouché glows with pleasure at the recollection of those nights of good liquor and spirited and inspiring talk. He declares on sober recollection that he owes more to Walt Kuhn than to anyone else. Kuhn, he testifies, had a great flair for discovering people. There is no doubt that he put Pop Hart on the map, after which Pop Hart made his own way. He was the first artist to discover and use the potentialities of burlesque. Until Kuhn only bums attended burlesque shows. Through the influence of such as Kuhn the Penguin Club exhibited the first Brook, the first Eilshemius and the first Bouché and, what's more, sold them.

The same year, 1917, Bouché became Uncle Sam's gob, engaged in camouflage work. His companions were chiefly artists, similarly engaged. Among them was an artist of Egyptian origin with whom Bouché would jabber in French at a great rate on street and in subway, greatly relishing the astonishment they created wherever they went. During this period Bouché saw the insides of many ships' brigs. In the line of duty he would make sketches of battleships and destroyers at anchor. A boat would be launched for him and he would be taken in tow and put in the brig for safekeeping until the captain could talk to him, verify his metal tag identification and make sure from headquarters that he was no damned spy. After awhile Bouché became tired of this and at the request of the art dealer, Daniel, obtained his demobilization papers on the ground that there was urgent need for his services as a mural painter, which there was not.

By this time Bouché had moved to a studio in Washington Square South and had begun painting in his first manner, his Nottingham lace curtain manner, the manner that was only half-sarcastic of Victorian furniture and furnishings. For a period of three or four years his dealer kept him on a salary of $25 a week, taking his pictures in return. His matter as much as his manner during those years helped to fix Bouché's name in the minds of critics. Characteristic paintings of that period are *Mama's Boy, Seaman Mardrus* (his Egyptian friend) and the curiously-titled *To My Darling, Fish and Roses,* painted as an overmantel panel for the Woodstock home of the rich eccentric painter, Robert Chanler.

In 1921 he married. The occasion is important for a number of reasons, one of them being that it set Bouché off on the money-making tack. Up to that time Daniel's checks had been the only money he had ever earned, but now it was not enough. He had a plan. He selected a dealer, introduced himself, offered to rejuvenate and make prosperous that worthy's declining business. On the spur of the moment he invited the dealer to lunch with him at the Ritz. Bouché never before had lunched there. As luck would have it almost everyone of consequence whom Bouché had ever known was lunching at the Ritz that day. They all greeted Bouché, who introduced them to the dealer, who was visibly impressed, so impressed that he offered Bouché $75 a week on the spot to become the gallery's stylist. Bouché's problem was temporarily solved. That winter he realized what an excellent organization and promotion man he could be, given half a chance. However, after awhile he found that his employer's convivial idiosyncrasies were too exacting and he gave up his gallery job, taking on the free-lance job of whipping up publicity for artists. George Biddle, who had recently returned from the South Seas, was particularly pleased with Bouché's work for him in that field and the following summer, when Bouché went to England to paint some pictures for the first one-man show Daniel was arranging for him, Biddle sent him a cable: "Wanamaker's opening modern picture gallery. Want you to manage it." Bouché returned to become director of the Wanamaker Gallery of Decorative Arts, more briefly known as the Belmaison Galleries, the first modern picture gallery in a department store. During the next four and a half years he exhibited his own rare combination of taste and enterprise, as well as some of the best modern art New York had seen up to that time.

He had free rein and unlimited funds. He was not expected to make money, but publicity, and he made it. All the critics came to see the pictures he had to show and he showed New York some of the most exciting. He exhibited the finest Matisses, Picassos and Braques. He hung the work also of Vlaminck, Vuillard, Derain, Utrillo, Bonnard, Modigliani, Survage, Severini, de Chirico, Laurencin and Juan Gris. He displayed the first Reginald Marsh and the first George Picken. He exhibited Pascin and Brook, Max Weber, Maurice Sterne and Leon Kroll, Kuniyoshi, Walkowitz, Eilshemius, Schnakenberg, du Bois and Glenn Coleman. During this



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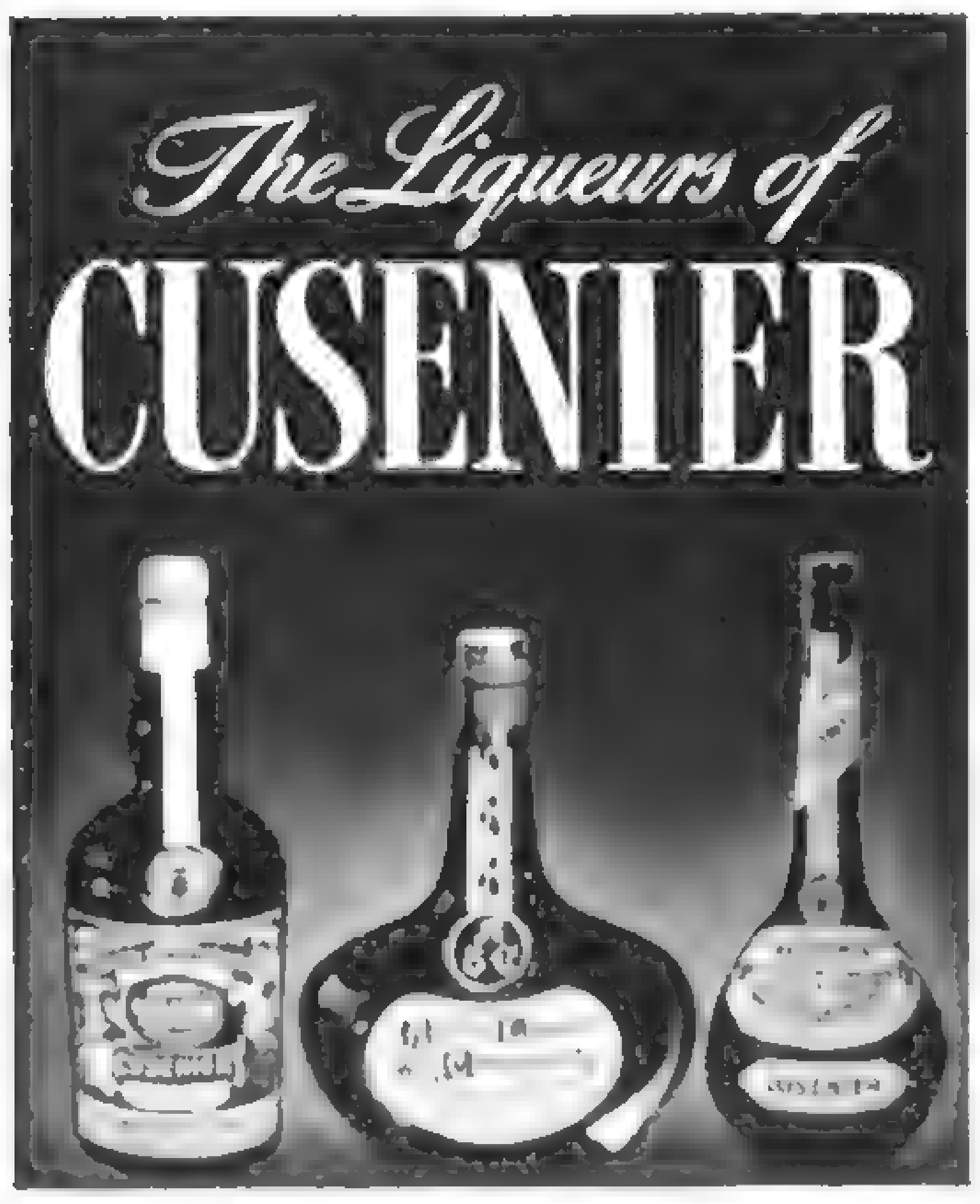

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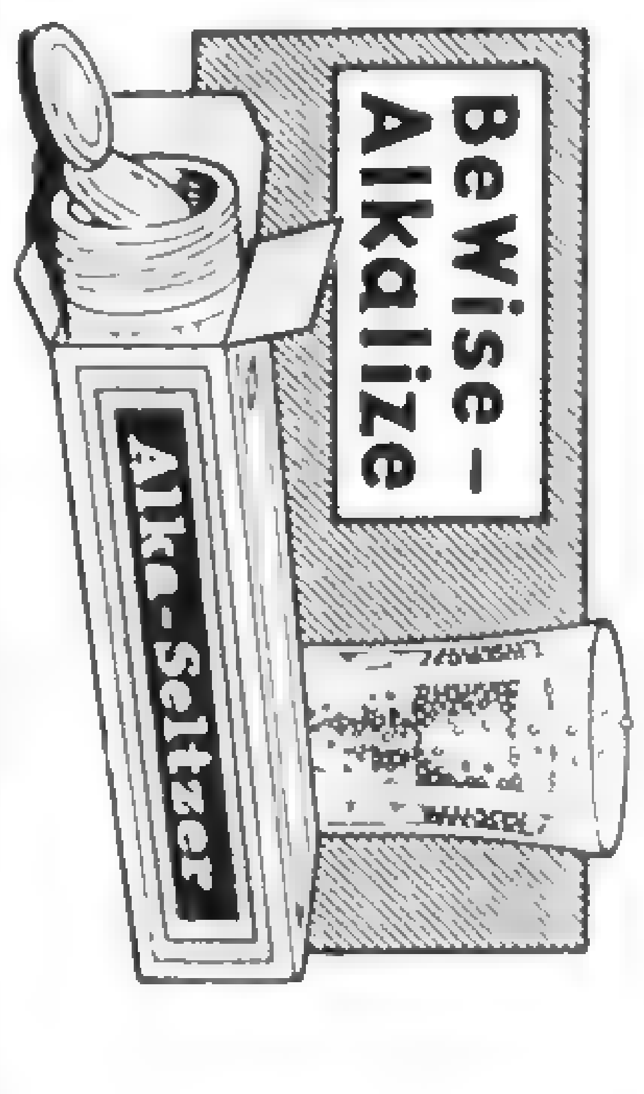

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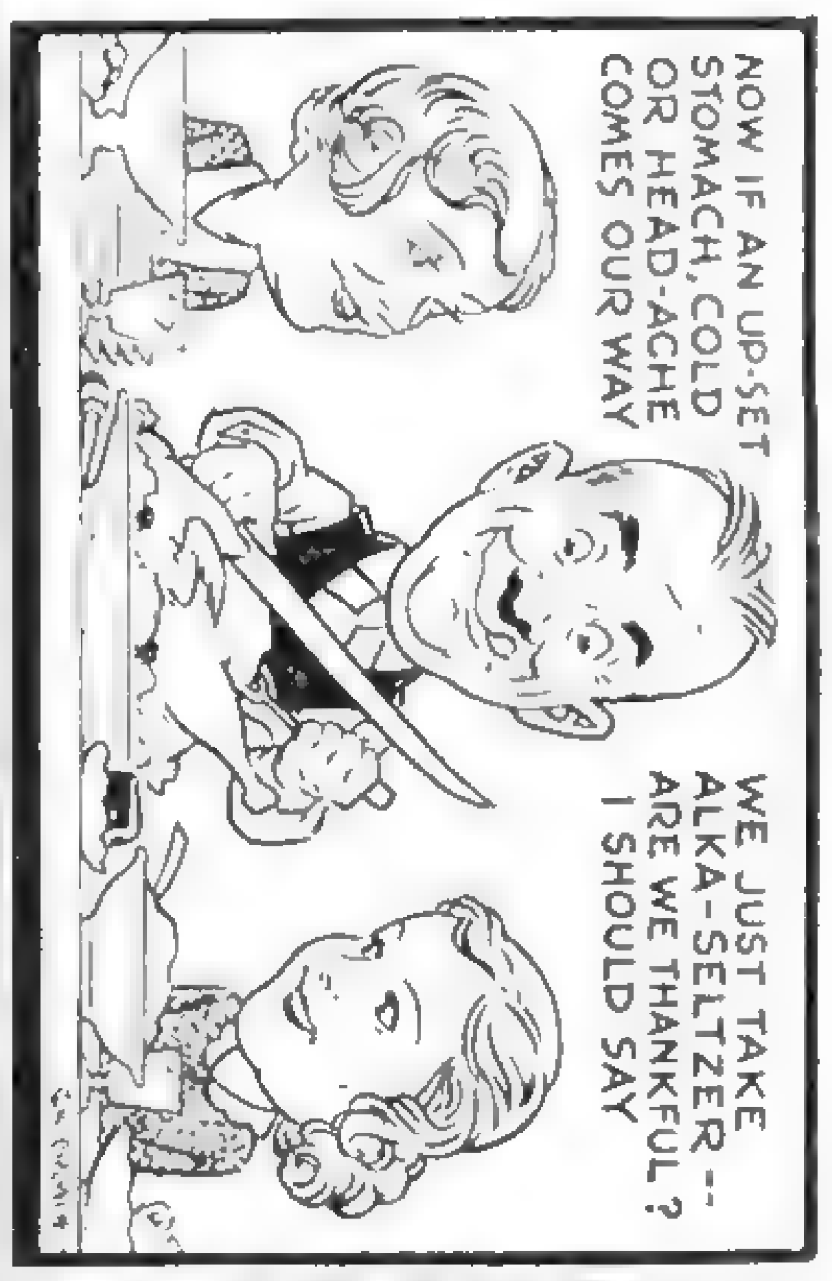
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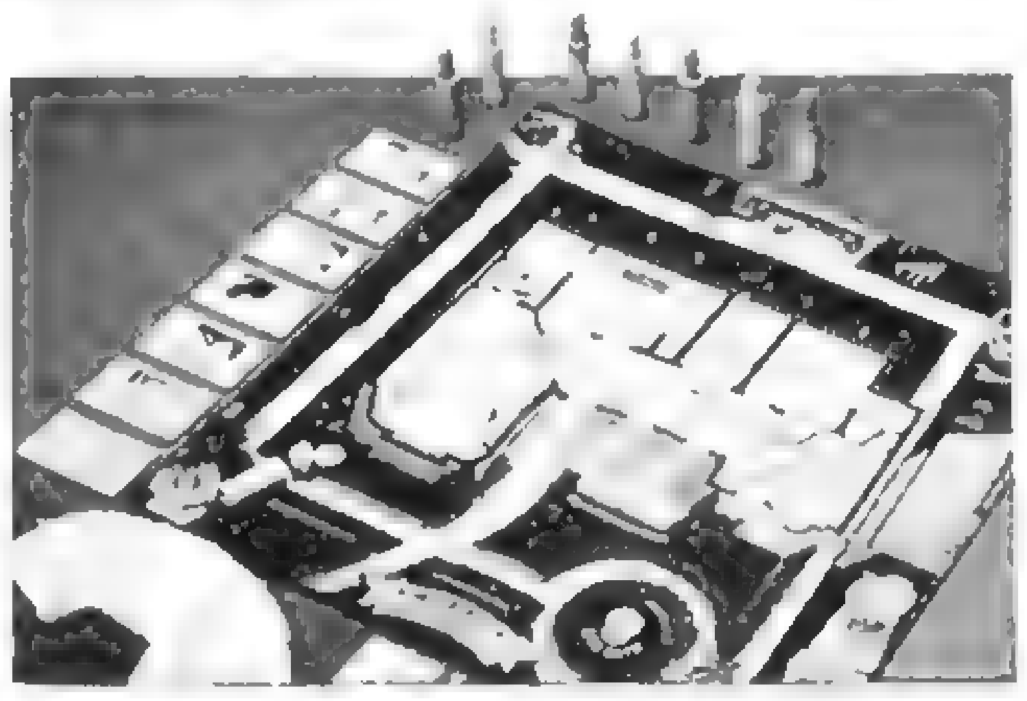

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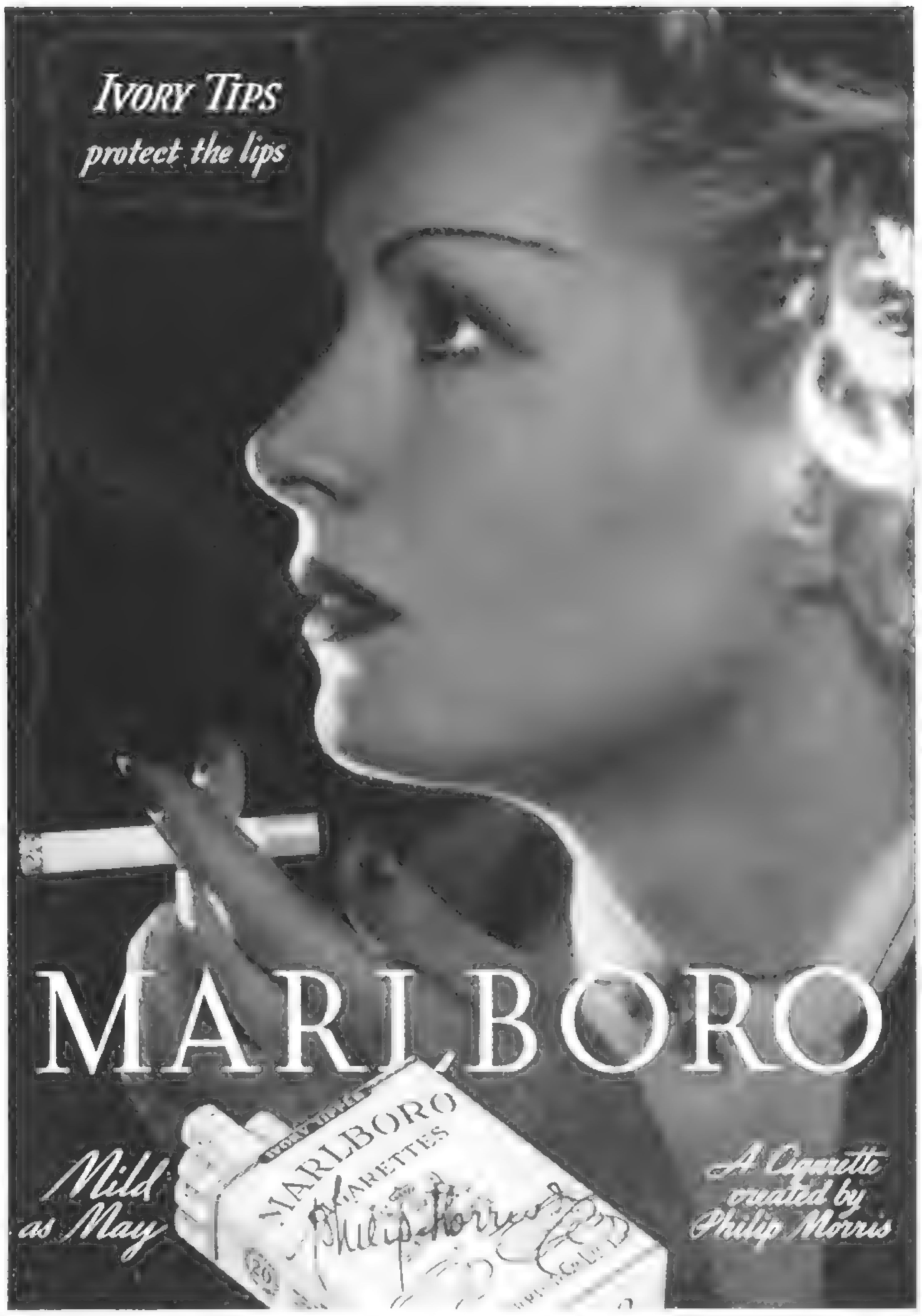
period he himself painted for Belmaison a series of five glass panels in which he harmonized discordant separate objects by relationships in design. Out of such materials as a recurring waterfall, the eternal lace curtains, valances, a barn door, a hitching post, a violin, a globe and other things he created patterns of abstraction that reflected the influence of Sheeler, Dickinson and Spencer. These panels were the most important original work he did during the Wanamaker period. It would not possibly be too rash to assume that he painted an occasional easel picture.

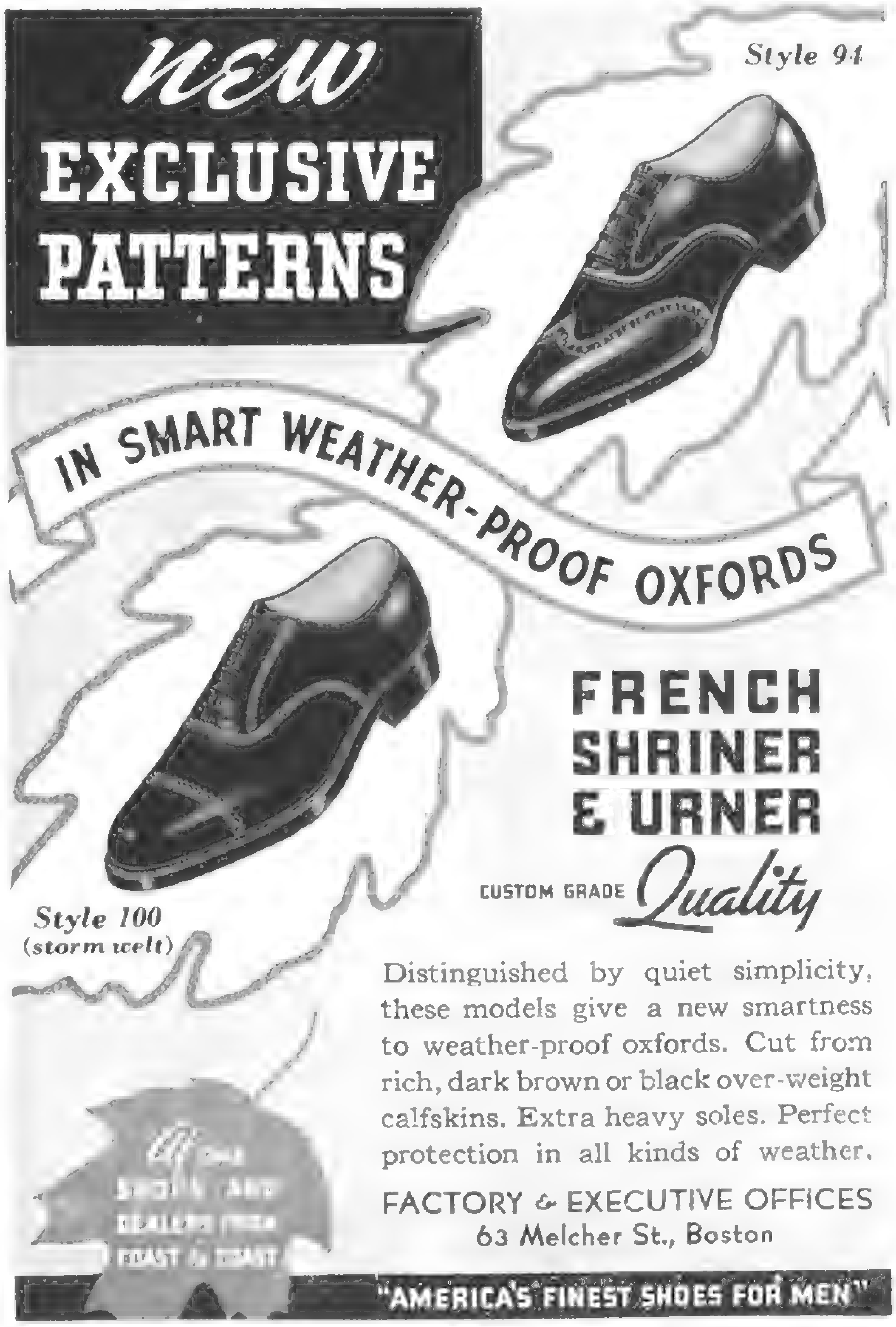
In 1926 he left Wanamaker's to get a taste of real money. He went into the business of designing and executing mural decorations on commission, working with diverse interior decorating firms. During the following four years he made as much as $50,000 a year gross, with three full-time salaried assistants on his pay roll. Some of the finest wall decorations in American homes are his, at least in design. This period of concentration on money-making decoration may seem to have nothing to do with the pure artist that Bouché is and can be, but this period did have the effect of reducing the potential number of Bouché pictures in circulation and making a few people wonder whether his resignation from art was permanent—which it might have been had not a certain cataclysm described as the depression intervened. Bouché as artist may be regarded among the less than major silver lining consolations of the bad years.

Without anticipating the final effect of his murals for the government buildings in Washington, which had not been completed as this article went to press, Bouché's best-known mural decorations to date are the five vignettes painted on specially prepared black fabric for the Radio City Music Hall Lounge. Entitled *The Phantasmagoria of the Theatre*, the vignettes treat, in mildly humorous and satiric vein, of phases of the Commedia dell'arte, among whose personalities are interspersed such incongruities as Lady Macbeth, Weber and Fields, Hamlet and a modern chorus girl. Weber and Fields, in person, were present at the unveiling. Less well known decorations designed by him include a mural based on pirate themes for the tap room of a New York apartment, another taking its subject matter from American sports of the sixties for the indoor swimming pool of a Long Island estate, a 15-foot-square fox hunt for a country house and a mural on glass for the New York apartment of a French viscount, not to mention a considerable number of bathrooms for various clients. One could go on for a long time listing Bouché's successfully fulfilled commissions, but all that they add up to, even for the artist, is the annual maximum gross of $50,000, a gross perhaps never to be recalled again.

Around 1930 the upper classes began to express indifference, if not aversion, to suggestions that their homes be enriched and enlightened by mural decorations. As a consequence Bouché began painting on canvas again and for himself and ten years after his first show he gave his second, which was devoted almost entirely to abstractions, after the manner of Bracque and Lurcat, Picasso and de Chirico. The critics were a little less than delighted and Bouché thought they were a little less than bright. But Bouché isn't the kind of artist to cram abstractions, or anything else, down the throats of people who don't want them. In that year also, 1932, he won a Guggenheim and went abroad, visiting England and Sweden mainly. In England he painted landscapes which represented a considerable remove from his abstractions and a remove even from those landscapes which he attempted to reduce to almost abstract terms, such as *Stamford Harbor*, in the Whitney Museum, and *Rural Delivery* (reproduced). There is no doubt that his English landscapes are among his most successful and that with them as a kind of direction-finder he was able to proceed to such excellent statements as *Railroad Crossing* (reproduced), *Italian Reminiscence*, *Idle Factories* and *Sea View Avenue, Bridgeport* (reproduced). In Sweden he ate sardines and drank schnapps and met all the great painters, including Prince Eugene, the brother next in age to King Gustav. Prince Eugene, at Bouché's request, had a flunkey show the American painter how his easel was attached to the princely car so that he could get to work with no trouble at all while parked in front of a landscape that was asking to be put down on canvas. It was all most interesting, as Bouché seems to have found most of his life, whether in prosperity or adversity.

The charm, the peculiar characteristic of Louis Bouché, it seems to me, is that he is the boulevardier in art, a boulevardier who maintains his standards with the sweat of his brow rather than on remittance checks. His personality is definitely engaging, which fact has much bearing on the kind of success that has come to him, when it has come. He has a way of belonging wherever he is, which helps break down barriers which would exclude artists who were only artists. As painter, he has a color sense which marks with distinction every bit of canvas to which he has ever applied a brush. The inspiration may be French, but the palette is his. His paintings have found homes in the best museums in America, from the Metropolitan down, and in some of the best private collections. Returning prosperity will undoubtedly tempt him from the easel back to the big-money mural jobs, but he has as much right to make a soft bed for himself as the intransigeant painter has to make a hard one. ⌗





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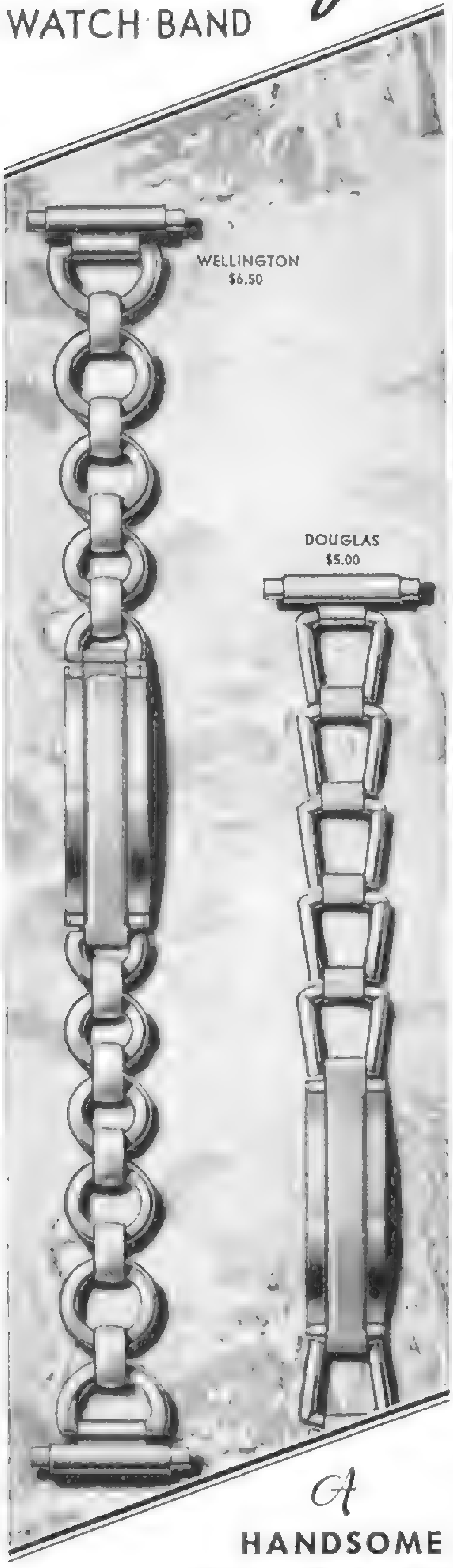

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We Wuz Robbed

Continued from page 56

At the age of twenty, Papa Jacobs had emigrated from Austria and for some mystic reason, settled in the isolation of the rough and tumble Hell's Kitchen in preference to the Kosher neighborhoods of the lower East Side. For forty years he had the same small tailoring shop at Thirty-sixth Street and Tenth Avenue, one block from his home.

That was a long block for the young Jacobs boys, particularly when they were alone. There were no English kids handy to the district on whom the growing young Irish could "toughen up," and the brothers Jacobs stood out as shining points for abuse. The brothers Jacobs, of whom Joe came in the middle, were quick to learn that there was strength in unity. Young Joe was not long in learning a few other things. First of all, all the young toughs, and they were plenty tough, fought. They fought their best friends as often as they did their enemies.

Joe was not overly strong among boys whose great ambition was to chew up nails, but he was smart.

The two big games of that day were basketball and baseball. In basketball, Joe's fast wits gave him an equality he did not have in street brawls. He was a shrewder player than a lot of the mugs who could knock the hell out of him. They began to consult him on plays.

In summer baseball, Joe got his first experience with Big Money. The neighborhood church teams used to play one another for a pool totaling ten dollars. That was a lot of money in that day, something worth fighting for. Each player in the pool put up fifty-five cents, the winning team taking the total. Young Joe had a natural aptitude for sizing up the strength of teams. Sometimes individual players could not get together the large sum of fifty-five cents and then Joe, who always found some way of getting money (usually, which he kept darkly secret in tough Hell's Kitchen, he worked for it) would put up their money. There was one notable thing, when he put up money, their team almost always won.

Graduating from Public School 32 with honors, Joe sailed into the High School of Commerce. He studied to be a commercial secretary, could take hundred per cent shorthand at two hundred words per minute. He still keeps private notes on business transactions in shorthand, but it is a system nobody else can make out.

During school, he studied in the back of his father's shop. He is a pretty good tailor as a result. There was a young, hard hitting battler just climbing into the limelight at that time named Johnny Moran, the Fighting Actor. He took his sobriquet from bell-hopping at the Lamb's Club. Moran used to come into Papa Jacobs' shop, and young Joe began carrying his bag over to the West Side Gym where the leather pushers of the day flattened each other's landscapes.

The more Joe watched the I-can-take-it tactics of the day, the more it occurred to him there was a fortune in stepping aside from those highly respected, old-fashioned haymakers. He began to talk about new tactics with the Fighting Actor. Moran was a bright boy on his own side, and listened well. Already with plenty in his punch, he added shrewd boxing.

The sport world was taking more and more note of him, and also of the beak-nosed kid with the blue eyes and Irish sense of humor who seemed to be part second, part manager and part hero-worshiper.

Yussel was still in school, but he was sold on the fight game. Furthermore, he was a hustler. He got out and got fights and grinning old timers found him not such a kid when it came to money talk. He held up everybody he knew to buy tickets. Yussel was all over the map talking up his fighters, plastering up signs, writing publicity. He literally deluged the papers with sports stories. Before long, some shrewd sports editors began to recognize Joe Jacobs could write nearly as good a yarn as they could spin themselves. He plugged preliminary fighters, who wouldn't have been mentioned otherwise, into small headlines.

There was a certain air which went with a fighter's manager, Yussel learned. It involved the possession of always shined shoes and a big cigar. There were loud shirts and ties, too, but they cost money.

There was a war to make the world safe for democracy about then, and Joe found himself at Camp Hancock as secretary to a major. He scented out the strong company rivalries and promoted boxing bouts between companies.

This gave him the drop on every other fight manager since in certain respects. He had worked a few years with a newspaper distributing company and had come to know a good deal about out-of-town papers. At Camp Hancock were good fighters from every locality.

Yussel turned sports writer without batting a hair and began pounding out reports for the home papers on what their boys were doing at camp. This gave Yussel an inside track with the press and also aided his soldier's pay.

Then, in 1917, Yussel conceived the colossal idea of promoting a fight near Augusta, Georgia, between Army fighters. It was the first big public fight the state had seen since the war started. The fans turned out and Yussel counted six thousand dollars personal profit. "Pooph!" said Yussel, who had never seen so much before, and spent it.

This, it turned out, was the wrong thing to do. Wartime dis-

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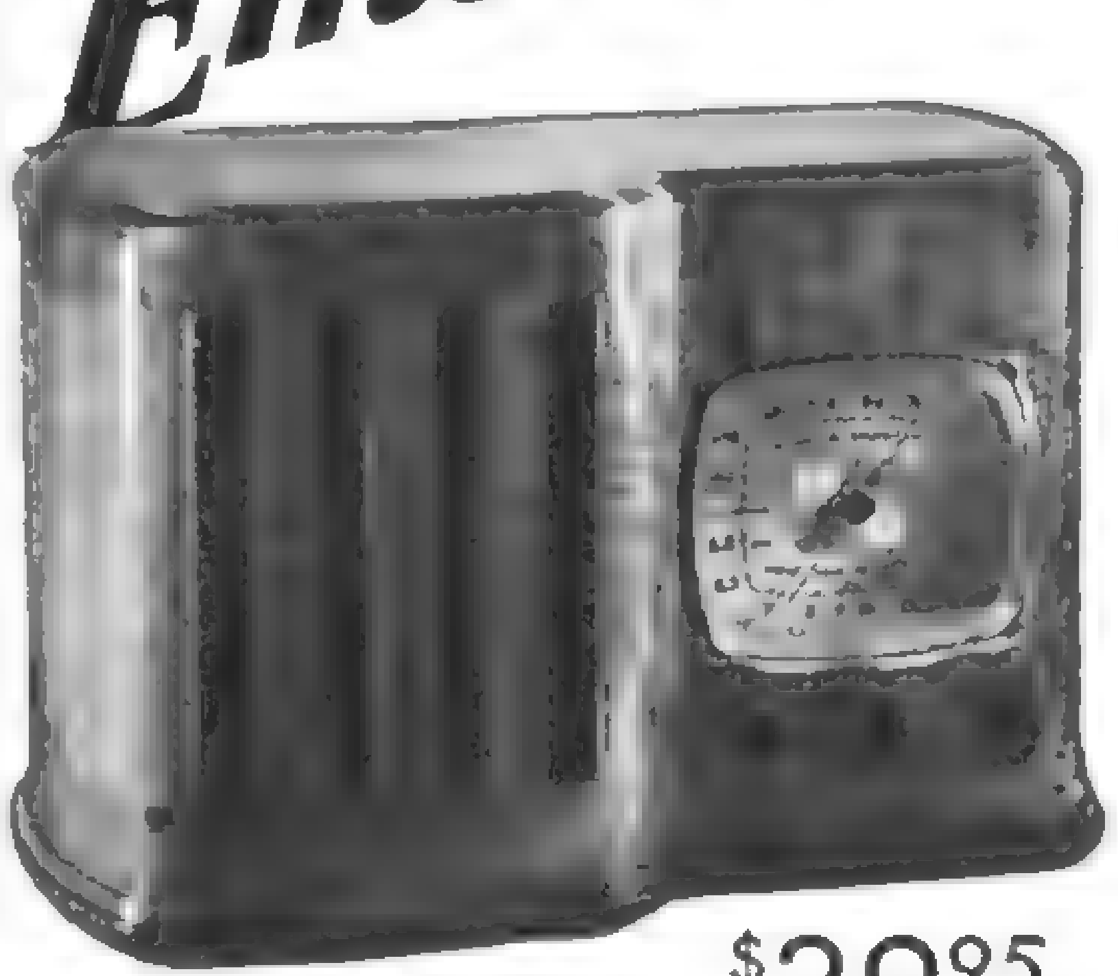

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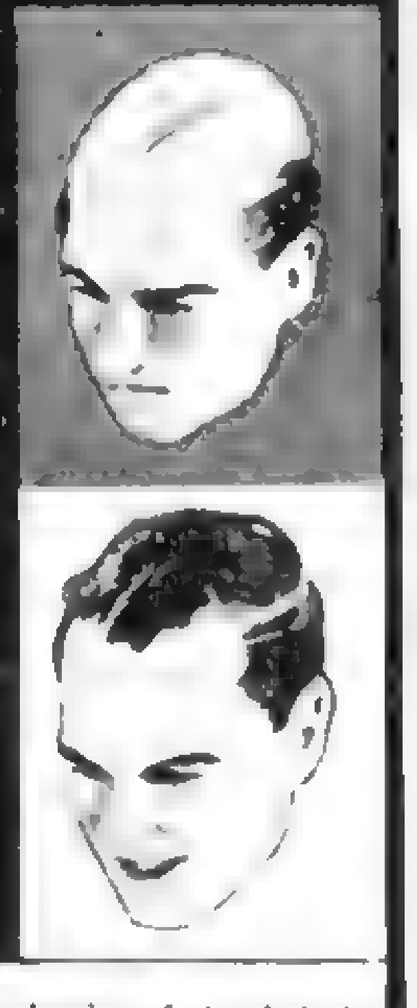

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cipline and regulations were in effect and very suddenly Yussel was in a row with the camp's Athletic Fund which wanted the money Yussel had spent. Yussel gulped and wondered where he could get six thousand dollars. Although nothing had been said by the Fund directors before the fight, it appeared that technically the fight was under the Fund's jurisdiction.

"I coulda jumped in bed," Yussel declares today with unpleasant memories. He could, even then, talk his way in and out of any predicament, but Generals had a way of asking and not listening during the war. For a time it looked black for Yussel. The unpleasant Army phraseology termed it *Theft.* But suddenly General Edwards learned the Athletic Fund had said nothing about the fight until it was over. Yussel was completely cleared and made promoter-manager of the famed Hancock football team, composed entirely of officers of such sports fame as Howard Barry, All-American Halfback. The team played the Island League at Philadelphia. The high authorities considered the game such a success a national Army tour was authorized and the team played out the remainder of the war.

Yussel was just getting fond of Army life when he was mustered out. Dan Morgan, who was managing Jack Britton, KO Brown, and others, heard Yussel bellowing and gave him a job with the Boxers' Loyalty League which put on star bouts at various soldiers' hospitals. Yussel hustled at this job with his usual energy, but it got the soft spot in him seeing those husky punching young fighters and in the background the broken men who six months or a year previously were just as hard punching. It got some of the fighters, too, shook them up so badly that they were no good for weeks after one of these hospital bouts.

Then Yussel got hold of Benny Volger, a fast real boxer. Volger fought Kilbane with his famous left and even outboxed Benny Leonard in the gym. But Volger wouldn't marry his job and Yussel wanted a monopoly on the blondes himself. After Volger, Yussel got Mike McTigue and really learned about the boxing business. McTigue had had a dozen managers before Yussel. All of them had dubbed him a prima donna, and even Yussel was put to it to get the deals his fighter wanted, and then to have his fighter want them.

A new meteor flashed into the sports skies about that time named Young Stribling. Yussel or McTigue or both or neither, the matter has never been agreed upon, decided McTigue would meet Stribling in Columbus, Georgia. Stribling was a home boy, and long before McTigue and Jacobs reached the scene, the Cracker sportsmen had decided they didn't like the looks of either the Yankee Harp or the New York Jew. They came trompin' into town from all corners of the state with heavy forty-fours tied on both legs.

McTigue and Jacobs arrived in Columbus to confront the heavy artillery and McTigue picked that time to get a pain in his hand and announce he wasn't going to fight. The Georgia boys wasted no time. There were two sturdy old trees in front of McTigue's hotel. They slung a sturdy rope, with a noose at the end, over a branch of each tree. Then they announced that Mr. McTigue was mistaken; he was going to fight or each tree was going to be occupied by one of the damned foreigners.

McTigue fought. In all American fight history, there has never been a bout to rival that one for the number of decisions given. Whatever your personal opinion on the fight, the decision was given while pop bottles and rocks rained on the ring. A couple of bullets zinged through the roar. The ring groaned with the pressure of the pushing mob.

Jacobs had used every contact he had made while at Camp Hancock to get a regiment of militia present to preserve order. He had been promised half a regiment and twenty militiamen had shown up. They hustled McTigue out of a back door, tumbled him into a car still in his fighting togs, and burned rubber getting out of town. The mob set up a roar for Jacobs.

Yussel was hemmed in on all sides, but luckily, few of the fans knew him by sight. There was no telling how long it would be before somebody recognized him. Somebody did, and yelled, "There he is!"

"Where?" the crowd roared.

Yussel was up to the occasion. He stood up straight in a corner of the ring and pointed to a side door. "There—that's Jacobs sneaking out!" While the crowd surged bloodthirstily in that direction, Yussel jumped to the floor and made a getaway. With Ed Curley of Hearst fame, he drove madly to the hotel in nearby Augusta. They slung their clothes in their bags, and raced out of town. Cars and bullets followed their departure.

The Jacobs card now began to grow heavy with fighters, and Yussel's head was dizzy with figures and the politics and machinations of the fight game. He was recognized as a shrewd manager and a picker of winners. He picked up Joe Gans' contract, at the time the sports world said Gans was finished, for $4,000. McTigue went back to Ireland and beat Battling Siki for the World Championship in 20 rounds just after Siki had beaten Carpentier. Tex Rickard offered McTigue $125,000 to fight the light-heavyweight champion, Gene Tunney. McTigue turned the offer down cold over Jacob's recommendation. The two busted up, McTigue buying in his own contract and swearing his erstwhile manager was trying to sell him out. Jacobs collected his contract price and hollered that McTigue would never get a better

Continued on page 252

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We Wuz Robbed

Continued from pages 56-251

offer. McTigue never did, and Yussel was firmly intrenched as one of the Big Boys who knew what he was talking about.

Louder and louder through the 20's, Yussel trumpeted his battle cry, "*We wuz robbed!*" Fans began to pack fights not to see Yussel's fighter win, but to see Yussel fighting afterwards. He was a show himself, and he was smart. He knew the fight fans and he knew fighters. He paid ten thousand for Paul Berlenbach when the wise boys were passing the fighter up, and made a fortune on the deal.

Yussel was his fighter's best publicity himself. He was always hollering and he was funny even when he was mad. He was all over the town. Everybody had seen him rushing like mad with a big stack of out-of-town papers under his arm.

He read every sport page in the country and he knew more about cornfield opinion than many of the big sports editors. He typed all his own letters and carried on correspondence with a hundred amateur bush clubs. Occasionally, he would write the out-of-town papers a piece himself.

He would jump into a taxi to ride a block he could have walked faster. He was always doing everything in one day. He had an insatiable appetite and would make Dave's Blue Room, Gallaghers, Seigals, the Monta Rosa, Rorke's, Lindy's, and intermediate restaurants all in the same day and still find time to join Eddy Freane and Damon Runyon at Luchow's. He liked thick, high-priced steaks and kosher roast chicken, but he also ate chili at the eight-stool hole-in-the-wall across from the old Roxy, and he declared the best hotdogs in the world were obtainable only at the Yankee Stadium and the Polo Grounds.

He was always smoking his cigars, even before breakfast, and once when asked if he didn't flick sparks onto his clothes at fights he said gravely, "Never onto MY clothes!" He was always phoning about something or nothing, particularly at four or five in the morning when he would get friends out of bed to answer some small question. He would rather telephone Europe than cable. He would fight on a business deal to the last dime, but give his own last dime away—well, more or less.

He was a great hand for punch tickets, taking care of all the boys at a fight and paying the tax on the tickets himself.

He had a tremendous safe put into his office in the Brass Rail building and he has never had anything in it except a toothbrush, a shaving kit and some dead contracts. He never gambles except maybe a fin bet on his own fighter, with the excusable habit of playing against himself on his own private slot machine. Although he is a careful, expensive dresser, it is doubted if he actually owns an evening suit. He does dress for banquets, but always in a different evening suit and he is accused of borrowing those from his enemies and spilling soup on them.

Yussel is always at the big fights, always in the ring with his own fighters. He never browbeats them, giving them shrewd, calm and cooling advice instead. He watches every move in a fight, and in close decision matches has the judges scared stiff that he saw some point they did not see. When one of his fighters has a big bout coming up, Yussel practically marries the guy, watching over every minute and every motion like a hen with a single chick. The truth of it is, Yussel is plain mushy sentimental about fighting. When he sees a dirty bit of fighting in the ring it really pains him. Even if it's his own man. Yussel, who certainly knows the ins and outs of a business that is not entirely sweetness and purity, still worships clean fighting and a clean fight game. "You let me do the dirty fighting!" he says paternally to his fighters.

With this combination, the fans eat Joe Jacobs up. His name means almost as much in a fight as that of his fighter. So through the golden twenties they poured dollars into ticket windows to see his fighters.

Yussel wasn't thinking of a world champion when he sat with Tex Rickard in 1928 and watched the young Max Schmeling knock out Joe Monte with a haymaker. But the German boy looked good. He signed him up, watched him improve in fights with Joe Sekyra and Johnny Risko and speed into real form in his first big gate with Paolino in '29. In 1930, Der Max took the title from Sharkey while the fans gasped. During the next year he toured the country under Yussel's watchful eye, covering fifty-one cities just before the Stribling fight of '31 in which he defended his title. Joe watched expectantly for a well earned orgy of celebration. The Black Uhlan had kept a long and steady grind of careful living. But no outbreak came.

"You coulda stood me on my head!" Joe said, bewildered. He had found what most cynical fight managers hunt in vain, a clear thinking, clean fighting, clean living, straight shooting fighter! It was unbelievable! So overcome was Joe with awe that he almost forgot to drive a murderous bargain on another fighter that day. "He's practically reformed me!" Joe admitted.

In 1932 Jack Sharkey was given the title over Schmeling in a bitterly contested 15-round fight which shook the boxing world, but particularly shook Yussel. Jumping into the ring he shouted, "*We wuz robbed!*" There was no humor in his voice this night. Vitriolically he denounced Gun-

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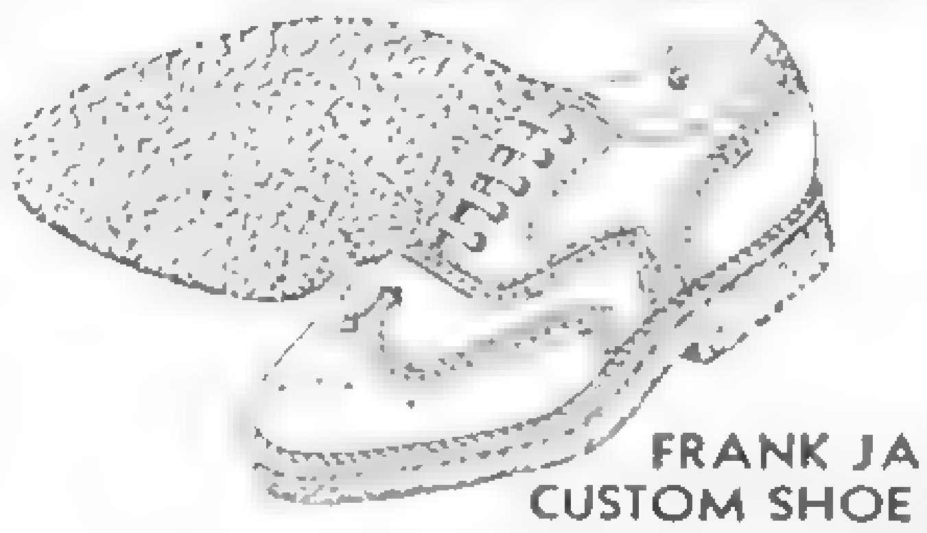

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boat Smith, the referee, and the judges. He called upon the sporting world to censor the decision, to rise and scream that Der Max had won eleven out of fifteen rounds. He hollered curses at the referee, the judges, the Boxing Commission which would permit this murder.

Joe Jacobs staked his professional life that night. More than once before he had been in trouble with the State Boxing Commission, but never had his statements quite so violently accused so many supposedly honest men of absolute forthright dishonesty. Further, he refused to retract his statements. He was suspended as a manager, and for weeks tottered on the brink of professional demise. Only the loyalty of his fighter and the belief that in this case, Yussel was absolutely sincere, saved him.

But there could no longer be any doubt as to Yussel's implicit belief in his fighter after that night. He had gone beyond the point of simple defense of his fighter. He had defended him as a god. But now the international troubles began to pile up. The German *Verband Deutscher Faustkaempfer* barred Jews from sports. The New York papers got very perturbed over this. But from Portland, Maine, Yussel commented airily, "We simply ignore it!" Shortly after, he showed his cool nerve when he matched Schmeling with Max Baer in place of Champion Jack Sharkey, thereby giving Carnera a crack at the title through Sharkey. The gods were not smiling on the German-Jewish team that night. Schmeling went down in the tenth.

Yussel sensed malicious vibrations in America and took his fighter to Europe. In May of 1934 his bellowing sounded on the Spanish frontier. Schmeling had just knocked Paolino Uzcudun all over the ring in Barcelona and Yussel was accused of trying to dodge out of Spain without paying the tax on the fight. His enemies back home made the most of it. In rapid succession after that, Schmeling knocked out Neusel and Steve Hamas in Hamburg. The old triumphant smile again beamed on Yussel's face, but not for long. He was accused by the Nazi press of giving the Nazi salute with his cigar in his mouth. This would have been serious enough in a Christian. In the Jew manager whom the German idol refused to give up, it was considered anarchy. Yussel did some swift thinking and explained the situation. He had been holding a program with a picture of the flag on it. In order to remove the cigar, he would have had to drop the program!

This, however, was his one unpleasant experience in Nazi Germany. Yussel has made six trips to the Swastika land since Der Fuehrer was first "Heil-ed," and each time has been greeted in all friendliness wherever he went.

Yussel had just recovered from his near-scrape with the Nazis when he returned to this enlightened land and found an American-Jewish plot afoot to boycott the Black Uhlan's fight with Joe Louis. Yussel's enemies had indeed been at work! To make the situation more ludicrous, about half of Schmeling's camp at Madame Beys were eating Matzoth. It looked like a little Jerusalem. "Look!" yelped Yussel wildly to a friend. "It's all profiles and still they talk boycott!"

But this was not the end of matters. Joe's enemies were still busy along racial lines. They broadcast pictures of Joe swinging a Nazi salute after Der Max won the Hamas fight in Hamburg. "Will they make of me a rowdy, a hoodlum?" Yussel asked. "I was simply being polite. Beside, there were 24,000 frenzied Germans there! The nervous tension was terriffic-K."

Privately, Yussel is very upset that the racial question has been allowed to enter sports. Industry or finance or art or music—little things like that don't matter. But sports should be kept pure and without rancor, just a good healthy national pride. No, there should be no intrigue or machinations to sports. Particularly, there shouldn't be anything like Mr. Braddock pulling a sore finger on Der Max last year.

"*We wuz robbed!*" Yussel says about the matter of last year.

"You think it's funny when the only legitimate king in the whole world gets chiseled out of a hunk of his crown? Well, the fight fans don't. Or they won't very long when they see what sort of game boxing is getting to be when you got to do your fighting in court."

Yussel calms down to a point of tepid homicidal mania by polishing his teeth and admiring them at arm's length. "You can say for me that never in more than twenty years of boxing have I seen a boy get the dirty deal they gave Maxie." He gives an extra hard polish for Joe Jacobs has handled over one hundred-fifty fighters and has heard whispers of some very dirty deals indeed.

"Now me," Yussel said as recently as July, "I never give the public a run-around! You can count on me and you can lay your last dollar on this. They think Max is just talking and will come back here to fight," Yussel goes on. "But they think a lot of things cockeyed, those smart gentlemen, just like they thought before the White Sox scandal that they could rob the public as much as they wanted and get away with it forever. Max will never fight in this country again. That's final!"

"It would be a great fight," this reporter said. "It might be the biggest gate of the century."

Herr Yockups blinks once and bites neatly through his cigar. "Never again!" he repeats with the conviction of a man swearing off the fiery liquid. He lights a fresh stogy. "Still, it don't do no harm to talk. How much do you think the gate would run?" ###

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B. F. GOODRICH CO., Footwear Div., Watertown, Mass.

Who Wants My Empire?

Continued from page 43

to sell lent money to poor foreign countries just so they *could* buy. And if countries like Germany choose to imprison their currency behind bars, whose fault is that? . . . But most puzzling of all to our Limey in Search of Truth is that, when he goes to buy the things he needs, he invariably sees in the shop, alongside of bona fide heritage goods, similar articles from places not mapped in red. And just as often as not, since the world is full of competitive mousetrap-makers, the non-empire goods can be his in exchange for less money than those from countries included in his inheritance.

So our Limey gives up trying to make sense of that and considers his own difficulties in acquiring the cash, without which neither heritage commodities nor their alien counterparts can be obtained.

We assume that he is not the one in six of England's would-be-active population who cannot persuade anyone to let him work. Perhaps he works in a cottonmill, or some other factory, turning empire-produced raw materials into finished consumers' goods. If so, he finds that the low wages paid to natives in his empire cut both ways. It was not so bad as long as those natives produced nothing but raw materials. But now they are increasingly in the business of making finished goods in factories which the motherland, very profitably at the time, built for them. And our Limey, puzzled inheritor of the world's greatest empire, may have to choose between accepting lower wages competing with native scales, or seeing his factory shut down.

Or maybe our Limey is a small farmer. In this case he sees his supply of cash, the inevitable talisman without which his own inheritance isn't his own, dwindling because the same crops that he grows can be produced more economically by large-scale farmers in the Dominions. His chief competitors, it seems, are the very people over whom he sentimentalizes as brothers in the One Big Family, at jubilee or coronation time.

What price empire now? By what magic, he wonders, is he better off than an equivalent citizen of a raw-material-"starved" country (assuming that the policy of non-exportable currency is not look at Scandinavia, for instance a necessary adjunct of empirelessness)? Is he not possibly even worse off? For tariffs are his only protection against competition from cheaper production costs abroad. Building tariff walls against foreigners may be a pleasure, but it is not of such stuff that lasting empires are built. Not to mention the fact that an empire country can, and does, play just as pretty a hand of Tariff Tit-for-Tat as a country outside the family.

The perplexity of our Limey only deepens when he comes to consider the department of markets. He probably has nothing of his own to need markets for, anyway. But his job, his source of cash, depends on his employer's ability to find consumers for what he makes. It seems the Germans and Italians haven't enough hungry mouths and unclothed bodies of their own, and are jealous of him because he has an empire containing hundreds of millions of want-ful humans. What a market!

But when he asks his employer about it, that gentleman seems strangely unenthusiastic. The Dominions, says he, where most of the white empire-brothers are who have something in their pockets, certainly do make an effort for sentimental reasons to buy English in preference to foreign goods. But (a): Their whole white population amounts to no more than 20,000,000; (b): They have built and are building their own factories to make many of the things England can supply; and (c): England can't consume all the raw materials they produce; they have to sell to foreign countries; and foreign countries will not buy where they themselves cannot sell.

Now as regards India and the colonies, there on paper *is* a market. No fewer than 380,000,000 brown, yellow and black sons and daughters of Mother England, and hardly a one without holes in his pants if he has pants. But unfortunately, sighs our Limey's employer, in order to sell goods to these our brothers and sisters it would be necessary to give them money to buy with. And if we paid them more than the sub-subsistence wage they get now, our whole production costs for finished goods would go up, other countries would undersell us, and we would all be unemployed without even a dole to keep us alive.

So our Limey sees the sad picture: We must let our colored family, who produce our raw cotton and rubber and tin and iron, buy Japanese clothes and Japanese bicycles; for if tariffs were such that there were only English goods at English prices for them to buy, it's sure as eggs they would go naked and walk. A rupee, unlike an aspiration, will not stretch unlimitedly.

Having by now become slightly crestfallen about his inheritance of raw materials and markets, our Limey grabs with a glad cry for the population-outlets. Here is one privilege of English citizenship that no one can take away. The world is an Englishman's oyster, opened for him with the sword, the Bible and the bead of his ancestors.

Cries the *Encyclopedia Britannica*: "By far the greater portion of the empire lies within the temperate zone and is suitable for white settlement."

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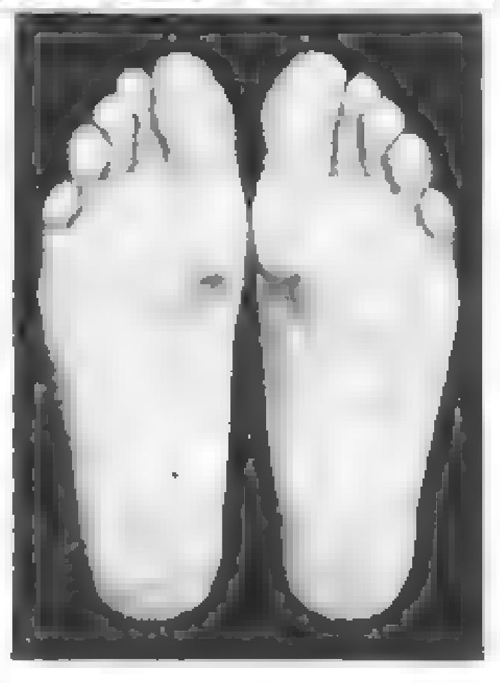

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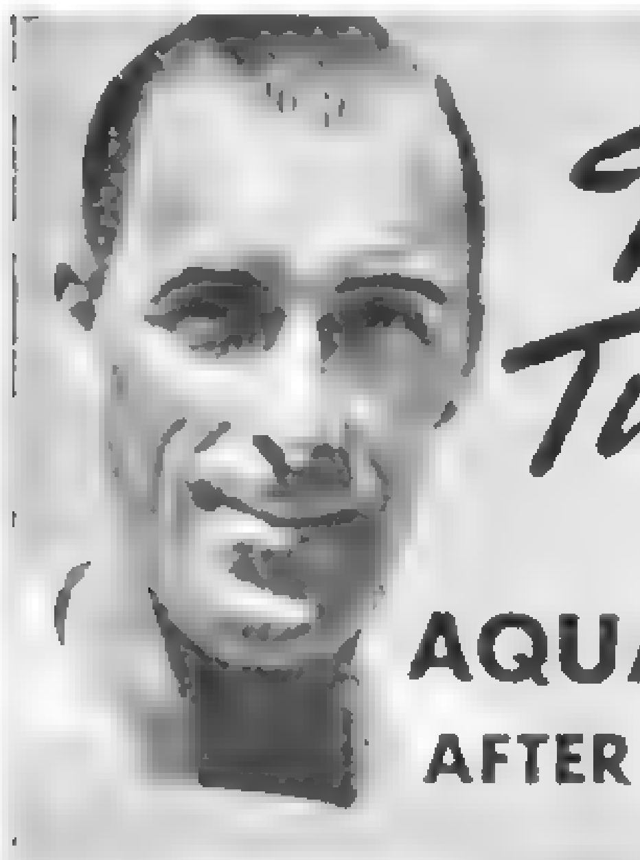

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A noble thought! Why stay in England, a sardine in the world's second-tightest-packed box, when English red ink has run over one-fourth of the map; when the vast open spaces of Australasia, Canada and South Africa, covering an area a hundred times the size of the motherland, contain less than half as many people? Our Limey feels a bit foolish to think that it took a speech by Hitler to put the idea into his head. All this time he has been thinking that what he needed was an aspirin. Now at last he knows that only a population-outlet can set him right.

See the Plain Limey marching with springy step up the Strand, chesty with pride to be a legatee of Drake, of Captain Cook, of Rhodes and the other imperishable empire-builders.

From posters outside Australia House beams a radiant girl who is buried to the armpits in fruit. "Come to Australia!" she is saying. It is like a warm, personal message of hope, a promise of adventure and prosperity, to our Limey as he sails into the lift.

Now don't hurry away. Wait to see him come out. It won't be long . . .

Just five minutes and here he comes. The legatee of Captain Cook trails slowly down the Strand to merge back into the crowd. His eyes—you saw his eyes as he passed?—express at once dumb impotence, bewilderment, fatalistic resignation and the desire to throw a rock at someone. It is the expression classified cryptically as "fed up"—which, like good clothes, only Englishmen really know how to wear. The expression which, some say, the Germans got tired of looking at and which won the war.

Why is he fed up? Because when he said he wanted to accept the invitation of the girl buried in fruit, "they" looked dubiously at him and wondered what class he would travel and how long a holiday he had in mind. When that was cleared up, when he explained that he came not as a disciple of Thomas Cook but of the Captain—that he only wanted to collect a few acres of his birthright to live on—there was a painful silence. "They" looked him over with mingled disdain and pity, as from a great height, and asked what capital he had. Then "they" gently wondered if he had never heard that Australia had an unemployment problem of its own. It was already overpopulated. There were almost two people to every square mile. Yes, there were an odd million square miles of cultivable land still undeveloped. Yes, there were "white Australia" laws to reserve development of the country to the race that opened it up. By those laws Japs and Chinese and all colored people were barred from entry. Englishmen were not barred. They were welcome, as long as they could show a return ticket dated not too far ahead.

At Canada House, at South Africa House—those stately stone piles before which every Englishman's pulse quickens—our Limey is told the same story. The naïveté of the man—an ordinary Englishman with no capital to speak of, solemnly suggesting that he be allowed to settle in his own empire—makes it hard for "them" to keep a straight face while administering the cold douche to his dream.

If the fellow wants to see the world, why in heaven's name doesn't he join the army or navy?

He doesn't pursue his inquiries as far as India and the colonies. He is a simple, poor man, but no Limey is so simple that he doesn't know the non-Dominion part of the heritage has always been a preserve for the Hupper, or Heducated, Class. There is a chance that the United States may be willing to give him the new home and opportunities he seeks—for, though qualification tests are strict, the English quota in this alien land is still technically open. But failing this the sardine must stay at home in his box; thanking whatever gods there be for the dole that secures him at least against starving to death, and getting back as quickly as possible (the newspapers will make this easy for him) the old, safe idea of the empire as "a thought rather than a fact."

This Plain Limey, whose tale is now over, is the typical citizen of the country which is "sitting like a bloated Quaker, rubbing his hands at the roaring trade he is doing" while Wotan-fearing Teutons die of raw-material-starvation and lack of air. (Typical, that is, as far as his actual relation to the empire is concerned, though not insofar as he has become aware of it.)

Living in a country twice as congested as Germany or Italy, he is told of his empire heritage: "You may look but you mustn't touch."

So he has to laugh when the Italian General, seizing the huddle of huts called Adowa, cries: "In ten years there will be a million Italians here!" Or when the Fuehrer bellows of solving Germany's unemployment problem by immigration to the old German colonies, which must be returned by the mandateers.

We have to remind them at these moments of imperialist ebullience that in Germany's 900,000 square miles of African territory, in 1914, there were 22,000 Germans. And that in 1936 Eritrea, after fifty years of Italian rule, contained slightly over 4,000 Europeans of every nationality.

The slump in the empire market, as far as real value to the average motherlander is concerned, has nothing about it that is peculiar to England. England has administered its empire at least as intelligently as, if not more so than, any other burden-carrier would have done. But since the gay old days of smash-and-grab, when imperialism was in short pants and

Continued on page 256

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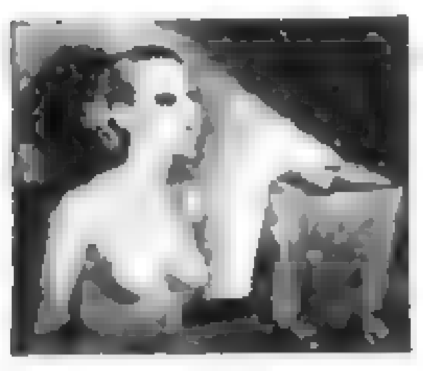

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Who Wants My Empire?

Continued from pages 43-255

Zulus hadn't read Marx, the world has changed.

Travel through the far-flung colonial empire of the English and see how many people you can find who are really happy about it: not just sentimentally—the dear old Union Jack, the King, God Bless Him (as long as he doesn't marry for love), and all that—but realistically happy.

You will find a few score of native chiefs and princes who, though more than half of their quondam power is gone, are fairly happy because without the English to support them they would have lost in addition their pearls, their rubies, and their heads.

You will find a few thousands of civil servants and army officers, whose salaries and pensions are paid out of natives' taxes and who therefore have the empire to thank for that. Yet they are not happy because they no longer have a sense of security. More and more the native races are insisting on the privilege of misgoverning themselves, so each year the number of whites carrying the burden diminishes. The motherland can only yield slowly to the pressure (as in Ceylon and India) or sit firmly on what would be an extremely uncomfortable powder magazine. The latter course advocated only by diehards in England who would be well away from any resultant explosion—would at best be disastrous to trade. Thus, in such citadels of white supremacy as Poona, the Indian garrison town, you find today a sight that Kipling would have blanched to see: Indians admitted as members to the army officers' clubs.

The rest of the 235,000-odd Englishmen inhabiting non-Dominion parts of the empire are merchants, planters and a few mine operators. They are of Hupper and Heducated origin and had what our Plain Limey didn't have—capital running into at least five figures in dollars. In the planter belts you will find a trail of bankruptcy, running all the way from the coffee farms of Kenya to the copra islands of the Pacific—the result of insufficient capital to tide over the slump, losing battles with tropical conditions, and monopoly strangleholds over their markets at home, which they are too far away to combat. These English planters are no better, if no worse, off than anyone else in their line of work.

As for the merchants, in India and Ceylon and Burma and Hongkong and Malaya, they seek desperately for a solution to the problem of selling to people who have no money. In India and Ceylon, even such natives as have money won't buy British goods if they can help it, because they resent being bequeathed from one generation of this alien race to the next. No English merchant has found a way of forcing them to buy motherland-made goods. Does the Fuehrer, does the Duce think that the Oriental's dogged sales resistance can be broken down, like democracy at home, by sheer power of larynx? And if German and Italian merchants are so much smarter than English, why don't they go in now and show their stuff? Why do they wait for their dictators to obtain political power over "inferior races?"

The field is open to all—with capital. To Germans and Italians and inhabitants about Cyrene, it is neither less nor more open to the public at large than the Ritz.

This is all very true, and all very sad. But you might think that the traveling Englishman, at least, would get pleasure out of his empire. That it would be a great feeling to go around the world visiting this country and that, knowing that the people of a score of lands were all your brothers and sisters under the skin.

And yet, ask any London travel agent to list in order of popularity the countries visited by his long-distance clients. He will tell you that ten times as many people book to the United States as to Canada; twenty times as many book to China and Bali as to Australia.

The fact is, indeed, that most itinerant Limeys will go to great lengths to avoid touching on their empire as they journey about. The empire is all very fine to be sentimental about at home. But who wants to spend good money *going* there if he doesn't have to?

Nor is this only because a traveler wants a complete change of scene.

Australia is just as different from England as the United States is. But the Englishman—even if he hasn't found it out for himself, he senses it—is less welcome in his own empire than he is outside it. Of this there is a suggestion even in the names, "Limey" and "Pommie," that Americans and Australians have for us. "Limey" is a friendly, jovial word but "Pommie"—derived, I have been told, in some obscure way from "pomegranates"—has in it a sneer, an imputation of Oscar Wilde-ish decadence. Canadians don't care much for us, either.

Like the rest of the empire peoples, they have a nebulous, generalized family feeling which makes them burst into tears at the drop of a Union Jack. But when they advertise a job to be filled they are likely to append the tag-line, "No Englishmen." And the frontier authorities, touching their hats to an important Detroit bootlegger who goes over twice a week on business, will turn an Englishman back if they have the smallest suspicions about him—say, that he wants to work or that he's sneaking in to get an American quota number. Even in the Fiji Islands, the farthermost part

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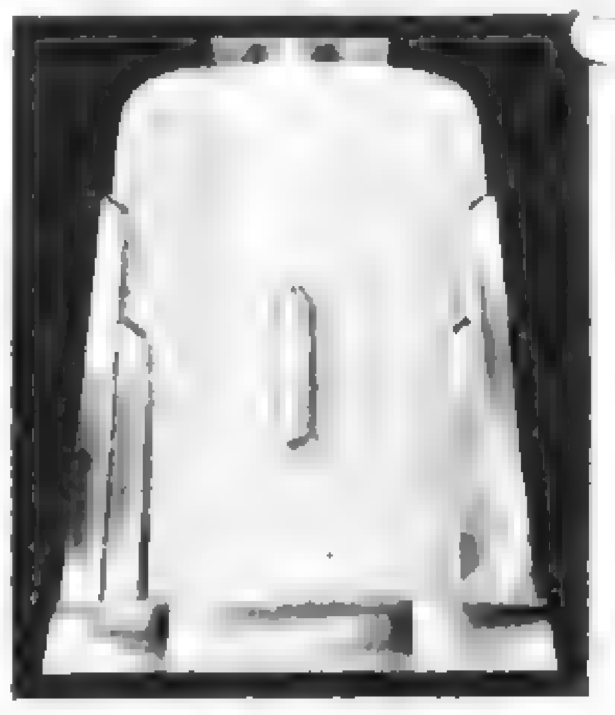

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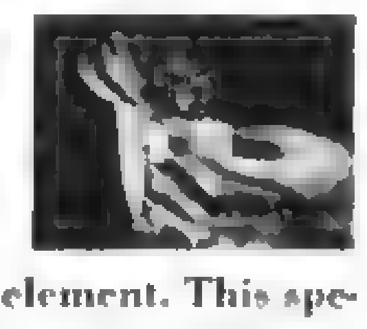

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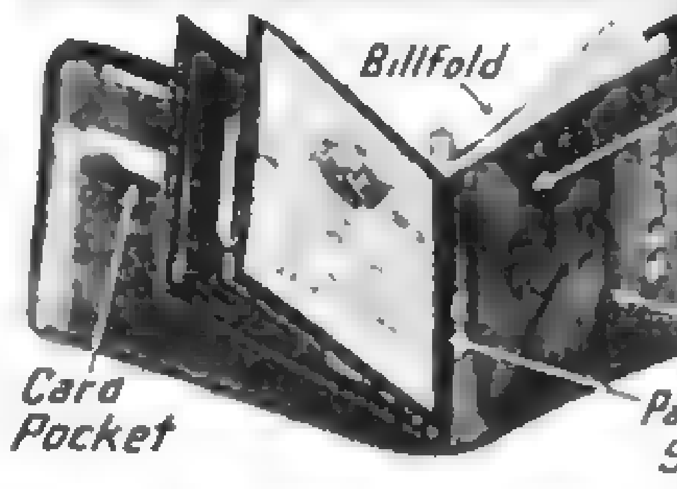

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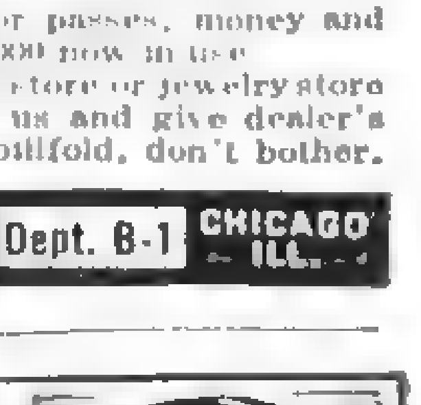

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of our heritage, everything possible is done to prevent the titular legatees from landing. If an Englishman, after coming all that way, hasn't got $250 about him to deposit as guarantee of perfect behavior, there is just one place in Fiji where he can spend the night: in jail.

"People," says the American commentator, William L. Langer, "are now convinced that markets can be got only by cheaper, better goods, not political control or forceful exploitation . . . Il Duce is behind the times."

There we have by inference the answer to the question, Are dictators people? Yes, the Duce and the Fuehrer are indeed behind the times, if they believe their own speeches.

If they can't look at the congested state of England today and appraise "population outlets" at their true value. If they can't look at Kenya, for example—a country neighboring, and resembling, the Duce's new African acquisition; graveyard of a thousand English hopes, a million in English capital—and see what a liability a colony can be when profits are stacked against the cost of defense and maintenance. If they don't perceive that, however much cream England may have skimmed off the imperialist dish in the good old days, the trick can't be repeated now because the cow no longer gives that kind of milk.

But there is not, and never has been, any reason to suppose that the Duce and the Fuehrer believe their own speeches. The realistic view is that, behind the times as this famous pair of monologists may be, they are behind them with a gun. Well, then: since we, the Haves, say that colonies are a headache, and they, the Have-Nots, say they want some anyway, why not let them help themselves?

The redistribution of territorial swag has already been worked out in detail by a German thinker, a Dr. Ullrich Noack, and all that's holding it up is the say-so from us Haves. The Doctor's plan calls for Italy to get Madagascar and chunks of African mainland; Germany to get the Cameroons, French Congo and most of Belgian and Spanish Guinea; and a lot more re-shuffling which will leave Belgium with "two-thirds of Angola," Spain with the town of Tangier, and Portugal with compensation in money (he doesn't mention whose money). Nothing would then remain to be done except the expressing of all Jews to an enlarged Palestine and all Negroes to—hold your breath, now—New Guinea. The thing is so simple that one wonders where Dr. Noack has been all of Dr. Noack's life.

The position today is that nearly all the great thinkers of England, the leading Have country, are busy pooh-poohing the value of empires and agreeing that there ought to be a redistribution.

At the same time—an oddity which has not escaped the Duce's and the Fuehrer's attention—whenever it comes to a showdown, no cow guarding her new-born calves from the butchers could put up a more stubborn resistance than Mother England. Which leads one to think that Schumpeter may have been right when he said—who does not recall the lilting passage from *Zur Sociologie der Imperialismen* (Tuebingen: Mohr, 1919)?—that imperialism is "nothing but an atavism; the disposition of a State to forceful expansion without any special object and without a definable limit."

Mr. Langer says that "it is whispered the British would not be averse to turning back to Germany some of the African colonies."

If Mr. Langer is referring to individual Britishers, he is hard of hearing: we aren't whispering, we're yelling.

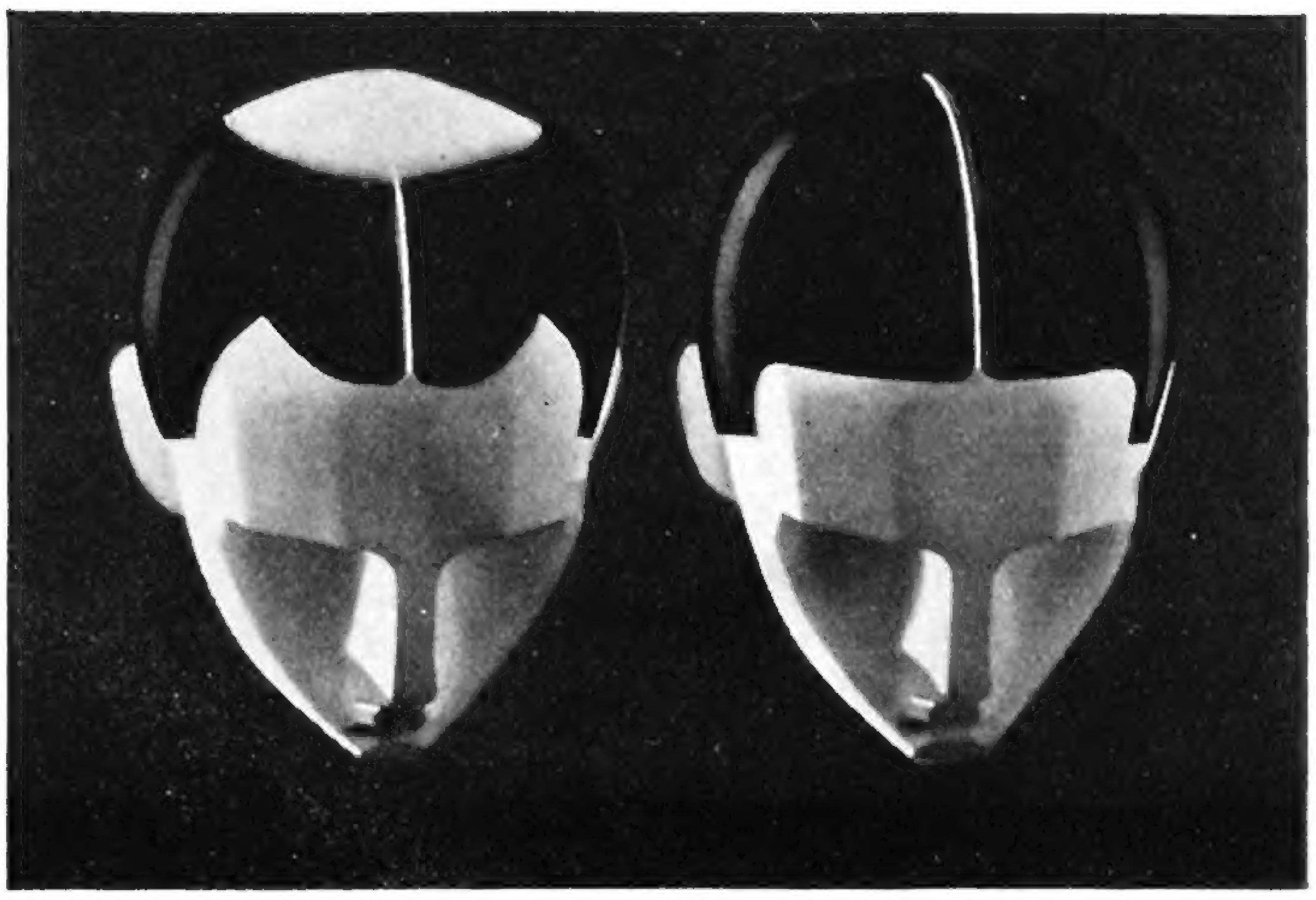
But if he means that mysterious, intangible thing called "Britain," he is hearing things that aren't there. When an immensely dignified gentleman like Lord Lugard writes to the *Times* about it—*then* it is the official voice of "Britain" that is heard. And his Lordship, dealing with the suggested sacrifice of part of the burden we carry, says this: "If any policy should be adopted which would do less than justice to the native populations in order to benefit European nations, the result, though deferred, will infallibly lead to an even more critical dilemma."

Which is the *Times* for "No." The nuance is that, though our colonies are a cross to bear, the possibility exists that native races might like being governed by aliens who spoke German even less than by aliens who spoke English. So the *Times* editorially suggests "an arrangement to ensure to all industrial countries fair opportunities of access to raw materials produced in colonial areas, protectorates and mandated territories."

Well, it is just possible that the Fuehrer, the Duce, the *Times* and my Lord Lugard are all with solemn deliberateness talking through their hats. That they all know, and know the others know, that there is just one time when the ownership of colonial raw materials matters two cents to anyone: the time of war. And know, too, that colonies supply, to the owners only, one supremely useful raw material: human cannon-fodder.

But as it's officially a peaceful world we live in, and it isn't good form to talk about war conditions till war begins, we shall never know whether it is a tin hat through which the Fuehrer, the Duce and my Lord Lugard are talking.

So until then we shall have to assume that Professor Schumpeter's roundabout way of saying "Imperialism is all the nuts" is a correct summing-up of the situation. ⧺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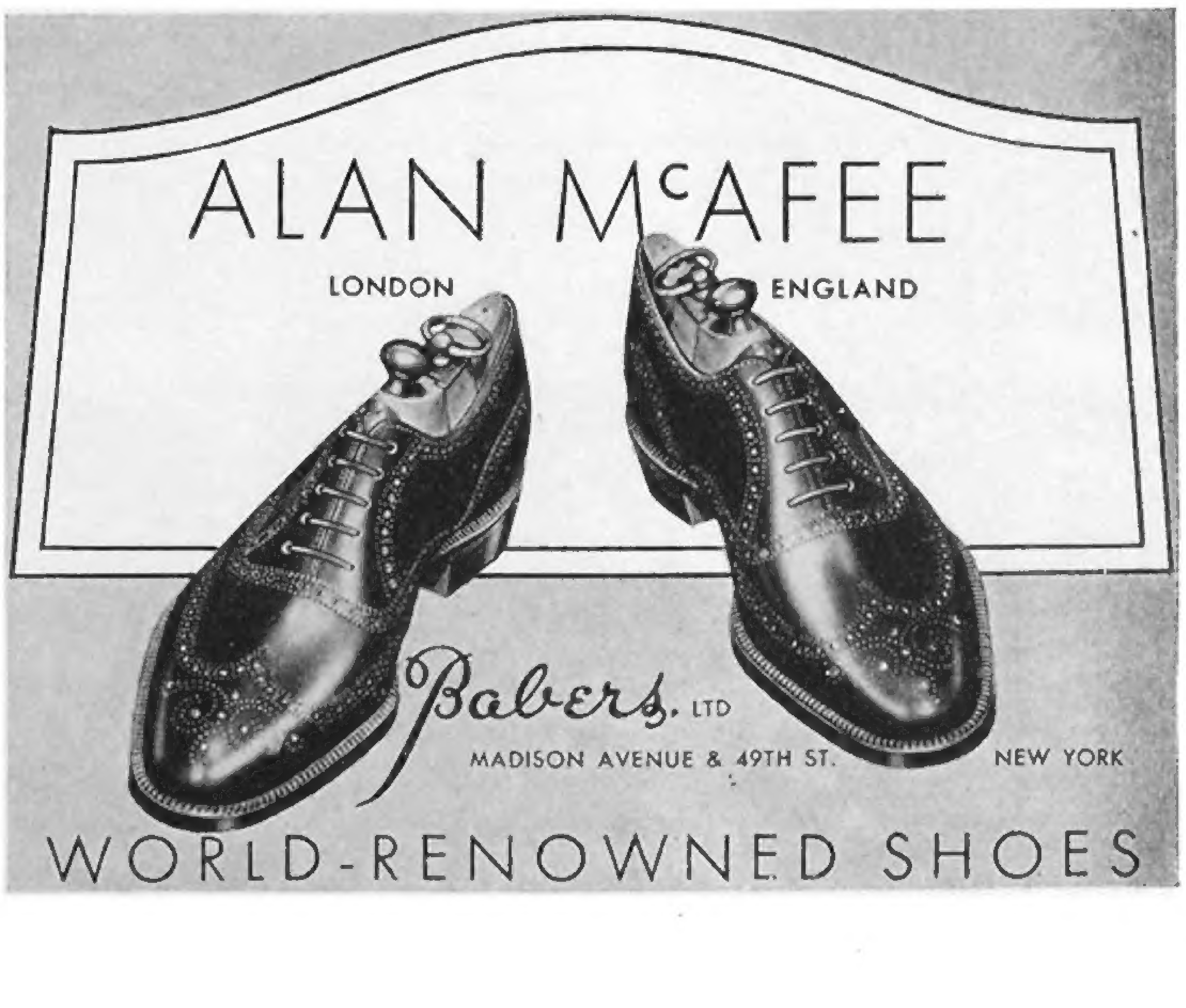
"He says he won't budge 'til he gets DOLE pineapple juice."



A WORLD'S FAIR FOR A FIVE CENT FARE

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Right Before Every New Yorker's Eyes A Grand Array of Products and Services Is Being Exhibited Night and Day . . .

Across the broad marshy wastes of Flushing Meadow, deep throttled, long-armed dredges have dug big lakes; reared new firm ground.

Arising like mirages out of the mist are vast structures which will be trylons, heliclines, perispheres and other wonders of design. For this is New York's 1939 World's Fair. Magnetic magic will bring millions and millions of pilgrims to see and to wonder

The vast transportation systems of New York will absorb this added burden of extra millions without effort and without hesitation.

For New York's amazingly efficient transit system carries more passengers in eighteen days than there are men, women and children comprising all of America, with its population of 130,000,000!

Spread ever interestingly before the very eyes of New York's own 7,306,487 daily transit riders is still another grand exposition. It is a perpetual World's Fair of America's progress! It is the Modern Art of Car-Cards, presenting in full colors the smartly designed packages, products and services of the country's shrewdest advertisers.

Admission to this permanent Fair on New York's transit system is a Five Cent Fare per rider, but the cost to the Advertiser Exhibitor is only fifty-six ten thousandths of one cent per viewer!

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SALES REPRESENTATIVES THROUGHOUT ALL THE PRINCIPAL CITIES OF THE UNITED STATES, CANADA AND CUBA

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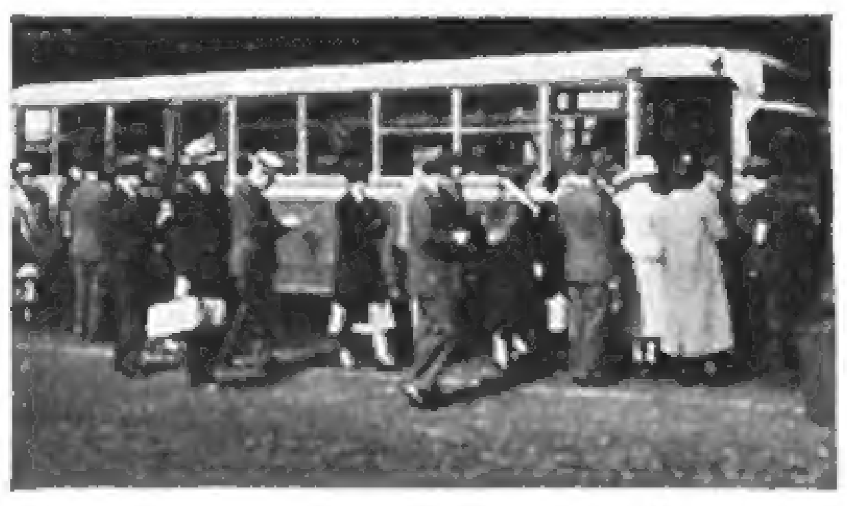
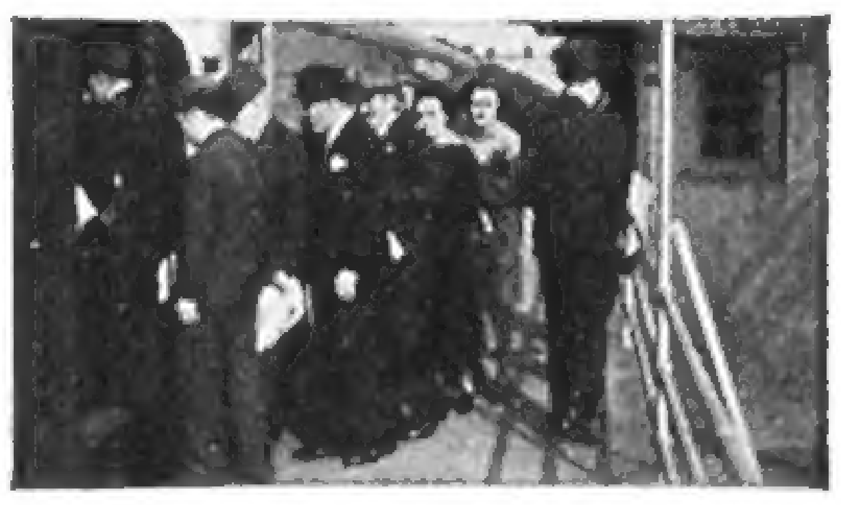
Busy New Yorkers take to the subway almost by instinct. Colorful Car Cards and brilliant Station posters are both instructive and entertaining to this number one audience.

Famed for their "ride in the open" slogan the arterial system of elevateds offers, through car cards and station platform posters, an unusual advertising and sales opportunity.



Bus Systems have far exceeded original passenger carrying expectations. Advertisers and their Advertising Agencies have been quick to sense the importance of this medium.



The Advertising Agency recommendation which employs a correctly proportioned formulae of Suburban Railway Advertising, seems touched with sales magic.

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in the

GAME-FEATHER COLORINGS

"not too Wild-and-not too Tame"

2 pairs $1.10
$1.00 the pair
$1.85 the pair
and up

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Her Singing Coach Advised A Light Smoke

CAROLE LOMBARD* PREFERS LUCKIES BECAUSE THEY'RE EASIER ON HER THROAT

"WHEN I had to sing in a recent picture," says Carole Lombard, "I considered giving up smoking. But my voice teacher said I needn't if I'd select a light smoke—Luckies.

"I soon found that even when singing and acting twelve hours a day, I can smoke as many Luckies as I like without the slightest throat irritation."

The reason Luckies are easy on Miss Lombard's throat is because the "Toasting" process takes out certain throat irritants found in all tobacco—even the finest.

And Luckies do use the finest tobacco. Sworn records show that among tobacco experts—auctioneers, buyers, warehousemen, etc.—Lucky Strike has twice as many exclusive smokers as have all other cigarettes combined.

In the honest judgment of those who spend their lives buying, selling and handling tobacco . . . with men who know tobacco best . . . it's Luckies—2 to 1.

*Star of the new Paramount production "True Confession"

A Light Smoke

EASY ON YOUR THROAT—"IT'S TOASTED"

Copyright 1937, The American Tobacco Company.

LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE
WITH TOBACCO EXPERTS...
WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST
It's Luckies 2 to 1